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MODERN SCREEN

JUL 10 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

August 34
10
cents



The
TRUE STORY
of
KAY FRANCIS'S
FIRST LOVE

Kay
Francis



If Robert Louis Stevenson had
traded his pen for a camera...



Wallace
BEERY
Jackie
COOPER
IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

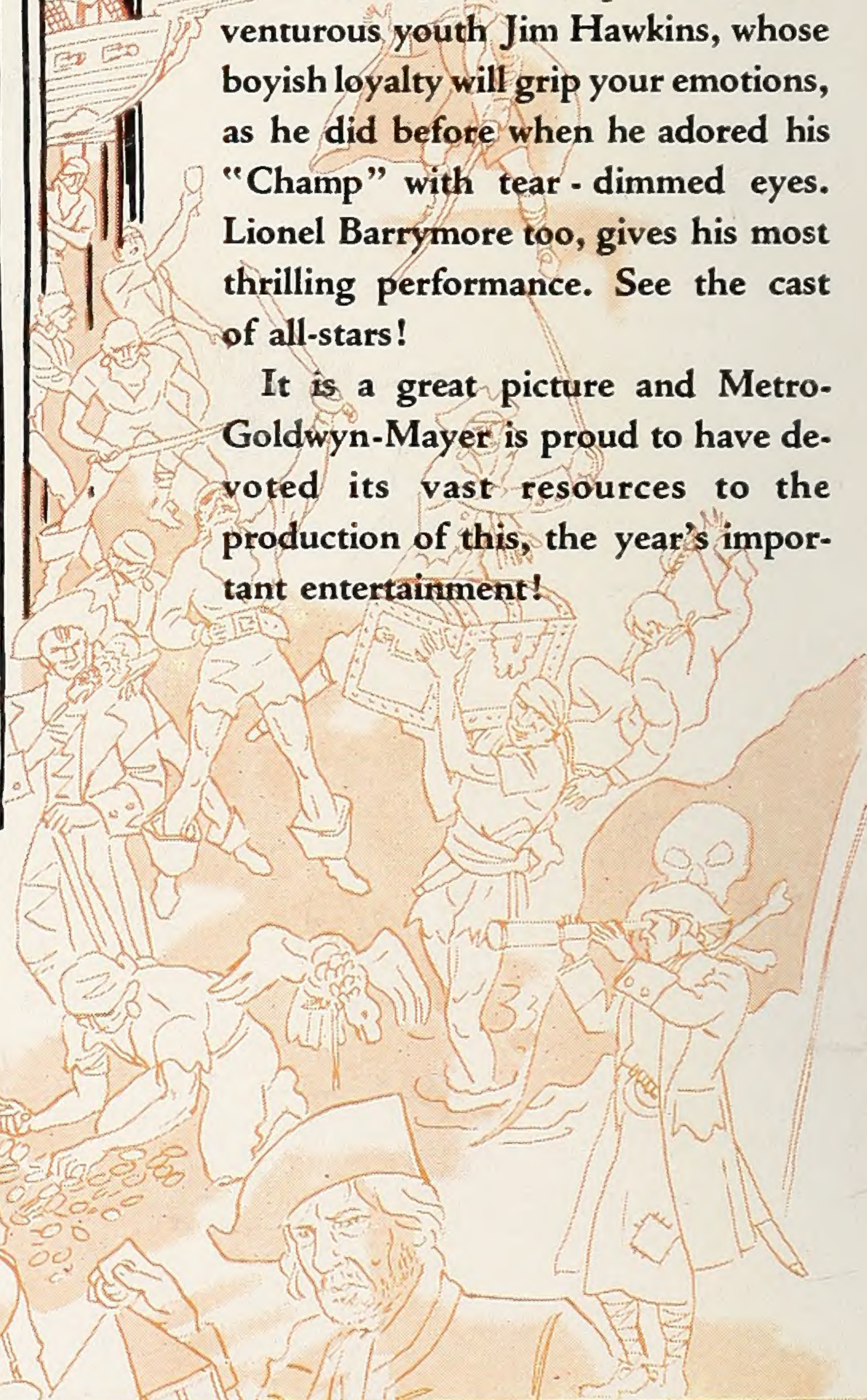
WALLACE BEERY *as* Long John Silver
JACKIE COOPER *as* Jim Hawkins
LIONEL BARRYMORE *as* Billy Bones
OTTO KRUGER *as* Dr. Livesey
LEWIS STONE *as* Captain Smollett
"CHIC" SALE *as* Ben Gunn
WILLIAM V. MONG *as* Old Pew
DOROTHY PETERSON *as* Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!





HONEY, YOUR LIFEBOUY KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH CLEARER



I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS FOR MINE, TOO

MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

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Good Housekeeping Bureau



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SOME women have saved up to \$100— just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves clothes from being

scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds— *even in hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



FOR AUGUST

MODERN SCREEN

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ADMIRING eyes follow the smartly dressed woman. During the romantic summer days your apparel must be bright . . . fresh . . . gay in color. And that's why you need Tintex . . . to restore faded colors—or give new colors—to everything you wear. It's so easy, so quick. You simply "tint as you rinse"!

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Tintex

*World's
Largest
Selling*

Tints & Dyes



Charles Boyer, a favorite on the Continent, has been in this country only a short while, but in that time he got himself a beautiful wife, Pat Patterson, and the lead in "Caravan."

HAS YOUR LETTER AP-
PEARED ON THIS PAGE?
IF NOT, GET BUSY AND
LET'S HEAR FROM YOU



This seems to be "Bellamy month" with the fans, for everyone has suddenly become conscious of him. His excellent work in "Spitfire" and "This Man Is Mine" might be reason enough.

Europe's Favorite

JO STARKE, of Cornwall, Eng., says:

Since I found your very attractive magazine, I look forward to its arrival each month with increasing pleasure. In fact, there's only one thing wanted to make it perfect!

Since you've taken Charles Boyer from his European admirers, will you please publish some photographs of him for us? He has more charm than any other of the men who have been snatched up by Hollywood. (By the way, he looks a bit like our own Bob Montgomery, doesn't he?)

From a Scots Lassie

A RALPH BELLAMY fan writes us from Paisley, Scotland:

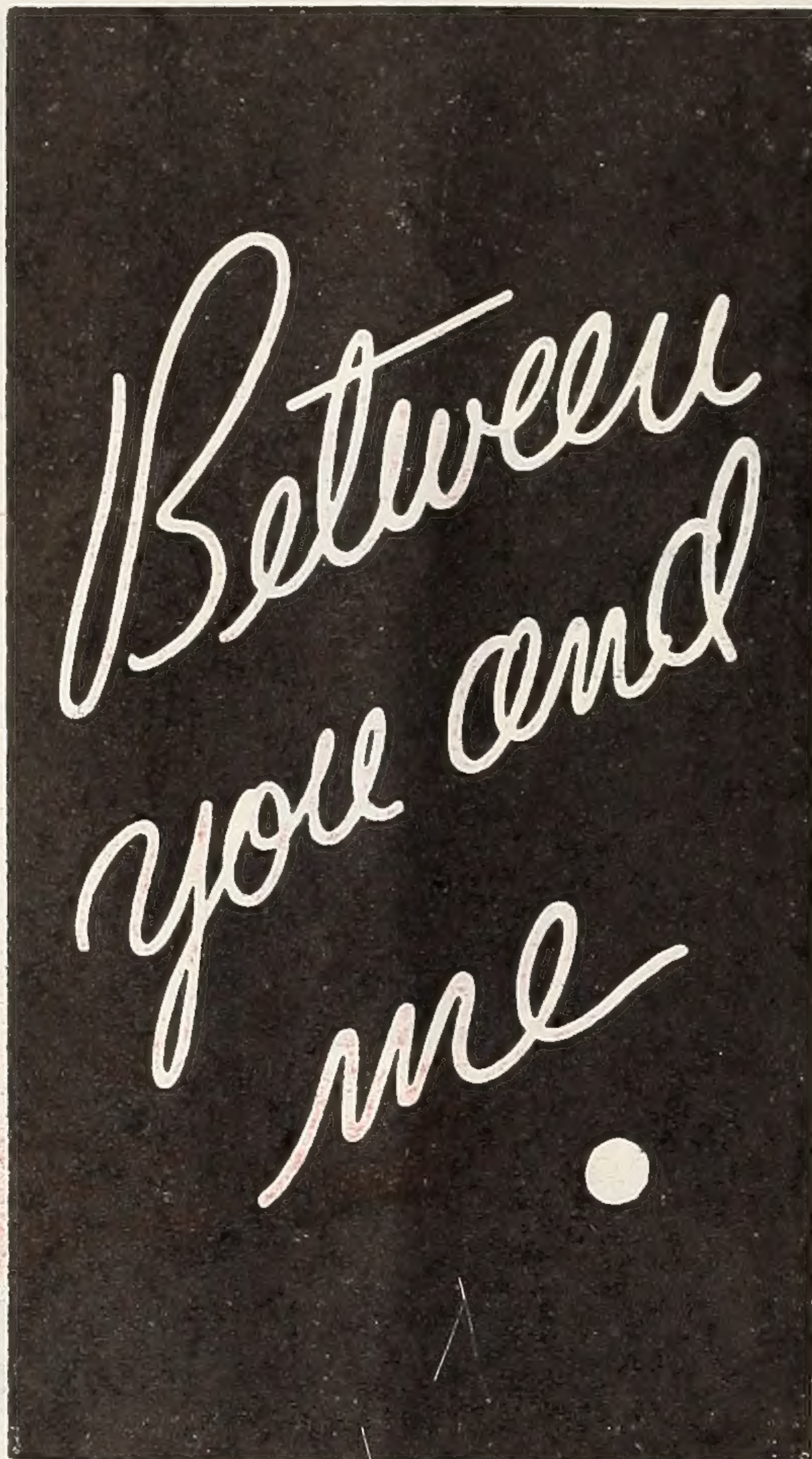
It seems that in America the fan magazines have much influence, so could you possibly use a little to secure a role worth having for that excellent actor Ralph Bellamy?

To see him playing second fiddle to the little Cagney is rather awful, but when he has to play second fiddle to Richard Dix it seems about time somebody did something about it. I don't suppose anyone could have taken the doctor's part in "Rebecca" so well as he did, or the he-man part in "Airmail." Yet all he seems to have in recent pictures is small parts in which he does nothing but scowl—and, oh, what a smile wasted!

I think you have about the best writers and pictures in your book, and although it is expensive over here, even a Scotswoman considers that money well spent! (Thank you, thank you, thank you.)

ANOTHER Bellamy admirer has this to say:

The magazines practically never mention Ralph Bellamy, yet every-



one I know who goes to pictures is asking about him? What's behind that refreshingly masculine screen personality?

Once in a while he gets a break and gives us a performance that leaves one simply thrilled for its technical perfection, and even more for its beautiful sincerity and simplicity. But most of the time he does routine stuff.

Hollywood is cluttered up with "nice" leading men. Bellamy has something unique that reaches out from the screen and touches everything you've ever cherished in decency, straightforwardness and really thrilling manhood in a way that can never be equalled by the manufactured menace of the run-of-the-mill "he actors." Ralph Bellamy certainly should be rated among the best in Cinemaland and

if you saw him in "This Man Is Mine," you witnessed another one of his superb performances.)

'Tain't Fair—

G. S. L., of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes us:

If there is anything that burns me up it is those people who are always suggesting Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, or someone else to play in the talkies the parts made famous by John Gilbert in the silents. Can't something be done about it before the producers follow these suggestions?

For instance, why are they giving Chevalier Gilbert's role in "The Merry Widow"? Though I'm extremely fond of that light opera, I'm not going to have it ruined for me by Chevalier, who can't sing, act or dance, and who isn't handsome. I daresay there are others who will stay away on his account, too. Also there is talk of starring Clark Gable in "The Big Parade." Surely the producers must all be blind or have cataracts on both eyes.

Mothers—What Do You Think?

MRS. W. FRANKLIN, Bloomington, Ill., says:

We mothers are not interested in Mae West's private life; her charities, the young actors and actresses she befriends, etc. Our chief concern is what she is doing to our young daughters with her stupid sex pictures. I, for one, have forbidden my sixteen-year-old daughter ever to attend a theatre when the performance includes a Mae West thriller.

She nauseates me with her cheap exploitation of sex. The younger generation think it clever to mimic her, in fact it seems to be quite the current "smart" thing to talk à la Mae West. (Continued on page 11)



Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn procession...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in **"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"**

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

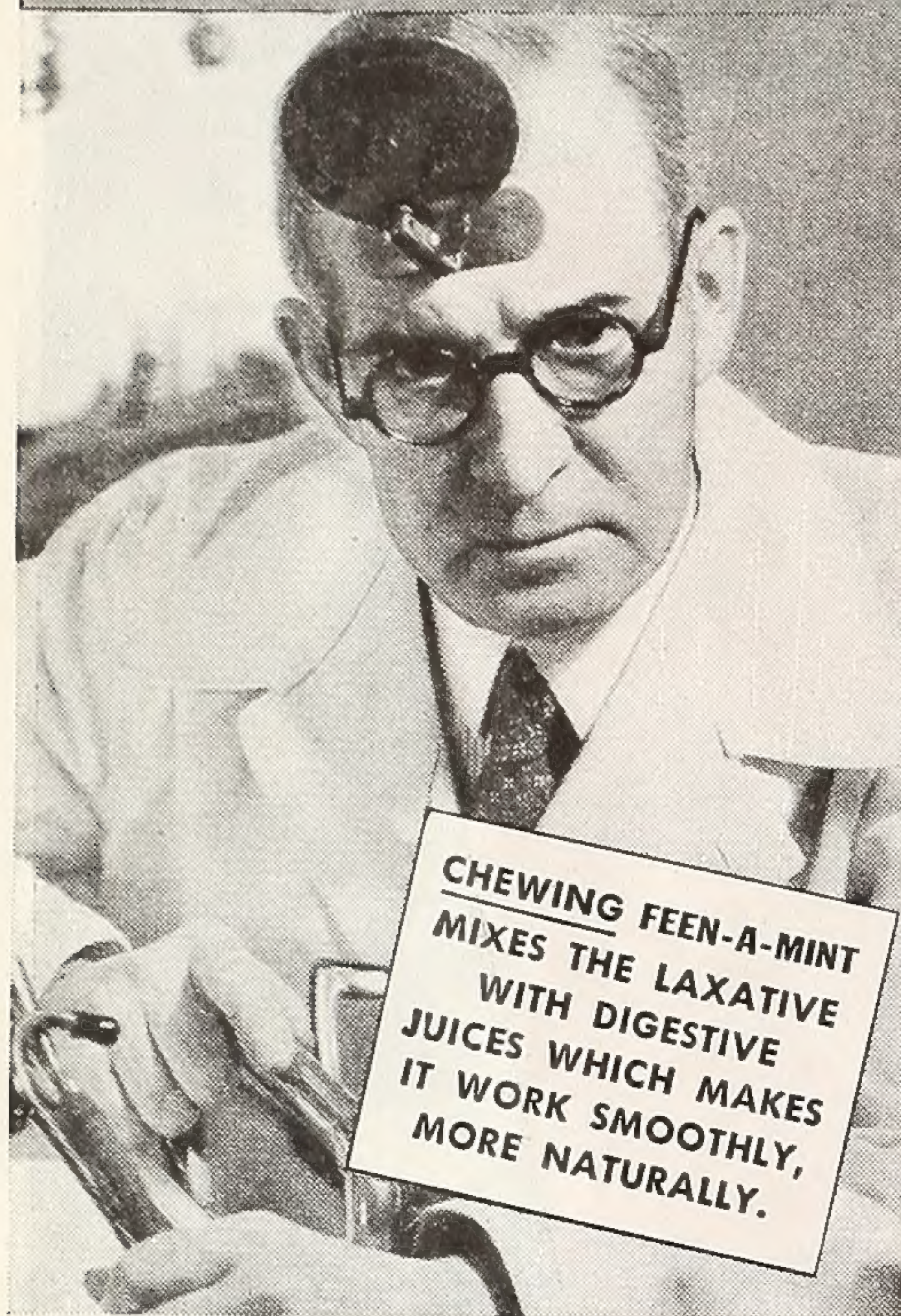
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION
SUFFERERS FIND
CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL
FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—
CLINICAL TESTS SHOW



The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it*, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, too, will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

IT'S FEEN-A-MINT
FOR ME...I LIKE THE
TASTE AND THE
CHEWING CERTAINLY
MAKES THE LAXATIVE
WORK MORE
THOROUGHLY.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
One of the better musicals. With Spencer Tracy, Pat Patterson and John Boles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Swell mystery. With Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charles Butterworth.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young in a tale of the South.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Intriguing story, featuring Fredric March and Evelyn Venable.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Noel Coward's stage success brought to the screen with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Well done.

HAPPY ANDREW (Fox).
Will Rogers, the henpecked husband, turned loose at a Mardi Gras. Peggy Wood and Mary Carlisle are in it. Go, by all means.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
About the famous family of bankers. George Arliss is superb.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Don't miss this knockout picture. Gable and Colbert couldn't be better.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
Randolph Scott and Monte Blue make this one of the better Westerns.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Fine picturization of Hans Fallada's widely read novel. Beautiful performances by Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
In which little Shirley Temple wins her way into the hearts of a bunch of tough mugs. She's the whole show.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
If you haven't see it yet, do.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie as telephone repairmen and Connie Cummings and Arline Judge as their girl friends.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
With the gorgeous Del Rio in the title role and a fine supporting cast, including Reginald Owen and Verree Teasdale. This is fine entertainment.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
See this Bennett picture by all means. The cast includes Tullio Carminati, Franchot Tone and Russ Columbo.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical murder mystery. With Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten's first Hollywood picture.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
Very entertaining. With Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Lotsa fun. Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Garbo's latest.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Sophisticated drama with Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor.

SADIE MCKEE (M-G-M).
The Crawford fans will be thrilled. Gene Raymond, Esther Ralston and Edward Arnold are all swell, too.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Delightful. With Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll and Nigel Bruce.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
First-rate musical with an all-star cast, introducing the sensational Shirley Temple.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Another Weissmuller thriller. With Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton again.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Thrilling entertainment. Don't miss it.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sydney and Cary Grant.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
It's as mad and hectic as it can be—enjoyable every moment. With John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Nice plot, good songs and swell acting by Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers and Pat O'Brien.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Exciting tale about the Mexican outlaw Pancho Villa. With Wally Beery as Pancho.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Nice musical. With Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
An intriguing murder mystery. Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams and Sara Haden.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Constance Bennett, Fredric March and Frank Morgan. Morgan steals the picture.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Charlotte Henry in the title role, and an all-star cast.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
The story is weak, but Hopkins, March, Raft and Helen Mack make the film worth while.

ARIANE (Pathé Cinema).
Elizabeth Bergner.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELCQVED (Universal).
A musical with Gloria Stuart and John Boles.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's first picture.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Carole Lombard and George Raft introduce the Bolero dance.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther in a delightful comedy-drama.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
By all means go. Elizabeth Bergner and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will entertain you.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
It's rather disappointing, but the Gaynor-Farrell fans may like it. Jimmy Dunn and Ginger Rogers are in it, too.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
Very amusing. Joe E. Brown and Pat Ellis.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
The young folks will enjoy this. Frances Dee and Gene Raymond are in it.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
"Thrilling" describes it. Otto Kruger is superb.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
Fine performances by Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing make this worth while.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Marx Brothers, funny as ever.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Chester Morris and Marian Nixon in a comedy.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
Plenty of excitement in this Buck Jones thriller. Dorothy Revier is leading lady.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Good music and dancing. With Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery that's a wow. With Bette Davis, and Donald Woods.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding and Otto Kruger. See it.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Fairly good musical. With Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante.

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings as a chorus girl.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sydney and Fredric March.

HALF A SINER (Universal).
You'll enjoy Berton Churchill's fine performance, aided by Sally Blane and Joel McCrea.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell will make you laugh.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon as a desert auto camp owner. Lyle Talbot and Glenda Farrell are in the cast.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as a newspaper reporter again.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Eddie Robinson is fine, ably supported by Genevieve Tobin and Kay Francis.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Very amusing. With Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

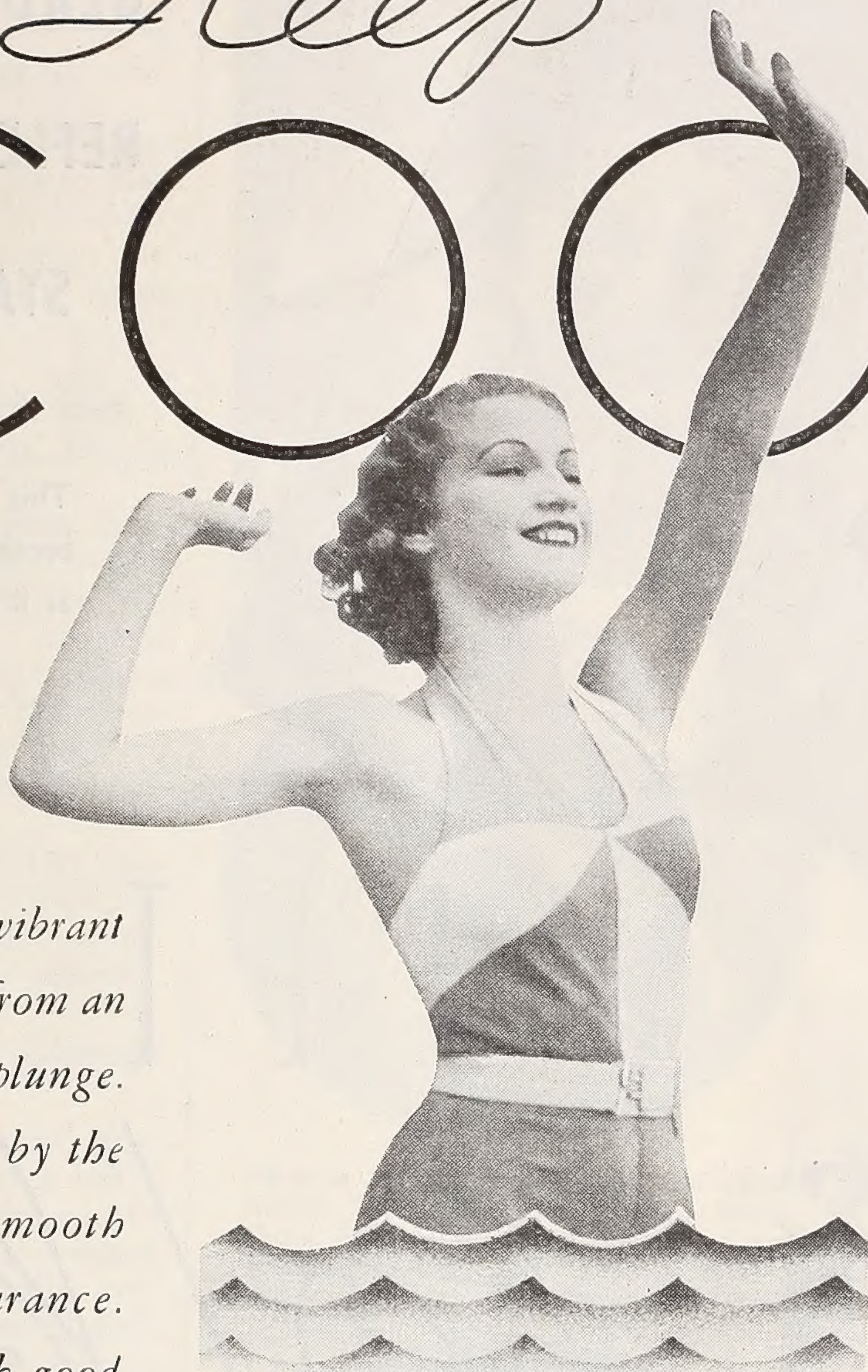
JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothern and Edmund Lowe.

(Continued on page 112)

Keep
COOL



YOU are a melody of vibrant vitality as you emerge from an exhilarating afternoon plunge. Your skin, invigorated by the water, is beautifully smooth and fresh in its appearance. You just know you look good because you feel so good.

If you would enjoy this comfort hours after your swim or bath, use a generous dusting of Dixie Deb Talc before slipping into your undies. It will help dry your skin and will keep it cool and dainty throughout the balance of a busy summer day.

No matter how hot it is Dixie Deb will make your clothes feel cool and soft against your skin—relieving that moist, sticky sensation that goes with warm summer temperatures.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum,

sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powders. Due to large-volume production, it is sold at a very reasonable price . . . 10c . . . and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below.

GLORIFY YOUR BEAUTY WITH

DIXIE DEB

Cosmetics

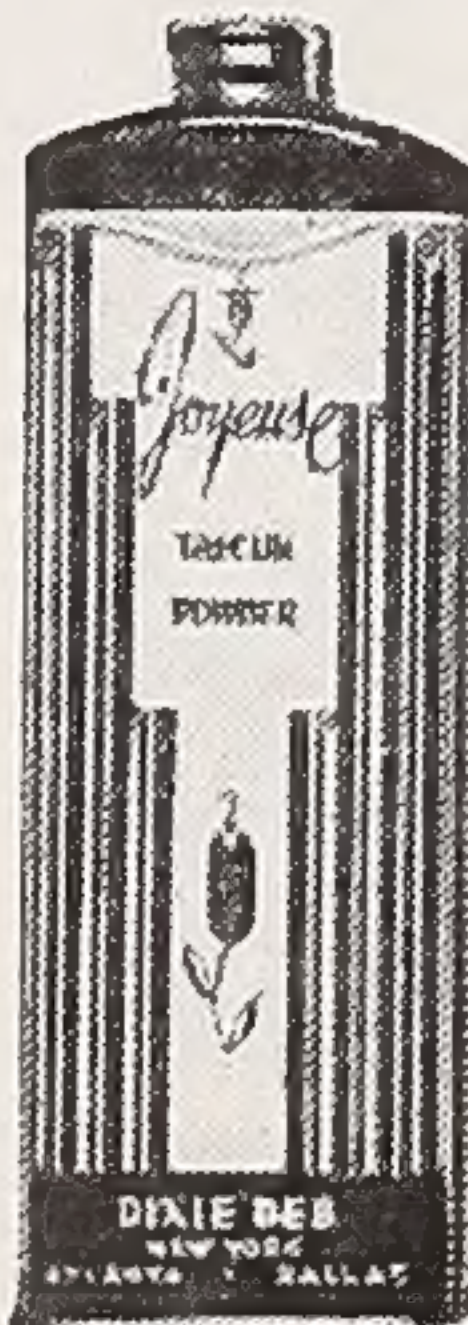
Ask for DIXIE DEB TALCUM powder at your favorite 10c store.



ORCHID
A fragrance from the queen of flowers



TULIP
From the tulip beds of old Holland



JOYEUSE
The exotic fragrance of Oriental lovers



MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
Reminiscent of youthful romances



VENETIAN NIGHTS
Suggesting dreams of happy stolen hours

And don't forget there is a special talc for the deb to be . . . Dixie Deb Baby Powder.

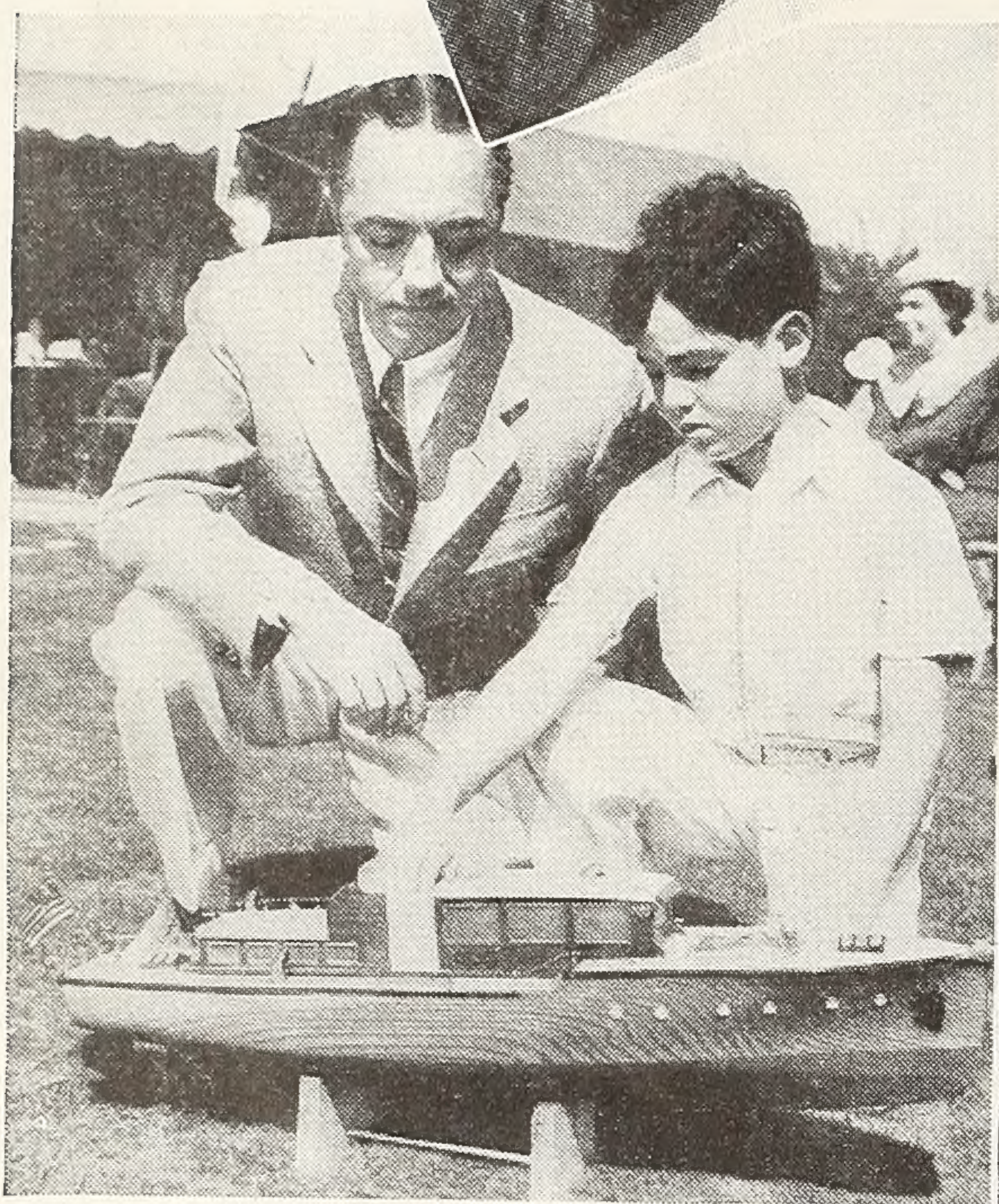


GLADLY SHINING IN REFLECTED LIGHT—THE STARS' RELATIVES

This handsome lad is Hal LeSeur, brother of Joan Crawford. He looks as if he'd make the grade cinematically, doesn't he?

MEET THE

folks



(Above) Did you know that William Powell has a son? Well, he's that proud to acknowledge Bill, Jr., on any and all occasions. Here's a little gift the young feller received from his famous Dad.

Meet Countess Zanardi-Landi, mother of the beautiful Elissa. She is her celebrated daughter's house guest now. The Countess has a few claims to fame on her own; what with being a successful authoress!



You don't often have an opportunity to see Mrs. Lewis Stone. Here is the lady with her husband seated on their yacht. She is attractive enough to face the camera, but she will have none of it.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 6)

Of course, nothing can be done about it, but I simply had to take this opportunity to find out if there are other mothers of young, impressionable daughters who agree with me.

A Tribute to a Sweet Girl

B. BISCHOFF, St. Louis, Mo., is a Dee fan:

You can have your Garbos, Bennetts and Crawfords, but I'll take Frances Dee for mine. Is she sweet, and can she act? She has more talent than the whole city of Hollywood put together. I recently saw her great performances in "Coming Out Party" and "Finishing School."

She is my idea of a perfect person. May her absence from the screen be short and on her return may she be seen in better pictures.

Movie Goers Want a Change of Diet

H. N. JAMES, of Wanganui, New Zealand, gives the producers a jolt:

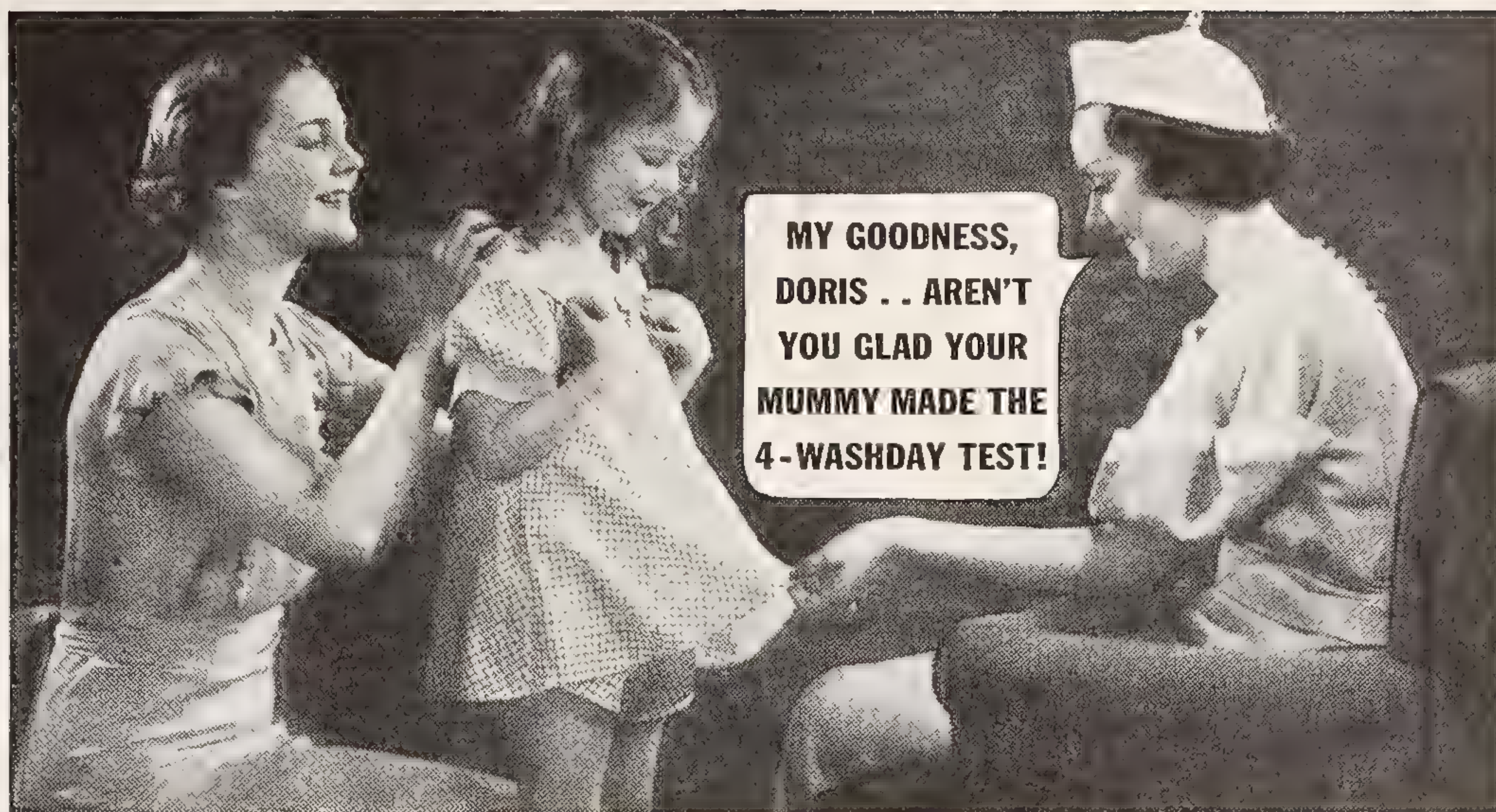
When will movie producers learn to be original? It is the greatest weakness of Hollywood, this trying to capitalize on another studio's success. Consider the cycles through which American movies pass. We are sick to death of gangster films, aviation thrillers, luxury liners, expresses, and now there's an epidemic of cross-country buses!

All fiction readers will tell you that a change of diet is essential. We must sandwich in a detective story, an adventure or a romance once in a while, or grow stale. The same with movies. One type of film soon palls on the moviegoer. And many really fine pictures fail at the box office because the public is tired of a certain type of picture. How welcome was "42nd Street" after a dearth of musicals, but now we're tired of 'em again.

It may interest you to know that after years of dominance by American films, both New Zealand and Australia are now showing as many English films as American. Britain is coming along fast and with such films as "F. P. 1," and "Henry the Eighth," she is showing her originality. Hollywood had better look to its laurels. Try a little originality, you producers, and don't run to a monotonous routine.

MODERN SCREEN sets you a fine example. In every issue there's

(Continued on page 114)



"M-m-m... lots of naptha! Such a clean smell! That's the first thing I liked about Fels-Naptha. So I decided to try Fels-Naptha for four washes in a row—and see what *real* naptha soap could do."



"And did I find out! Just look at this! Neckbands and cuffs, I guess, are the dirtiest parts of every wash. But the *naptha* and rich *golden soap* in Fels-Naptha loosened that stubborn dirt in jig-time."



"See what a nice discovery my hands made, too! Fels-Naptha is gentle. It's *safe* for finest things. I dipped my best stockings and undies into its creamy suds and they never looked lovelier!"



"I've got my proof now! You couldn't get me to do another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha Soap! My clothes are *whiter*! They're so fresh and sweet-smelling it's a thrill to put them on!"

See what a difference FELS-NAPTHA SOAP makes!

IF you want the world's best proof that the soap you use matters a lot to your wash—just get some Fels-Naptha Soap—and make the 4-washday test yourself.

See what brisk, lively suds you get—how easily and quickly Fels-Naptha's combination of rich *golden soap* and *grease-loosening naptha* hustles away every bit of dirt.



You'll get a wash to be proud of—and you'll get it *safely*! For unlike "trick" soaps, Fels-Naptha doesn't make things shabby months before their time.

Fels-Naptha Soap is now selling at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars at your grocer's today! . . . Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. © 1934, FELS & CO.



LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

BY ALICE VAN DORAN

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis
in a scene from "Of Human
Bondage."



YOU will be seeing a picture presently — perhaps have seen it already—which dwells upon one of the most universal and the saddest of love problems. I mean the picture "Of Human Bondage" from the immortal story by Somerset Maugham. You know the story? It tells of a fine, sensitive, intelligent man who becomes enslaved by his love for a girl far inferior to him. That she is inferior to him socially is unimportant. But where he is fine, she is crude. Where he is sensitive and intelligent, she is common, tawdry. She has enough native shrewdness to know on which side her bread is buttered. That is all.

She isn't even pretty. Too thin. Sharp featured. Her skin an unhealthy pallor. There isn't one single thing which he and she have in common. He cannot admire or respect her.

Yet he adores her. He longs to take her thin body in his arms. He yearns over the image of her pale lips and sallow, fatal face. While he winces at her cheap little voice, his heart stands still in the vain hope that she will—just once—say something to him that is friendly and gracious. He squanders his pitiful income on theatre tickets and champagne. She accepts each invitation with a shrug and a pseudo-genteel "I don't mind."

This is a department for personal problems. Your personal problems. Wouldn't you like to talk them over with an unbiased and intelligent person who will treat them confidentially and give you the best advice she possibly can? If you would like to do so, write to Alice Van Doran, in care of Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

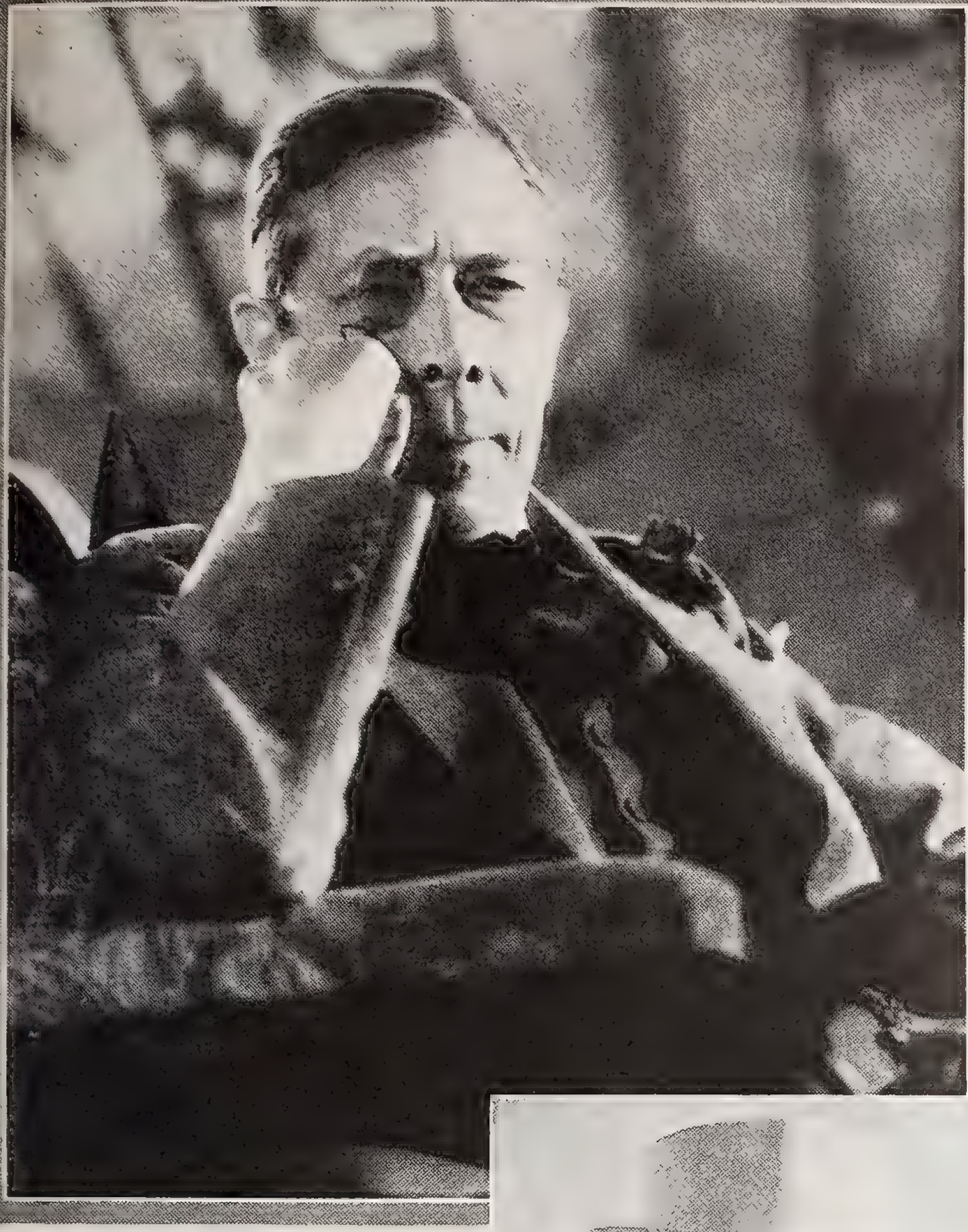
He takes care of her when she has a child by another man. He rescues her when she becomes a woman of the streets. In a fit of insane pique she destroys his home—literally. She has already wrecked his career. And she goes down to her destiny, the gutter. Out of his life, yes. But for all the rest of his life, though he later meets and loves a girl worthy of him, he knows that the image of the slavish love will stay with him. If he sees a woman on the

street who walks as she did, he will quicken his pace to see if perhaps it is not she. He has been in bondage too long.

IN varying degrees—in various guises—we see this sort of love slavery in everyday life. Some of us have been through it. Some of us are going through it now. Intelligence, reason, the sincere advice of friends, are—usually—of no avail to rescue the victim of a tyrannic love from bondage. Time, sometimes, will bring freedom. But it is such a waste of life and emotion to wait while time passes by.

It is always, of course, the sensitive people of this world who get themselves into situations of that kind. The salt-of-the-earth people. The good sports. If they possessed a good, healthy dash of selfishness—or conceit—or indifference—they (Continued on page 124)

LOVE BONDAGE! EMOTIONAL SLAVERY! HOW CAN WE ESCAPE AND BE FREE?



FAVORITE OF STATESMEN

BY EVERETTA LOVE

THE WASHINGTON BIGWIGS
VOTE FOR GEORGE ARLISS!

GEORGE ARLISS would have been one of the greatest living statesmen, if he hadn't been the world's finest actor.

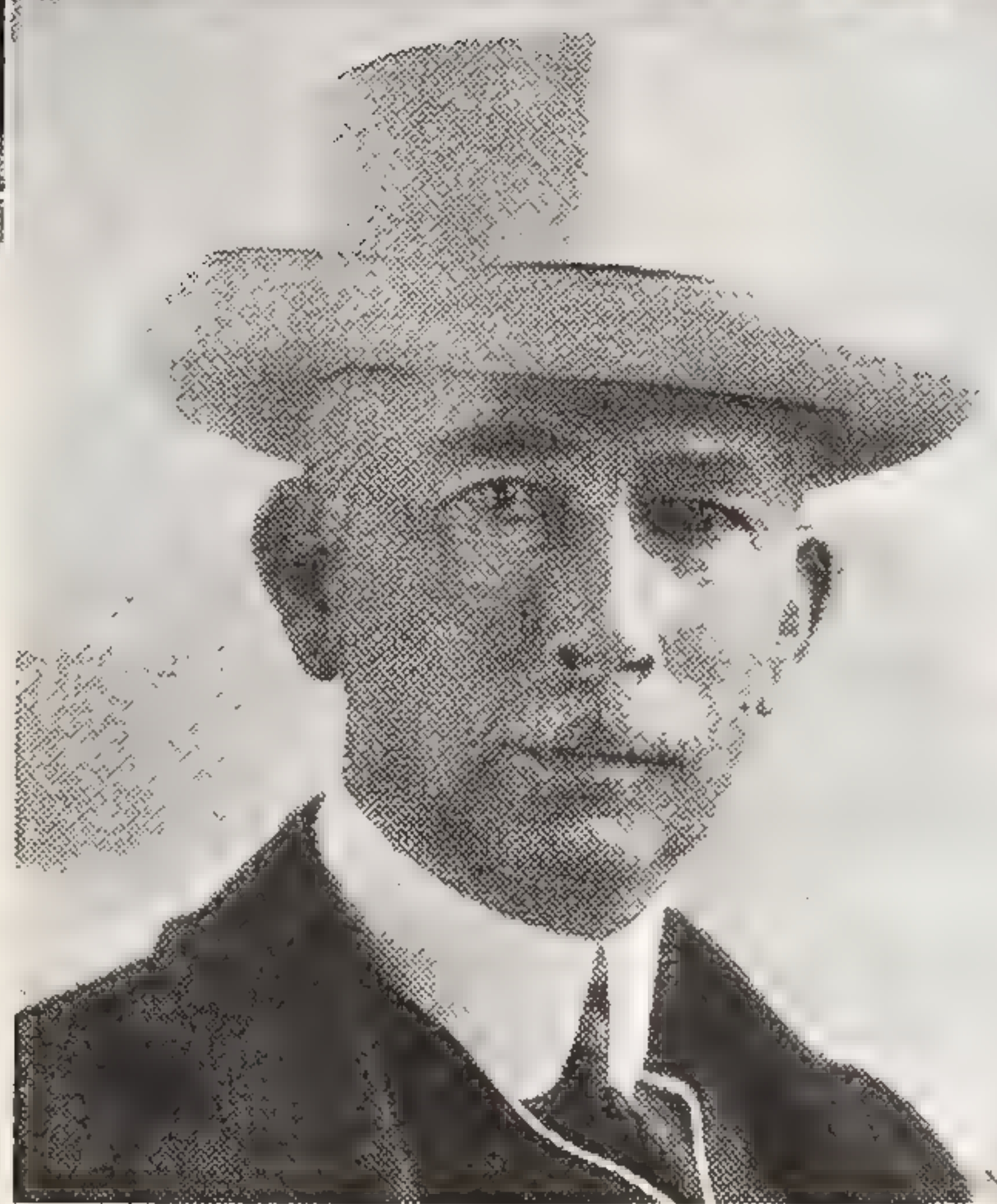
That's the opinion of our country's most famous movie fans, all statesmen themselves, who think there's nothing better than seeing a good movie when they can get an hour off.

They vote Mr. Arliss their favorite actor, not only because of his finished performances, but because he dramatizes and puts romantic flavor into the roles on the screen which they play in real life.

"Disraeli," "Voltaire," "Alexander Hamilton" and the head of "The House of Rothschild" were all men of great power and politics, and to play them as magnificently as George Arliss did must mean that he himself has the attributes of the statesman in real life. So say these enthusiastic fans of his.

"'The House of Rothschild' is the finest movie I have ever seen—better even than 'Disraeli,'" Colonel Edward M. House stated, after viewing Mr. Arliss' latest film.

Colonel House learned to like the movies while he was with President Wilson, who had them shown often at the White House. As closest friend and adviser to the war-time President, the Colonel served the nation devotedly for years "without portfolio," and he now lives in seclusion in New York City.



Mr. Rainey, Speaker of the House (right) likes his movies. Sees 'em whenever he can.

Of course, you need no introduction to Mr. George Arliss. Just below his portrait is one of Colonel House, an ardent picture fan.



But, if he never goes out, there is certainly no end to the stream of leading statesmen, economists, writers and celebrated artists of every country who come to him for advice on every possible question. His day is filled with appointments from early morning until after six o'clock in the evening. Yet the Colonel finds time to go

to a neighborhood movie once or twice every week.

HE doesn't like gangster pictures or musicals. He finds pictures about the younger generation amusing—the sort that Joan Blondell plays in. His favorite actress is Greta Garbo. But it's a George Arliss film which holds him fascinated from beginning to end.

"Mr. Arliss' acting is just like his thinking—clear-cut and finished to the last detail," he told me in an exclusive interview. "He has one of the keenest minds I have ever come in contact with. What a statesman Arliss would have made!" (Continued on page 110)

BEAUTY ADVICE



The hands, the hair, the general make-up. Lilian Harvey—and some other Hollywood stars tell you their own personal grooming secrets.

NORA was really a good bridge player. But this particular evening she played atrociously. She led a diamond when her partner's discard was distinctly a spade and even committed the unpardonable sin of trumping her partner's ace.

Her reward was a glaring look from the man opposite her, which helped take away the last vestige of self-confidence and poise Nora might have had left.

"Oh, oh, oh!" wailed Nora when she got home. She knew she had played a rotten game. But it was all Mrs. Smith's fault! That woman had kept looking at Nora's nails all evening—particularly the one that was broken—until she just couldn't keep her mind on bridge. And Mrs. Smith's well-brushed coiffure made her so self-conscious about her own straggly locks. She'd get a hair-cut tomorrow or lust. And she knew she had had on too much rouge and that her lipstick was all wrong.

Poor Nora. It was a bitter experience—but one which taught her a valuable lesson: that correct make-up, a smart coiffure and well-groomed nails will remove many an inferiority complex. If you *know* you look well—you will feel better, act better and play better bridge, make a better impression wherever you are.

BY MARY
BIDDLE

If you have some particular beauty problem you would like solved, drop a note to Mary Biddle, in care of Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

Incidentally, a bridge table is one place where you should always look your best. The strong lights, necessary for playing, bring out all the flaws of your make-up and get-up.

The hands and nails, particularly, come in for a rigid appraisal. They are always in the limelight—holding, shuffling or playing your cards. In attending to your nails, remember that the shape is very important. Oval-shaped nails are always best, whether your fingers be long and slender or short and pudgy. In choosing your polish, try to harmonize it with your rouge and lipstick. If you are a brunette, a dark vivid shade is permissible in the evening—providing it is becoming—but for a blonde, a lighter yellowish-red shade is preferable. Lilian Harvey, in private life, holds to a natural or shell pink polish. She believes that vivid nails are too heavy for her.

PERHAPS the most beautiful hands in Hollywood are owned by Mary Brian. They are always soft and white and the nails well shaped—and not too long. Practical Mary does not depend entirely upon the manicurist to keep her nails lovely looking. She is very deft with the paint brush and often replaces the polish herself. A medium shade polish happens (Continued on page 111)

WHEN YOU LOOK YOUR BEST, YOU ARE YOUR BEST. HOW TO DO IT ALWAYS

THE MODERN HOSTESS

For complete relaxation there's nothing like dashing off to the beach with a basketful of delicious sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot or cold drinks. That's what Mary Jo Matthews, Richard Heming, Geneva Mitchell and Gigi Parish, Columbia players, did after a hard day's work on the set. (Below) And for that "picnic at home," Fancy Filled Tomatoes are just the thing to serve.



BY PHYLLIS DEEN-DUNNING



PICNICS AT THE BEACH ARE GRAND, BUT READ WHAT THE MODERN HOSTESS HAS TO SAY ABOUT A PICNIC RIGHT IN YOUR HOME

THE other day I went off to the beach with four attractive youngsters from the Columbia studios and as a result I have become a staunch advocate of more and better picnics. For, after talking with these young people, I realize how extremely popular is this informal type of meal.

This particular picnic was gotten up at the last minute, on an exceptionally warm day, by Gigi Parish and Mary Jo Matthews. They were celebrating the completion of "Twentieth Century" in which they both had roles, and kindly invited Geneva Mitchell, Richard Heming and your scribe to join them. Who would think of refusing such an invitation? So off we all went merrily, and an hour or so later found ourselves on the sands with a thermos bottle of hot coffee and one of icy cold tomato juice and a hamper full of sandwiches, pickles and olives.

It was in the midst of devouring a sandwich that Mary Jo remarked: "Isn't it a shame we can't have more picnics? This one has been such fun!"

"Who says we can't?" Gigi queried.



"That's right," I agreed, "Why you can even picnic at your dining-room table. For, if it can be said that 'clothes make the man', it can just as truly be said that 'food makes the picnic.'"

A home picnic has many advantages, too. You don't have to limit yourself to things that are easily packed and, therefore, you can serve delectable but simple salads and even something hot.

Because cold foods taste so much more refreshing than hot foods, unless, of course, the day is simply too

torrid, you would be wise to include one hot dish or start the meal off with a hot soup. There are so many delicious canned soups on the market nowadays that you no longer have to worry about heating up the kitchen by making your own soup at home. I never think about making soup any more, for canned soups taste as good, if not better, than almost anything you can produce on your own stove—besides saving endless hours of fuel-burning.

FOR the main course of your "home" picnic, simplify the serving and keep everything delightfully informal by planning to have a "Blue Plate Special." If you have eaten around in restaurants at all you are undoubtedly familiar with the term "Blue Plate Special." At one time, I believe, it had something to do with the color of the crockery, but these days it simply refers to the main course of a luncheon or dinner served entirely on one plate.

Generally speaking, we have come to associate the Blue Plate idea with cold weather foods, though goodness knows why (*Continued on page 102*)



When John Gilbert and his most recent wife, Virginia Bruce, called it a day, matrimonially speaking, his bosses and the fans seemed to have had enough. And (opposite page) Swanson's divorce plans did not help her one single bit with a public well versed in her various marital experiments.

(Above) George Brent. Has his career been lost in a divorce shuffle? (Below) Alice Faye was lucky. Her innocence in the Vallee break-up was established before too late.

DIVORCE, good old-fashioned Hollywood divorce, has suddenly and surprisingly become as dangerous as that dread bugaboo, scandal, in movie town.

After years of "popular" divorce epidemics, in which last year's marriage was as casually forgotten as last month's screen role, the boys and girls are confronted by the puzzling new situation that divorce is becoming dangerous to their careers, that it is actually taking its toll in dollars and cents, cancelled contracts and lost prestige.

Here, surely, is something new in divorce-ridden Hollywood.

It used to be that the old-fashioned movie hero feared to reveal the truth of his marriage to the palpitating



ARE YOU SICK OF HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES..?

BY DOROTHY

MANEERS

STARS AND PRODUCERS HAVE BECOME SCARED OF SCANDAL! ARE WANING BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS AND YOUR GROWING DISGUST RESPONSIBLE?

women who worshiped at his throne, for fear of cooling their ardor. It was considered wise to keep marriage a secret. But divorce—that was something else again. What did it matter that the newspapers played it up in three-column “heads?” More than one Hollywood actor has looked upon divorce as actually “beneficial” to his career. And as for the women, two or three divorces were regarded as mere piquant prodding of public interest in their direction. Certainly it was never considered “bad publicity,” except in rare cases of mud-slinging, which has become practically extinct ever since the flood of “palsy-walsy” separations set in.

Just what has happened in the year 1934 to bring about a change in this ideal arrangement is hardly known. But the fact remains that something *has* changed. No longer are either public or producers casually shrugging off Hollywood divorces, and those who have flown in the face of this new attitude are paying heavily for their wrecked marriages in unlooked for ways.

Recently the innuendo columns of gossip papers have

been filled with such pertinent musings as: Who is the popular femme star who lost out on a great comeback chance because she decided to ditch husband No. 4 at just the wrong psychological moment? And still another read: Two well-known Hollywood producers agreed that a certain famous woman star of yesterday was just about due for a revival in her career. The only point was . . . could the lady manage to keep out of sensational headlines? Apparently she couldn't . . . for just yesterday she filed divorce suit from No. 4 with attending unpleasant press implications that she might be on her way to marriage No. 5 with another woman's estranged husband! Now one producer has backed out of his bargain, and it is rumored the other will follow suit shortly.

WAS it mere coincidence that within the same week more outspoken columnists heralded the news that Gloria Swanson would not appear as a co-star with Gary Cooper in Samuel Goldwyn's “Barbary Coast,” though Irving Thalberg denied he had (*Continued on page 118*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



APPEARING IN A PLAY IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, CLARK GABLE ONCE GAVE AN AUDIENCE AN UNSCHEDULED LAUGH



— WHEN HE TRIED TO MAKE A QUICK DRAW FROM THE HIP —



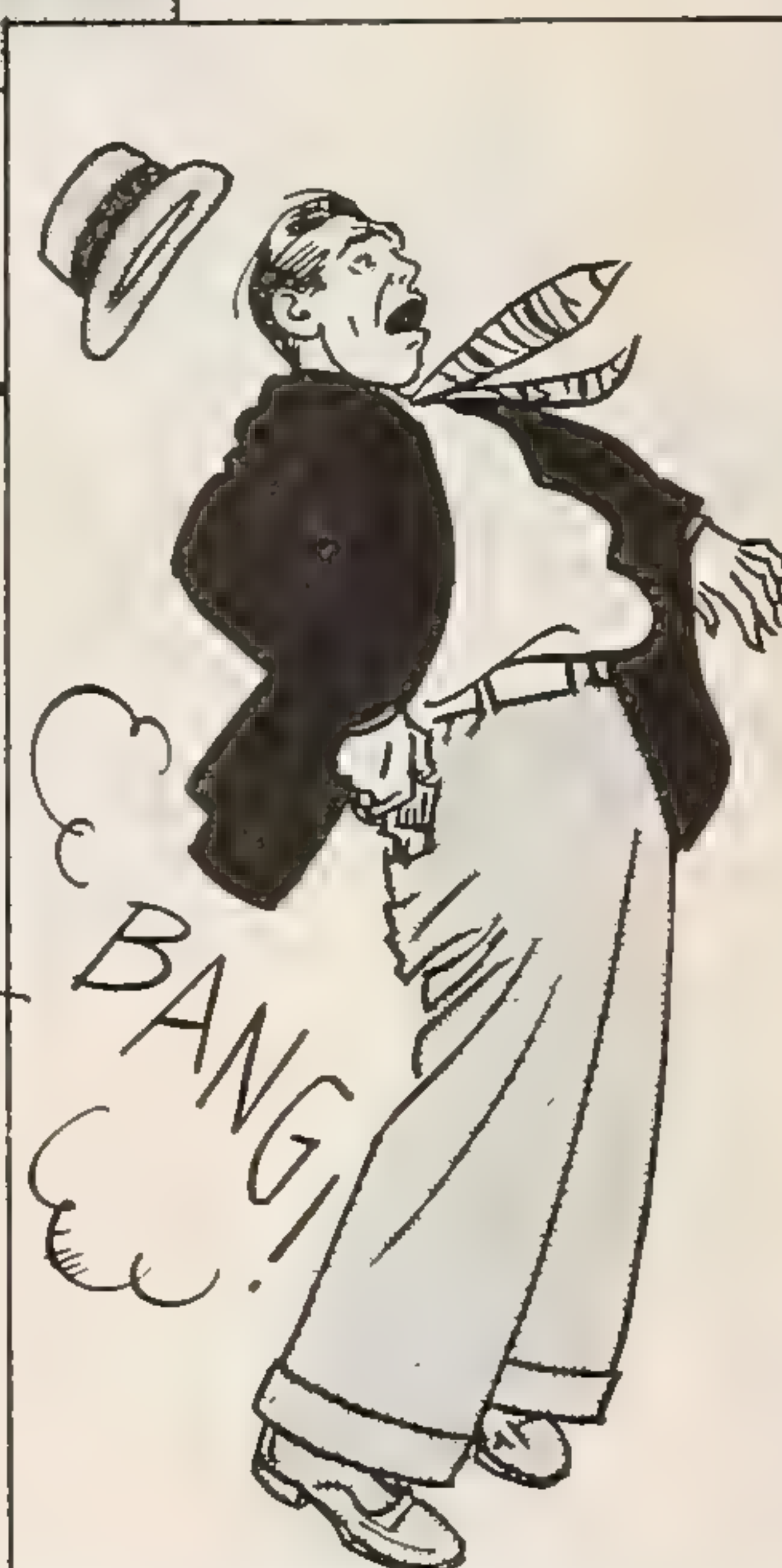
GRETA NISSEN HAS FOUR DOGS AND ALWAYS TAKES WITH HER THE ONE THAT MOST NEARLY MATCHES HER COSTUME.



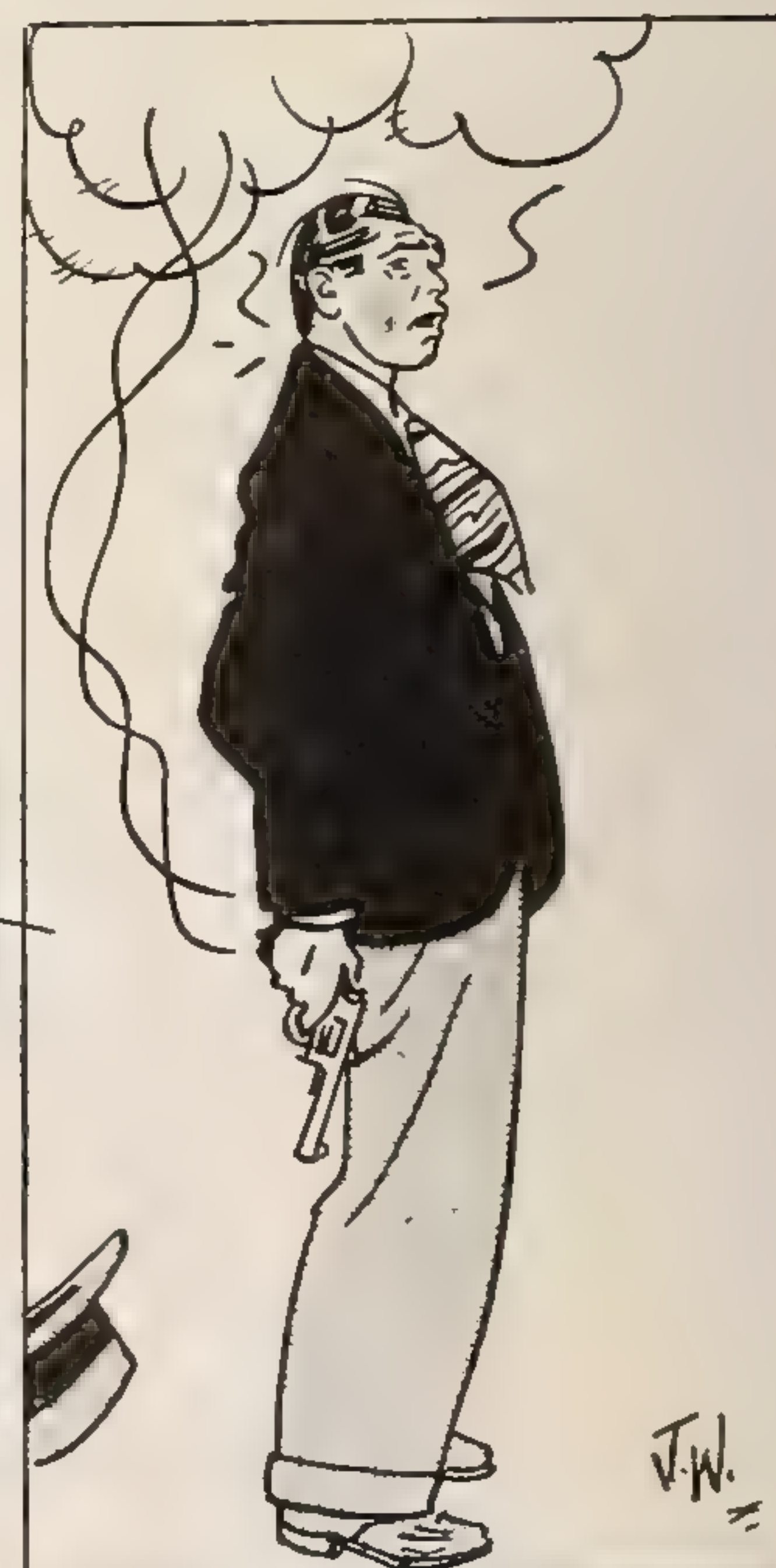
LESLIE HOWARD HAS HIS TEA EVERY DAY BY LONDON TIME (11 A.M. IN HOLLYWOOD.)



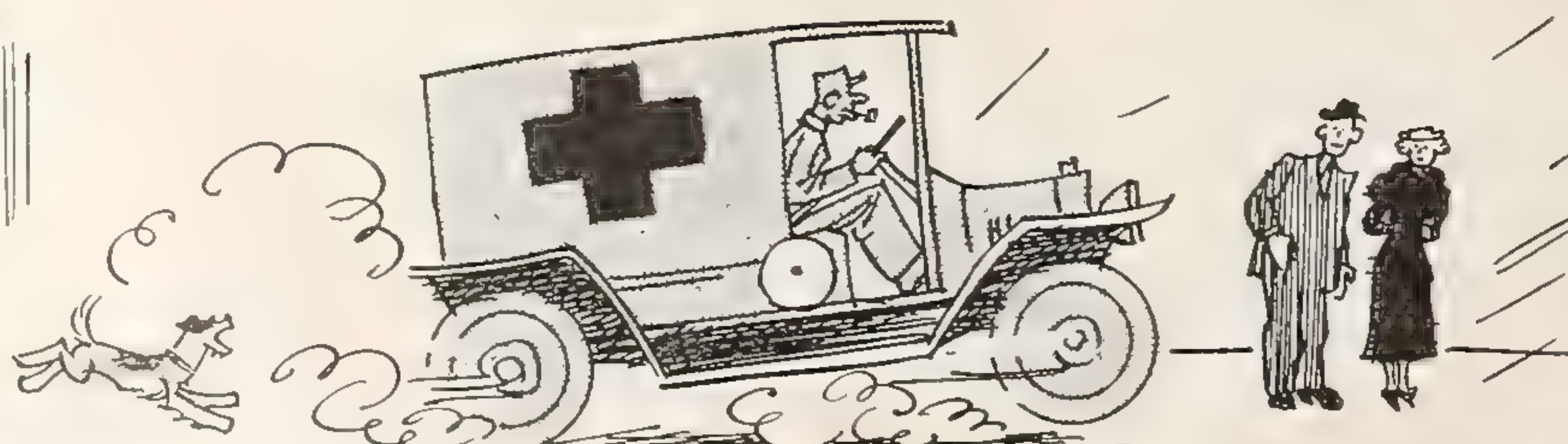
Bruce Cabot is so superstitious that he refuses to work on the 13th and has a clause in his contract to that effect.



— AND SHOT HIMSELF —



— IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS



WHEN SHE'S THROUGH WORKING ON A PICTURE, MARLENE DIETRICH GOES TO A HOSPITAL FOR REST AND SECLUSION.




IS said she has the most artistic dressing-room in Hollywood, but then, since her husband, Cedric Gibbons, is a famous set-designer and director, it is little wonder! Isn't she a colorful creature as Madame DuBarry? Well, wait until you see "Shanghai Orchid." If those contrasting roles don't prove that Dolores is versatile, Warner Brothers—all of 'em—will doubtless insist upon apologizing to you. Miss Del Rio's private life is so quiet you could hear a pin drop, for she has few close friends, which probably is as she wishes it.

RICARDO CORTÉZ




HE would be the first to tell you that that romantic-sounding name of his — Ricardo Cortez — was plucked, not out of the air, but from two cigar boxes. For Ric is a regular guy with no pretense. When he married last fall, he gave up his bachelor quarters for a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and, for the first time in years, he is deservedly happy. The Missus is charming and the jobs are plentiful, so why not? You will see him soon, by the way, in Warner Brothers' "Man With Two Faces."

H E A T H E R A N G E L




SHE is as sweet and refreshing as the flower for which she is named, yet there is nothing saccharine about this little girl from across the sea. Having appeared in "Springtime for Henry" for Fox, the Angel has taken wing to Universal, where she has just signed a brand new contract. She lives with her mother, so enjoys a quiet, normal home life, and her best friend is Pat Patterson, whom she knew in Merry Ole England. The girls go horseback riding and are invariably seen at the tennis matches.



WHEN the last scene of "British Agent" was made, he booked passage for England, his native land, where he is spending a glorious summer with his family. Mr. Howard will make a picture abroad, and perhaps, appear in a stage production. However, autumn will find him back in the good old U.S.A., ready to resume his contract with Warner Brothers.

LESLIE HOWARD



HE is being taken seriously these days—as an actress, of course. For, since her splendid performance in "Twentieth Century," the blonde lady just simply rates cinematically. She is resting at Big Bear now, having finished her job in "Now and Forever" for Paramount. The vacation is not amiss either, for this young woman's health has not been of the best lately.

CAROLE LOMBARD

MARLENE DIETRICH



MHAT annual European vacation trip is off this summer, for Marlene has decided to sit tight and stay cool in the beautiful home in Bel Air she recently rented from Colleen Moore. With "The Scarlet Empress" finished the Paramount star is in search of another suitable vehicle. With this end in view, she's doing plenty of reading and play-going. She never misses a movie either, for the Dietrich is an avid fan. In fact, she takes in at least one film a day. It is a very efficient method of keeping up on what one's contemporaries are doing, you know. And her primary interest is her work.

MIRIAM HOPKINS



LOOK before you guess! It's not the Prince of Wales nor your kid brother all dressed up in his first suit of "long ones," but Miriam Hopkins set to start work on Paramount's "She Loves Me Not." Incidentally, production on this picture was held up three weeks, while its star recovered from a broken ankle which she acquired from jumping out of a window too enthusiastically while the cameras were grinding. She is going to spend her vacation in New York, the most famous of summer resorts, this year, for she is the proud possessor of a swanky little bungalow in the city's Sutton Place sector.



THE TRUE STORY OF GABLE'S FIRST LOVE BY DOROTHY FOX

IN a modest studio on busy Hollywood Boulevard, a vivid and petite young woman named Franz Doerfler conducts a school of dancing. Some miles away, in the smart Beverly Hills residential section, lives the man who, twelve years ago, begged Franz Doerfler to marry him. Together, he promised her, they would be happy. What mattered their careers? What mattered their hardships? What mattered anything—compared with their love?

But Franz Doerfler, a realist as well as an artist, could not see herself nor her impassioned suitor shackled with home ties, money difficulties and job troubles. Love, she felt, could turn from a dream to harsh reality in a short time, once four walls surrounded the dream.

So Franz Doerfler refused to marry the man who, today, as Clark Gable, is the romantic rage of celluloidia. Not only did she refuse him once, but many times—twelve years ago. Their path has crossed since those days and today, they both reside in Hollywood—Clark Gable, a motion picture star; Franz Doerfler,

a dancer until such time as she, too, gets her chance to act. But across the gulf that Fate ordained for these two still stretches the luminous bridge of their love idyl of yesterday.

Franz Doerfler tells this story here for the first time. She gives it to me to tell for her, lest it be related, or guessed at, by others to whom the facts are not known nor the memory of the attachment clear.

The story of Franz and Clark Gable—he was Billy Gable, then, and Billy he will be now—began in Portland, Oregon, twelve years ago. It began on a cold, dark morning when a freight train chugged into the deserted Portland station. From one of its cavernous box cars swung a tall, shivering, penniless youth who wasn't at all sure what he would do once he swung himself to the ground. Later that day, however, he found out, for he met the man who was organizing a cooperative stock company to go to Astoria (two hundred miles distant) and proceeded to get himself a job with the company. It was that job that introduced him to Franz Doerfler, the Oregon girl he fell head over heels in love with and

WHY WAS IT
CLARK DIDN'T
MARRY HIS
PRETTY FIRST
LOVE? HERE,
FOR THE FIRST
TIME, THEIR
HECTIC ROMANCE
IS REVEALED

The very young gentleman on the opposite page is Billy Gable—known to us movie fans these days as Clark. These exclusive "snaps" were taken when he was the willing slave of Franz Doerfler (right), pretty little stock actress and his devoted sweetheart.



with whom he shared many a hard-luck adventure.

BILLY GABLE and I," Franz reminisced to me, "resented each other at first, but we were both so lonely and the stock company work was so hard that we decided to bury our resentment and unite our forces against inevitable necessity. I found Billy to be intensely nervous so far as the stage was concerned. I used to memorize his lines and teach them to him, and I remember how, in his nervousness, the perspiration covered his face and hands. He was a brawny youth, even then, but he was not strong in vitality. He was given to moods and melancholia.

"We became very sympathetic and were together constantly. When we weren't rehearsing plays or giving them, we'd stroll around the docks of the town—Astoria is on the Pacific Ocean—or we'd take long walks into the hills. We discussed Catholicism and our ambitions and hopes. Billy had led a roving sort of life, but he was a lonely person with few friends and really no place he could call home.

"The stock (Continued on page 80)



SHE AIN'T NO BY RUTH BIER

THE telephone rang on the desk of one of Janet Gaynor's friends. As she lifted the hook, a voice plunged excitedly into a jumble of words.

"We women of the press have gotten together and decided to appeal to you. You've just *got* to stop this flirtation between Janet and Robert Montgomery. Suppose it should get serious and Betty Montgomery (Mrs. Bob) should sue for divorce and name Janet as co-respondent. Hollywood can't stand it. The Mary Pickford divorce has shocked the world, so Janet is the last illusion the fans have about Hollywood. She must be kept wistful and sweet. You must make her see she owes it to this industry—" Not the exact words, of course, but the context.

The friend tried to interrupt, tried to explain that because she *is* a friend of Janet's, she does not interfere with Janet's business, tried to express her faith in Janet's ability to protect her own interests. (Reader, be patient! I'll tell you the real truth about the Montgomery business very shortly.)

The friend did not speak to Janet. She is not the kind who says, "Pardon me, dear, but I think it's my duty to tell you—" But a writer did tell Janet. A man. He told her that a few women of the press had swooped down upon this other woman.

Janet was dismayed. "But this has got to stop. I can't have a friend placed in this position—"

And it did. Janet Gaynor was seen everywhere, immediately, with Gene Raymond. And there is no more certain way to pulverize gossip about a Hollywood girl and boy than for the girl to be seen constantly with another boy.

I know of no incident that explains the real Janet Gaynor more quickly and accurately. She is loyal to friends and impulsive in her flirtations. But Janet Gaynor makes few friends.

WELL, I'm a member of the press and I don't want the world's illusions spoiled about Hollywood either. I make my money because Hollywood is the capital of modern illusions. *But*—what I can't understand is: Why should Mary Pickford's divorce hurt Hollywood? Why should the fact that Janet Gaynor is a modern, spritely, alluring, even slightly dare-devilish little minx injure her or the town in which she lives? Personally, I have always thought saints slightly boring. I prefer my heroines human.

And Janet Gaynor is very human. Wistful, yes. But



Winsome and wistful little Janet Gaynor is truly Hollywood's most potent heart-breaker. No, there's no catch to it! She is just that.

also highly emotional, with the most dangerous type of come-hither appeal known to woman—the kind that hides behind a delicate body a sad expression that automatically says to each man who contacts it, "Protect me, darling, I need it." The same type of appeal which made Lillian Gish famous on the screen and, in life, one of the most man-sought women in Hollywood.

Janet's stepfather, the famed "Jonesy," who forced her into pictures and died when "Seventh Heaven" was completed, knew all about Janet the moment he saw her. He had married Mrs. Gaynor in Chicago while Janet was in

ANGEL

YES, WE MEAN JANET
GAYNOR! FOR THE
WISTFUL ONE IS, AT
HEART, A FLIRTATIOUS
LITTLE SEX APPEALIST



Janet and Charlie Farrell in "Change of Heart," and oddly enough the once much-in-love pair suffered just that emotion. They are still great friends.



Here is the Gaynor at the wheel of Charlie's yacht, "Flying Cloud." Skipper Farrell snapped this one. Janet's seaman's jacket and cap is right becoming.

Florida. And the very first time he met her, he recognized "something" about Janet. Her older sister, Helen, was prettier, but it wasn't Helen upon whom he concentrated. It wasn't to place Helen in pictures that he moved his family to Hollywood. It was to make Janet Gaynor the Sarah Bernhardt of the movies.

My first interview in Hollywood was with Janet Gaynor on the day after "Jonesy" had been buried. "I don't know what he saw in me." Her face was as white as the maid's frilled apron and cap she was wearing for "Two Girls Wanted," the comedy following "Seventh Heaven."

"But he always said, from the moment he saw me, 'Janet has something.'"

She did not know, then, what it was. Janet was but a yearning, burning, wide-eyed adolescent who didn't know even the ABCs of life's answers. "Something," her stepfather called it. "It" was the word coined by Elinor Glyn and made historical by Clara Bow. One word was as good as another. We all know what a woman must have to create excitement. And "Jonesy" sensed the fact that Janet Gaynor was designed to create excitement.

There is one story about Janet, (*Continued on page 90*)



ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES

BY EVA BERYL TREE
AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

HERE is a story that might happen to YOU!
It is the *true* story of an everyday young girl from a small town, who went to Hollywood for the one purpose of crashing the movies. In it, she will reveal, without withholding any details, exactly what happened to her in three months of effort. She will tell the inside story of her experiences, of what happened to her at the studios and in the casting offices, of the men and women she met and what they said and did for her, of the stars she rubbed elbows with, of the "passes" made at her by men she at first trusted.

She will tell of the gamut of emotions she ran, of the thrills and the heartbreaks, the delights and the disillusionments. She will tell of the famous actors and actresses she saw and met in the night clubs and the dressing-rooms and make-up laboratories.

She will tell *everything*. And every word of it will be true. Because MODERN SCREEN sent her to Hollywood for exactly that purpose! Paid her way there, gave her the money on which to attempt to crash pictures, and instructed her to keep a faithful, detailed, day-by-day diary of everything that happened to her.

Here's how it was done:

JUST WHAT MUST AN UNKNOWN

Eva Beryl Tree tells of the thrills and heartbreaks she encountered in her try for fame.



Here is Eva discussing the menu at Hollywood's Russian Eagle with General Lodijensky, its proprietor. She ordered caviar because she saw Ivan Lebedeff having some—and the stuff made her ill.



Wearing the "cute little sweater and cap" which, incidentally, won her an entrance, Eva appeared at the casting office at Columbia Studios. She was interviewed at once and offered a screen test.

A number of months ago, the editor of MODERN SCREEN sent an assignment-letter to me, Harry Lang, one of this magazine's writers in Hollywood.

"I believe," the editor wrote, "that MODERN SCREEN readers would like to know exactly what happens to a girl who, alone and on her own, goes to Hollywood to crash pictures.

"Therefore, find me such a girl. Find me an average, good-looking girl, under twenty, who has never been in Hollywood but who would like to get into pictures.

"To such a girl, I will pay the fare between her home and Hollywood (round trip *if* necessary), and give her three hundred dollars besides, on which I want her to spend three months in Hollywood trying to crash pictures entirely on her own and with no other help whatsoever from MODERN SCREEN, yourself or anyone else, save such persons as she herself meets by her own efforts.

"No one except the girl, yourself and I are to know that she is doing this for us. Her story in Hollywood must be that she has saved \$300 and is taking a chance on crashing pictures on that amount. To all outward appearances, she must, through her three months, be just another of the hundreds of lone girls who go there with the usual movie hopes and ambitions.

"She is to keep a faithful, detailed diary of her experiences. She is to withhold nothing.

"At the end of her three months' experience then, we will print her story—regardless of whether she gets a job in pictures, or fails miserably, or whatever may befall her."

FOUR hundred miles from Hollywood is a small city called San José. There is situated a State School where girls of average family and surroundings are trained, at state expense, to be teachers. Before Professor Hugh Gillis, one of the instructors there, our writer laid the problem, and asked him to pick a girl. Our writer didn't want to trust his own judgment to make a choice, fearing that he might be too close to the Hollywood picture to make an unbiased selection. The instructor chose the girl.

Her name is Eva Beryl Tree. She is twenty years old. She's blonde, one inch over five feet tall, slender, but not thin, and not more beautiful than "good-looking." In short, an average girl whose prototype you could find by the scores all over America. She was born in San José, had never been to Hollywood, although she had once visited Los Angeles. Like (Continued on page 98)

DO FOR A MOVIE CAREER? EVA BERYL TREE TELLS YOU — EVERYTHING!



GUESS WHO!

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THEM?
FROM THE BACK OF THEIR NECKS?

(Give up? Turn to page 123.)



... A WOMAN
WITH A PAST—
OR THE HOT-
CHA GIRL?
SHE'LL TAKE
THE LATTER
NOW!

BY CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT



GINGER, HOW COULD YOU!

HERE'S a little story on Ginger Rogers that you've never heard. The joke is on Ginger, but the thing that happened is cute enough so that I'm sure she won't mind my telling you. It all occurred a long time ago anyhow.

Ginger was a whole lot younger, when she first came to Hollywood, than anybody had any idea. She'd done some touring in vaudeville with singing and dancing acts, so she could tell the producers honestly that she'd had experience—but, just the same, she was only a kid. She looked sophisticated. Some girls just naturally do. But, inside, she was about as innocent as they make them. She was only seventeen years old, too.

Ginger had made quite a name for herself in vaudeville, but things didn't go so well, at first, in Hollywood. She'd get a small part and then nothing would happen for weeks. Not getting work worried her and she sat down to figure it out and see just exactly what was the matter.

"If I were known they'd give me parts. How can I attract some attention?"

She thought over all the ways of attracting attention that she had ever heard of. There was the girl who had thrown herself in front of a producer's car, figuring that he'd carry her into the studio and give her a contract. She'd been carried to a hospital instead—and, anyway, throwing yourself in front of cars you were liable to get all skinned up. So that was out. Others married producers.

Well—she didn't know many, and out of the ones she'd seen she couldn't think of any that she'd like to marry. That was out, too. Well, what *could* she do, then? It didn't do any good just to put on your best clothes and get taken to the Derby or the Cocoanut Grove. Hollywood was so full of girls dressed up in best clothes that nobody even looked at them. Maybe if she took a suite at a hotel and told the newspaper reporters she was a Russian countess or something! But *(Continued on page 86)*

NO LOOKS, NO "LINE," NO MONEY! YET THE BEAUTIES ADORE JACK

HOW does he do it?
How does Jack Oakie get all these beautiful girls?
He hasn't Raft's sleek menace or Gable's iron-willed chin or—well, we can stop right there. What he has got is a face like one of his mother's old pie plates, a nose that a herd of elephants must have walked on in his infancy, and a hair-cut that makes you say, "That reminds me, the mattress needs re-covering."

No sculptor will ever ask Jack Oakie to pose for a nude statue of Apollo. No—

But, just the same, you notice, whenever you see a picture of him at the Brown Derby or a premiere or a night club, there's always a girl with him. Always. And always beautiful. Many a lonely farm boy out in Iowa tonight, as he rolls the hogs up in their pink eiderdown quilts and tucks them into their little white cribs, is thinking, "If that Oakie guy does it, I can do it, too!"

But how? That's the question, boys, how? What has this guy Oakie got?

Four years or so ago Jack was just one more oat that had sprung up in Hollywood—and a wild oat at that. He

was an unknown, while Mary Brian was featured in picture after picture and recognized as the most glorious girl on the screen. So who did Jack pick to go out with? Why, Mary Brian, of course. Just like that. Of course there were only about five hundred other men after her, out of which at least seven hundred and ninety-two were better looking than Jack, had more money, were more sophisticated, wore better clothes, and were generally much more important. But it was Jack that Mary accepted as her 'regler feller,' in spite of his charming habit of wearing a sweat-shirt under his tux.

How did he do it?

"Well, it was his sincerity," says Mary. "Jack's the most sincere fellow in Hollywood. He is also loyal, loyal not only to me, but to everyone of the people he knows. That's one reason why everyone likes him."

"And he's the most considerate boy I've ever known. If you happen to mention that you'd like to read a certain book, the very next day a messenger boy brings it to you. You have to watch yourself and be sure you don't say, 'I'd like that dress' or 'I'd like that hat,' when you're out with him, because if you let a remark like that slip Jack will get it for you. (Continued on page 96)

HOW OAKIE

GETS HIS WOMEN . . . !

BY JACK
JAMISON



Who is crazy about Jack out Hollywood way? Ask Mary Brian, Peggy Hopkins Joyce or cute little Toby Wing? They'll each answer, "I am!"



BEN LYON has several claims to fame, among 'em his adeptness at discovering unique eating places. In fact, we have a strong suspicion that certain beaneries open only upon receiving news that the Lyon is in town. Ben invariably says, "Howz about the little Hungarian joint in the East Forties or the Russian place west of Broadway?"

And so, you find yourself downing goulash and borscht whether you will, or not. This last time it was a Chinese restaurant downtown, and the cause for celebration was Bebe's recovery from the mumps. Yep, while they were here making personal appearances, Mrs. L. went decidedly infantile and her throat swelled like a six-year-old's. The Lombardy Hotel, where they were staying, didn't care for the idea any more than did Bebe, for a lot of cash customers who hadn't had it, might have objected. Thus the Daniels mumps, as a news item, was suppressed, but as a neck decoration, was decidedly to be reckoned with, as you may imagine.

And so, because the mumps had taken themselves off, we all started to the Chinese restaurant. The gent who drove the cab must have thought he was Ben Hur or at least Barney Oldfield—or perhaps he was merely out to collect pillars and posts. Nothing could stop him until Ben imparted the information that the ladies would like to live. Which remark seemed to surprise him no end. There's skepticism for you!

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

BY REGINA
CANNON

The Chinese place was swell. We took a table on the second floor overlooking the street, and for the first five minutes, all was peaceful. Then word got around. And, seemingly from the nowhere, sprang a crowd. It soon became a yelling mob, "We want Bebe and Ben!" Came the police—actually! And newspaper reporters from headquarters, bearing lavender identification cards. Whoopsee!

The crowd in the dining-room, meanwhile, was demanding autographs. Everything from menus to women's straw hats were being signed with the famous Daniels-Lyon names. All this time your little friend here was trying to do away with a shrimp wrapped in an egg shell, or whatever it is they serve!

One hour and several hundred autographs later, we arrived on the street. Bebe and Ben got into a cab with policemen on the running board. We got the buttons pulled off our coat.

As we drove away, Ben said, "Gosh, I wish we had brought them into the Paramount Theatre like that!"

Which crack comes under the head of a joke, for they did.

* * *

ONE of the reasons Mary Brian is in town is because an airplane company gave her a round trip ticket. "And anything," says (Continued on page 119)



The Charles Laughtons stopped off in Gotham en route to the coast.



Bebe and Ben Lyon arrive to make merry and personal appearances both.



And Lupe came in without her Johnny to do a turn or two in vaudeville.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE BRING CELEBRITIES TO TOWN



Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford take the air—and in a very big way. For the scene from "Sadie McKee" they wafted over the ether waves made dyed-in-the-wool radio fans ardent admirers. (Right) Scarcely a week goes by that the gossip hounds don't have William Powell engaged to some fair damsel. And now it's Irene Bentley's turn.

THAT KIDNAP SCARE!

THE big news—and the big fear—of the Hollywood month is kidnapping!

During the week that William Gettle was held captive, the stars and producers of movietown were on edge. The number of guards about their homes was increased. Every protective measure known, such as electric alarm systems and barbed wire fences, were installed in many homes. There were a great many rumors that certain stars, frightened almost into hysteria by kidnapping threats, had actually "paid off" to "kidnap insurance."

Stories abounded that Charlie Chaplin had not left his Beverly Hills mansion from the time Mr. Gettle was kidnapped to the time he was safely returned to his home and family. Charlie denied this, but the story persisted.

When the Gettle kidnappers were apprehended, Hollywood drew its first free breath in a week. But not for a minute were any guards and protective measures done away with.

It was said a certain very wealthy woman star just narrowly escaped kidnapping when "two suspicious looking men" drove up beside her limousine and were on the verge of "gunning" her chauff-

eur to the curb. Then they noticed it was her maid, and not the star, riding in the car. However, some of the level heads in the colony are taking all these stories with a grain of salt.

Among the movie stars who stood on the Gettle lawn to join the crowd in happily welcoming him home were John Barrymore and Edmund Lowe.

Even in the newsreel shots, Max Baer proves that he learned a lot about "stealing scenes" while in Hollywood.

In a recent newsreel, taken at the time Max was in training for his bout with Primo Carnera, the camera showed the boys signing up for the bout and "shaking hands on it."

"I hope the best man wins," said Carnera politely, in the little impromptu speech they gave after the contracts were signed.

"So do I," grinned Maxie, "That will be me."

Not so long on grammar, but the comedy touch was good. And Maxie is just the one to make such a remark as that without sounding too conceited.



INTIMATE INSIDE STUFF FROM THE CINEMA CAPITOL THAT NO MOVIE FAN



All their pals saw Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey off at the Santa F Station when the pair departed for New York en route to Europe. Mrs. Gene, as you know, is Joan Bennett.

HAS ISABEL HAD ENOUGH?

HOLLYWOOD can't help but believe there is something slightly wrong in the Isabel Jewell-Lee Tracy romance. Though both Isabel and Lee continue to laugh off all gossip rumors, concerning either a rift or a secret marriage, all is apparently not well between them.

The fact that Lee was recently in a row at a golf club with a prominent director and the newspapers got hold of it, was said to have exasperated Isabel.

Lee is just safely past that Mexican trouble and if he really appreciates everything that has been done for him, it would be well for him to curb his pugilistic tendencies.

Grant Withers, who hasn't had the best luck in the world staging a comeback in the films says his theme song should be, "You Ought To Be In Pictures."

THAT HOT SPANISH SUMPIN'!

THERE is a fiery young Latin actor in Hollywood who is super-sensitive about his "friendship" with a glamorous woman star. He is constantly on the look-out for some fancied slight to either of them and this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude has resulted in several interesting events. But the funniest occurred during a recent Hollywood party.

The glamorous femme star and a certain famous Hollywood producer were sitting on a divan, and the producer was saying he wanted to engage her for a story he

had just bought. For several minutes he had been raving about how no one else would fit the woman's rôle so well. Then he happened to say, just as the fiery boy friend who had heard none of the previous conversation, passed by: "I'll leave no stone unturned until I have you."

"Sir," thundered the Latin, "that is a dastardly thing to say to a lady!" Wow! Some fun! Everyone was that embarrassed!

Hollywood was much saddened by the recent death of Lew Cody. A heart attack came while he was asleep. He passed away almost without pain. The debonair, sophisticated Cody you knew on the screen was much like the real Cody. Both Hollywood and the fans will miss him.

THE Blind Bow Boy, trying to arrange some tie-ups between Los Angeles society girls and two young Hollywood actors, has certainly been treated to a cold knockout by the mammas of the young ladies in question.

For one thing, it's all off with the Monroe Owsley-Kay Toberman engagement. No sooner had it been announced by the young man himself than rumors began appearing in the society columns that no one was more surprised than the supposed-bride-to-be to read of her "engagement." Family objection, on the girl's side, is also supposed to have played an important part in this break-up.

Jack La Rue is another young actor who



Dorothea Wieck wanted to know if Chief Ish-ti-opi's regalia was genuine. There seemed only one way to find out, so she encountered the Indian at a broadcast. Everything's okay!

is taking it on the chin from Cupid.

Jack, you know, had admitted that he was seriously in love with a young Los Angeles socialite, and no sooner had done so than her mother planned a sudden six months tour of Europe for her charming dotter.

Kay Francis, looking perfectly stunning in a green sports suit, brown hat with a feather stuck in it, and brown accessories, attended the preview of "Dr. Monica" with Maurice Chevalier.

Unfortunately, the audience laughed in the wrong places at this preview. And believe it or not, no one laughed any harder than Kay. Now there's what we call a sense of humor!

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD FEUD!

WHAT'S this about Ben Bernie, the old Maestro, and Jack Oakie?

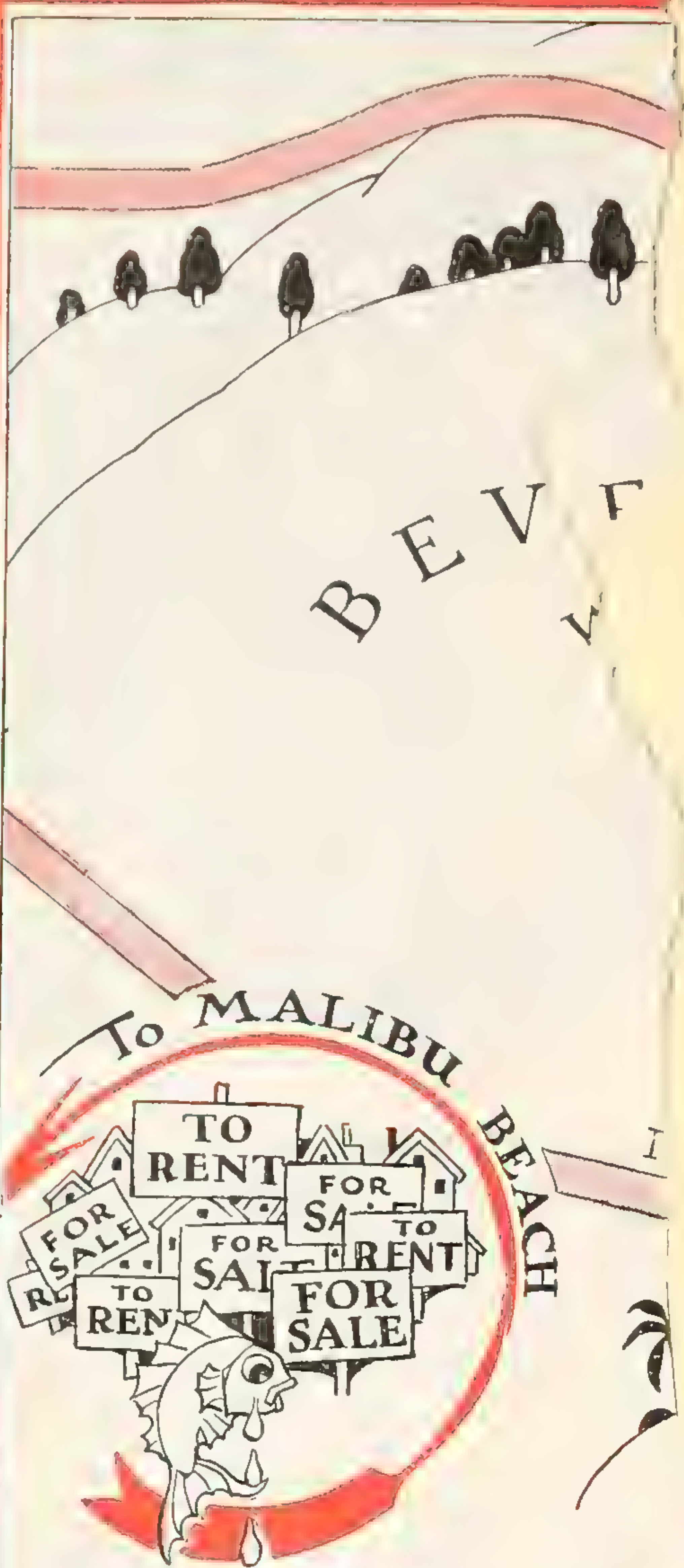
Both Jack and Ben are strutting their stuff in the Paramount picture "Shoot the Works" and everybody thought these comics would have a lot of fun together. But what happened?

One of the rumors is that Bernie thinks Oakie is one of the unfunniest guys he ever met.

But, in spite of this little feud, Paramount is tickled to death with Bernie's work in the picture and believes he has a screen future. So, you'll be seeing him in more than one picture.

As Walter Winchell might say, "It serves you right!"

—WHO REALLY TAKES HIS FANSHIP SERIOUSLY—CAN AFFORD TO MISS!

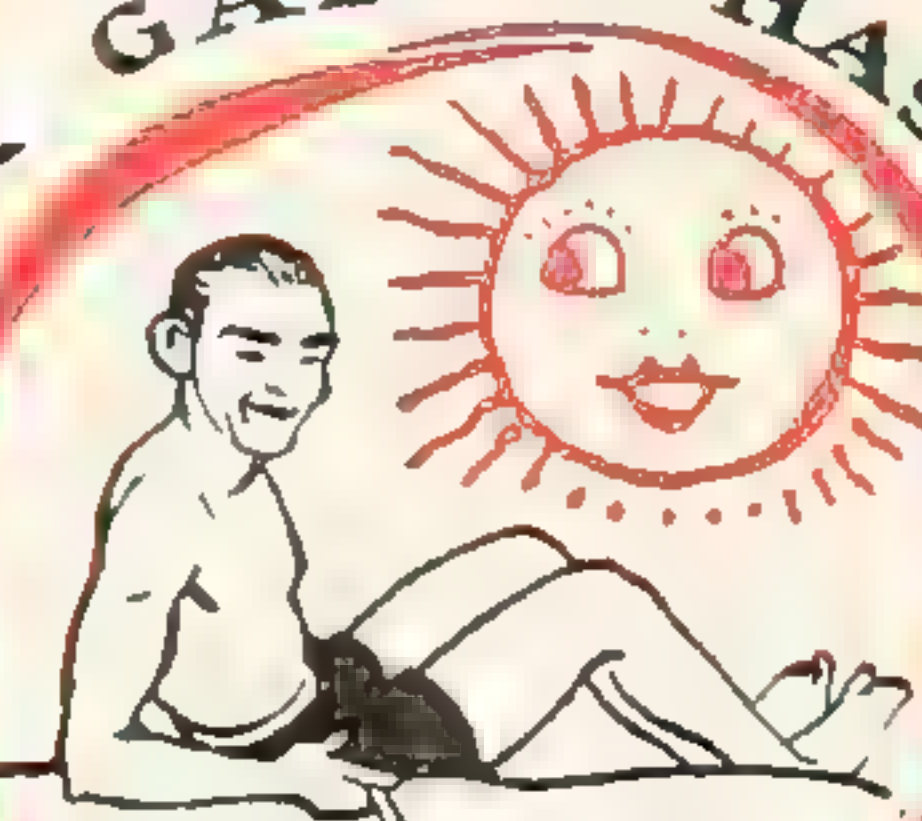


BEVERLY

TO MALIBU BEACH

FOR SALE
TO RENT
FOR SALE
TO RENT
FOR SALE
TO RENT

WHERE CLARK GABLE HAS BEEN
SUNNING HIMSELF



Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers were delayed in sailing for Honolulu 2 days



"Because the longshoremen are on strike"

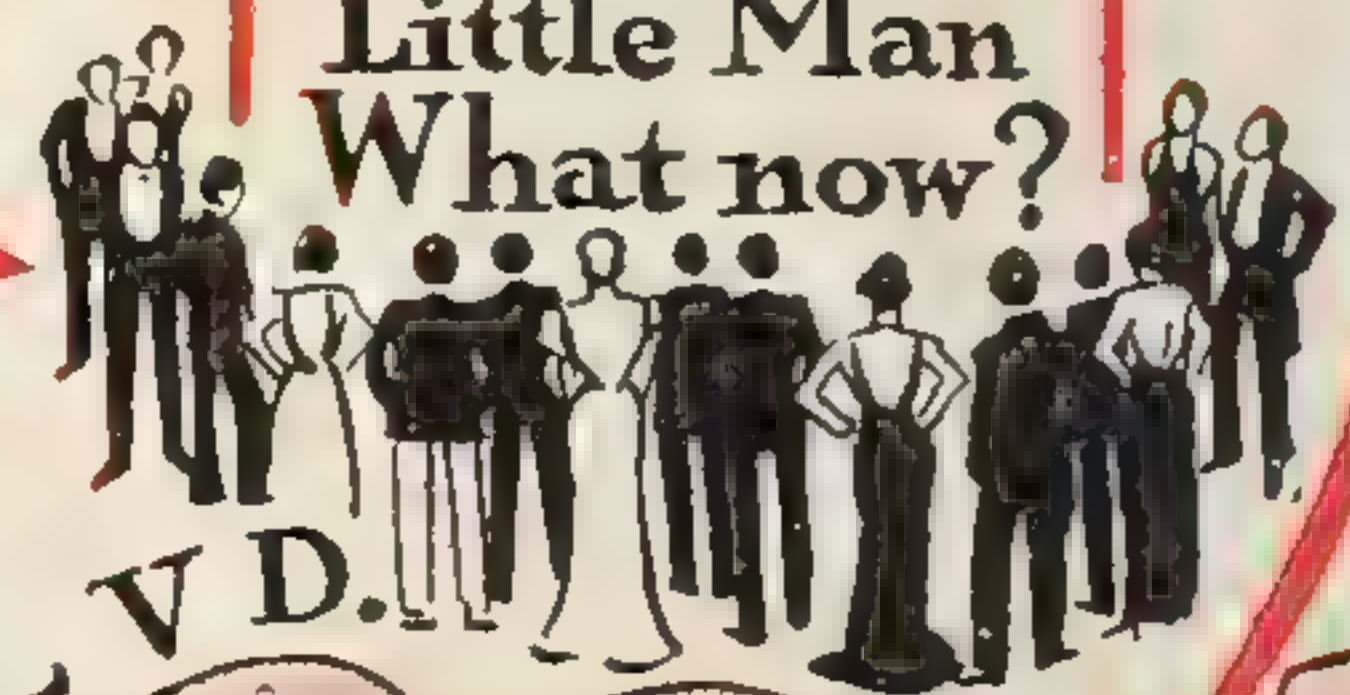
Burglars broke into Bette Davis' home and took her clothes



Jean Harlow has an ermine upholstered bed



All the stars went



PREVIEW at
of Margaret Sullavan's Picture
"Little Man What now?"

Joan Crawford's little "back yard" theatre where Francis Lederer starred himself and Joan was the entire audience.

The RITZ THEATRE

More and more people waited to welcome home the kidnapped Wm Gettle.



HIGHWAY

SAN VICENTE BLVD.

WILSHIRE BLVD.

SANTA MONICA BLVD.

PICO BLVD.

W/F White

MODERN SCREEN *MAP of* Hollywood

UNIVERSAL CITY

Mary Pickford "landed"
by plane

on the
same
day

The Chinese
Theatre

Buddy Rogers
arrived by train

The
Brown
Derby

HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

SUNSET BLVD.

Here's where Greta Garbo has
been glimpsed lunching with
Rouben Mamoulian after a
"Romance
Vacation" of
several
months.



The
RUSSIAN
EAGLE

"I deny Lew Ayers
and I will wed soon."

Ginger Rogers
says and signs
on same day.

LONG
TERM
CON-
TRACT.

TO GINGERS
DRESSING ROOM

Mae West
nearly got
brained on

STAGE
6

PARAMOUNT
AND R-K-O-LOT



W. PICO St.

COCONUT GROVE

where Wm Powell has been alter-
nating dinner dates between
Elizabeth Allen and Irene Bentley.

WASHINGTON BLVD.

"LOVE THY
NEIGHBOR"

YOU MUST
SAY YOUR
NOT THY

Bing Crosby is
censored on radio

CULVER CITY
HOME of METRO
PICTURES

HERE'S
THE
FOX
LOT



GOOD NEWS

Glenda Farrell can keep on insisting that her romance with Robert Riskin is just "friendship" if she wants to. But all the interviewers who tried to make appointments with her the week before Bob left for Europe have their own ideas about it.

Glenda told her press agent that she didn't want to be bothered with any "details" that would take her time from Riskin during one moment of that last week. What does this mean? Wedding bells when Bob returns?

MRS. GILBERT "SETTLES"!

BY the terms of a recent property settlement, Virginia Bruce Gilbert will receive \$50,000 in property and \$600 per month from her divorced husband, John Gilbert.

Virginia insisted she would need no more than \$600 monthly for the support of herself and her daughter as she would soon resume her M-G-M contract and take up her motion picture career where it left off at the time of her marriage to Jack.

Virginia has won a great deal of Hollywood admiration for the fair and square divorce settlement she accepted. It is not very large, considering the wealth Jack Gilbert is supposed to have.

Few people believe that movie stars economize, but Richard Barthelmess, who is one of Hollywood's richest stars, was about to trade in his small home for a Bel Air mansion, when he stopped to consider the upkeep. So the deal fell through. Dick and his wife decided they would rather travel than break their backs financially to keep up a white elephant of a home.

IT is an amusing situation that Claudette Colbert has been signed to play the leading feminine rôle at RKO in a picture called "By Your Leave." It is a story of a young married couple, who, becoming fearful that their happiness is waning under the humdrum routine of every day married life, decide to live under separate roofs and take a "marital vacation." Does that sound at all familiar to you? Right the first time! The plot might have been drawn from the true life experiences of Claudette, herself, and her husband, Norman Foster.

Too bad Norman wasn't signed to play the "vacationing husband." But Nils Asther draws the lead in this one. Maybe they didn't want it to look like a biography of Norman and Claudette.

Dick Powell certainly has a yen for girls named Mary. Now that Mary Brian is out of town, Dick has been seeing plenty of little Mary Carlisle.

IT was a right royal welcome Academy Award victor Charles Laughton received when he slipped onto the Norma Shearer-Fredric March set of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The moment Norma and Freddie realized Laughton was on the set, they stopped work and led the entire crew in a great burst of enthusiastic applause. Both Norma and Freddie won Academy Awards in previous years. Norma for her work in "The Divorcee" and March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The gossip columnists insist upon saying that Joan Crawford is interested in Francis Lederer. But don't worry that Franchot Tone is being left out in the cold. Those who know Joan and Franchot best say



Irving Thalberg at the Carmelita Geraghty-Carey Wilson wedding with two beauties, Jean Harlow and wife Norma Shearer.



Leo Carrillo, Eddie Cantor, May Robson, Will Hays at the Davies benefit. (Below) Ann Harding with Screen Guild Frolic tigers.





Big Boy Scout, Victor McLaglen, and Lewis Stone talk over the campfire business. (Right) Joan and Marlene at the Tingel Tangel.



(Above) Kay and Chevalier at "Dr. Monica" preview. (Below) Will Rogers and Spencer Tracy at the Davies Foundation Fund.



they are both friendly with Lederer because of their mutual interest in the theatre. 'Tis said Francis is going to put on a one-man, one-act skit which he wrote himself as the opening performance for Joan's little theatre.

One person who is not excited about these rumors is Steffi Duna, star of Hollywood's Tingel-Tangel Theatre. When Francis moved into his new home, it was Steffi who selected the furnishings.

LUPE RETICENT?

FOR the first time in the memory of the oldest Hollywood gossip writer, Lupe Velez is refusing to talk for publication! Lupe, who has "spilled" everything in her life from her love affairs to her beauty secrets to the avid press, has suddenly gone reticent and absolutely refuses to give out interviews on her friendship with Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw.

The fact that Garbo won't talk has always been news! But a Garbo-like silence from Lupe—this is headlines!

Here's a compliment for Genevieve Tobin.

No less an authority than Irene Castle McLaughlin chose Genevieve as the "best dressed woman in California." Not merely in Hollywood!

"Certainly if there is any screen actress to fill the shoes of the late Lilyan Tashman, Miss Tobin is that one. Her clothes both off and on the screen are flawless."

MIRIAM HOPKINS has turned radio fan and it's playing havoc with her rest.

During those wee small hours, when Miriam should be getting her muchly needed sleep, she's busily turning the dial on her new short

wave length radio, tuning in on programs all over the world.

Her newest brag is that she got a symphony concert being broadcast from Russia and it came through perfectly.

The newest whisper is that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell will not be co-starred in any more pictures. No particular reason. So if you want to see these two sweethearts for maybe the last time, be sure not to miss "Change of Heart."

ALL Hollywood's expectant mothers are planning elaborate summer tours before returning to town in the Fall to await the "interesting event." Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown), whose name is on the stork's calling list for sometime in September, is heading, with Harry Joe, for a long cruise through the South Sea Islands.

Joan Blondell (who is hoping it will be a George Barnes, Jr.) will be on her way with her husband for a six months' jaunt to the Orient as soon as they can both finish current pictures.

Clara Bow (who doesn't have to be back in Hollywood before December to keep her date with the stork) is leaving immediately for Honolulu with Rex Bell. This interesting stork news should certainly put to an end those divorce rumors between Clara and Rex!

A certain theatre owner recently had the "bright idea" of bringing little Joan Robles, of the famous Arizona kidnap case, to Hollywood as the featured attraction in one of his prologues. But the supposed to be sensation-loving movie colony turned thumbs down on the deal.

Such a terrible thing as kidnapping has no place in the entertainment world. (Continued on page 124)

HAS HOLLYWOOD'S



Is Jean a clever dare-devil—or a reckless one? Is all that notoriety, all the scandalous gossip, just so much good publicity or—?

It was the third day after Paul Bern's suicide. I chanced to be entering the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as a bewhiskered, bleary-eyed young man dashed out and grabbed a newspaper from the boy who had just received his new editions.

"Hello," I greeted him.

His hand went to his stubbled chin. "I know I look awful. Haven't slept for three days and nights. This Jean Harlow thing!" His anxious eyes turned to the headlines.

I laughed. "For once I agree with a publicity department. It would be a shame for Jean's career to be spoiled now. If you can only get the public to sympathize with *her*. She shouldn't have married Paul anyway. This kind of thing killed Clara Bow. It would be a sin to have Jean——"

He was gone, dashing madly toward his publicity office. I wondered what he had read to send him away like that. Even



HOW LONG WILL HOLLYWOOD PROTECT HARLOW?

BY RACHEL
BENSON

Hal Rosson. He and Jean were—oh, so much in love one day—and the separation was announced the next! What's the answer?

as I was talking he had been scanning the black words hungrily as a father reads a letter from a long-lost daughter.

I had meant it, then. It was right for Hollywood to protect its platinum blonde. It should have protected its red head. When Hollywood failed to defend Clara Bow, it failed to support its single, biggest source of income as well as its most glamorous personality. Jean Harlow might make us as much money as Clara. She has the same kind of appeal.

And Hollywood should still protect her. *If it can!* But now, we are wondering just how long we can protect Jean Harlow.

Jean is a curiously interesting problem, a distinctly unique human proposition. One to make not only Hollywood think, but an entire world. For in a way, she belongs, like all public personages, to each one of us.

At first, we in Hollywood, believed Jean's escapades were adroit bids for international fame through international publicity. We approved of that. We realize fully how publicity can create glamorous personalities that an entire world will pay to see. We are willing to help any girl who can do that because each one makes more money and more fame for Hollywood collectively.

WHY, only a few weeks ago Jean seemed to prove that idea when she told me, "I think Hollywood is getting away from the very thing that made it famous. I remember the first opening I attended. I was visiting

California with my mother. When Pola Negri swept into the foyer of Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, my heart stopped. So did everyone else's. She was a queen. Bowing to right and left. Even throwing kisses. I was just a little subject, crazy to get one glimpse of this exotic, different woman. Hollywood's lost a lot of that showmanship. It's too bad. A motion picture star should dare to be completely different."

But there is a great difference between professional daring and personal carelessness and thoughtlessness. It takes keen intelligence and shrewd common sense to direct glamor and beauty so that it will be admired rather than questioned. Hollywood can protect the clever daredevil forever. It can do only so much to prolong the admiration for the reckless one!

At the very first, Jean Harlow was a big question mark with us. We could not make up our minds as to whether she was extremely clever or extremely silly. I saw her first at a cocktail party. She was in black velvet, cut so low that—well, every man in the room left his partner to hover around her. She chose a corner in which she was completely barricaded from the rest of the room by an impregnable wall of masculinity. Low, confidential murmurs and intimate laughs floated forth to taunt the rest of us. We were dressed in impersonal, typically Californian sport clothes. She went Paris one better. We were content to hold the interest of one man. She was making a successful bid for all men. We were jealous and contemptuous.

And, just at the point when (Continued on page 77)

WHERE DO PICTURES



(Left) Remember that red hot love thriller called "The Sheik"? Of course you do. It definitely established the late Rudolph Valentino and added fresh laurels to Agnes Ayres' cinematic crown. Here they are in one of the picture's most beautiful scenes. (Below) the forlorn-looking gentleman, parked in the midst of the snowy waste, is Charlie Chaplin and the film from which the picture was taken was called "The Gold Rush." It made the star a million dollars.



BY ROBERT EICHBERG

ARE they forgotten, these stars of yester-year, these Rudolph Valentinos, George Walshes, Marie Prevosts, Priscilla Deans and others whose names once shone in lights over the entrances of countless movie houses in the pre-talkie era? No! Their films live on, and the stars we have forgotten still thrill thousands all over the world. It is true, their names have vanished from your town and mine, from the columns of the daily papers and the film publications. But up in Harlem at a theatre catering exclusively to negro trade, in a civic center just off the Bowery, in a Long Island madhouse, a school for the deaf, several hundred cross-road stores throughout the south and midwest, in South America, the Philippines and a dozen tiny European cities, even in Paris, the capital of sophistication, silent pictures which you enjoyed ten or fifteen years ago attract crowds of people who take the old films just as seriously as you and I do the latest epic production.

Visit some of these theatres. Though the pictures are

old, they're so different from the talkies that they seem like something new, and the audiences are even a better show than the screen.

The pictures themselves seem odd enough. The first thing you notice is that all the cast seems to be over-acting. They're always in motion, gesticulating rather wildly. But after the first couple of reels you grow accustomed to it; you realize that pantomime is an art—a lost art since the talkies have come.

I went to a number of theatres to find out something about the heaven of the films—the place to which good pictures go when they die. I expected to be amused, to get a laugh out of seeing people who could find interest in antique movies. There were a few laughs, but there was something else, something that squeezed the heart.

Definitely on the serious side are the showings given at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes

GO WHEN THEY DIE?

WHAT EVER HAS BECOME OF THE
FILMS YOU USED TO LOVE?



(Above) Charlie again, this time with the adorable Jackie Coogan. "The Kid" was the film in which they appeared together. Its release put Jackie on the movie map. (Left) Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel," still going the rounds. (Below) The late Lon Chaney as "Mr. Wu." Here is an actor whose silent films prove to be hits today.



every Tuesday at 7:00 P. M. Dr. Harris Taylor, the principal of the school, invited me to attend one of the performances. The picture was Paramount's "The Vanishing Pioneer," featuring Jack Holt.

SOMEHOW one expects kids to be noisy and excited when they're going to a free movie. And there were 257 kids here, ranging from six to twenty years old, lined up in the corridors and waiting to go into the big room where camp chairs had been set up to accommodate them.

Well, they were excited all right, but they weren't noisy. The only sound was the restless scuffle of feet. The silence hit you in waves. It got you. Kids have a right to make a racket when they're happy, and these youngsters *couldn't!*

George Fairhead, one of Dr. Taylor's assistants, took me into the impromptu theatre. We stood where we could watch the audience as well as the screen. The youngsters were so thrilled they could scarcely stay in their chairs. Although the school teaches them lip reading, in their excitement they forgot, and their fingers flew incessantly as they talked together in the deaf-and-dumb sign language. All were discussing movies, Mr. Fairhead translated. They're real movie fans, for the joys of concerts and radio are impossible for them.

They go to the talkies, but find no great pleasure in them, for the speaking screen (Continued on page 115)

NEWS

BY WALTER
RAMSEY

A: SADIE McKEE—M-G-M

Crawford scores as Cinderella! Or, in spite of it, you might say. It's the old story-book plot, but the dialogue conceals it so cleverly that you may not be able to recognize it. You'll rave about this picture, and one of the best reasons for your raves will be the fact that Joan gets a real chance (at last) to show her acting ability. Miss Crawford is billed as the star, and the fact that when the picture ends she is still the star (in spite of some excellent acting on the part of Edward Arnold) is a credit to her artistry. Surprise! Did you know that Gene Raymond could sing? Then it will delight you to know that he can. Franchot Tone does well with his role and Esther Raiston is capable and lovely. Don't ever admit to anyone that you missed this one. Put it down now!



Crawford scores in "Sadie McKee," with her devoted Franchot Tone.

A: LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal

Here you have it—that drama of the everyday things which are tragic and tearful, that saga of the commonplace—made supremely moving and effective by the acting of Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery and a perfect cast, and by the direction of Frank Borzage. It is the story of a young couple in pinched and poverty stricken Germany. They marry and have a baby and the young father has a pitiful little job. He mustn't let the boss know that he is married, because the boss' daughter, you see, has set

her cap at him. Of course, the boss finds out. There is a benevolent roué—Alan Hale plays him with such finesse—and Margaret Sullavan can never be sure whether this roué is on the level or not. It's all very real and sad—and funny in spots—and a picture that you must all see. Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery prove themselves the sensitive young players we believed them to be. And the other players—notably Hale, Muriel Kirkland, as the boss' wife, Catherine Doucet as Montgomery's mother, De Witt

(Right) Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"



MODERN SCREEN

Recommends

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back

Change of Heart

The Circus Clown

Happy Andrew

The Last Gentleman

Let's Talk It Over

Little Man, What Now?

Madame Du Barry

The Merry Frinks

Murder At The Vanities

Operator 13

Sadie McKee

The Thin Man

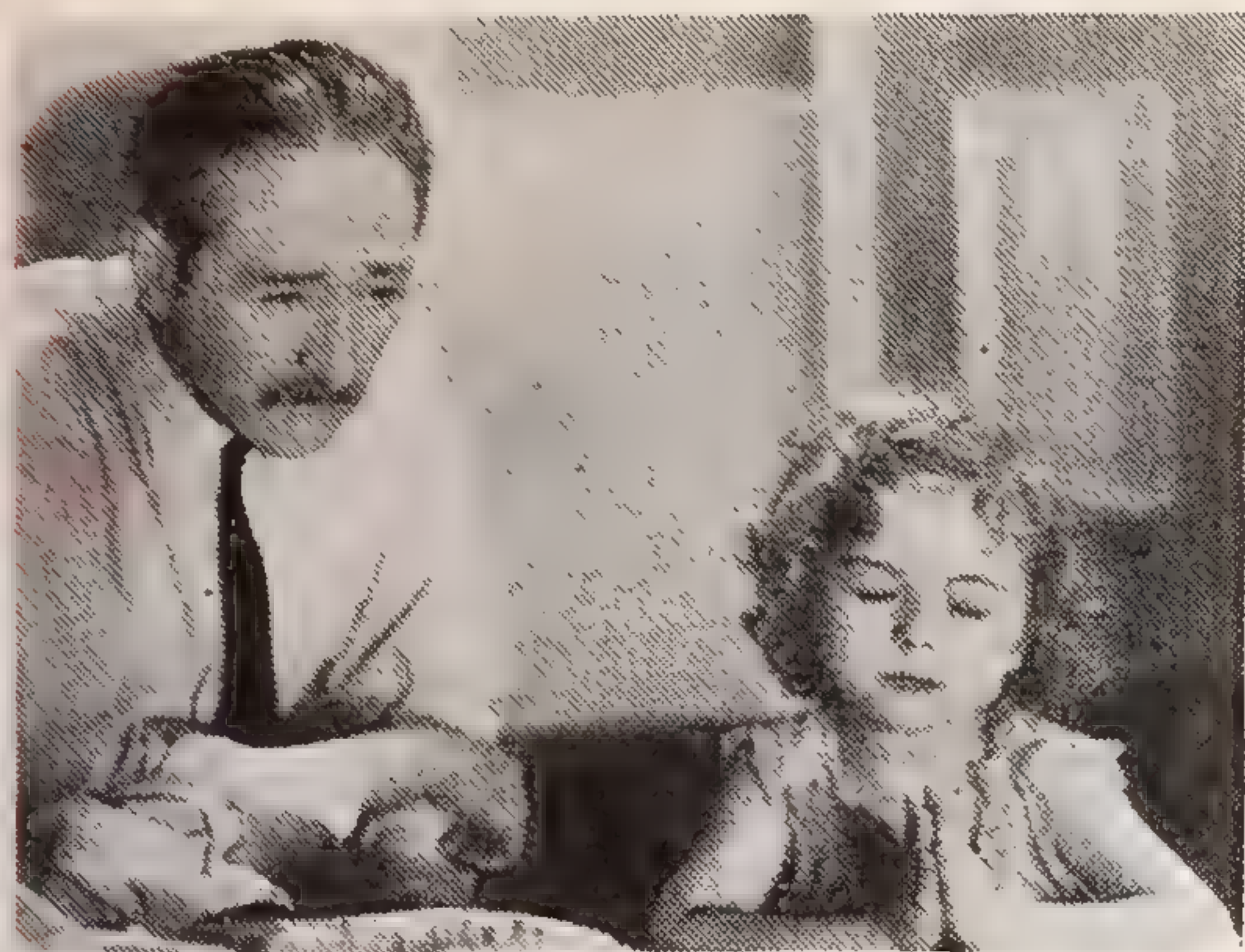
Thirty Day Princess



Jennings and Christian Rub—are to be honored for their teamwork. And speaking of teams, Sullavan-Montgomery is tip-top.

A: LITTLE MISS MARKER— Paramount

A new favorite for you. If you haven't seen Shirley Temple, Hollywood's newest, four-



A charming doll is Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou. Dorothy Dell is in it, too.

year-old sensation, you have a treat in store. In gambling parlance, a "marker" means an I.O.U., and little Shirley is left as a "marker" by her father for a gambling debt. Papa fails to show up and the gamblers take the baby into their fold. In

their attempt to protect her childish innocence, the gamblers decide to throw a story-book party. Can you imagine Adolphe Menjou as King Arthur and a bunch of tough mugs doing a "Round Table?" This scene alone is worth the price of admission. Menjou is swell as the big shot and Charles Bickford gives a good performance as a tough guy. Dorothy Dell does nicely, too. We'll bet you won't think of anyone but little Shirley, though. See it.

A: BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK —20 Century

A swell mystery with laughs. I hope you're as glad to see Colman as I was. His new picture is one grand piece of entertainment and I recommend it to you for an evening of chilly laughs. Of course, you saw the first "Drummond," so you know what type of picture this is. Charles Butterworth runs away with the show in certain spots, merely because of his splendid delivery of his side-holding comedy lines. Loretta Young plays a beautiful heroine well. Una Merkel is good. Warner Oland holds down most of the villainy and C. Aubrey Smith does his inspector to perfection. But with all the grand acting, marvelous photography, laughs and chills, the best news is that Colman is back again. See this picture by all means. It's a wow.

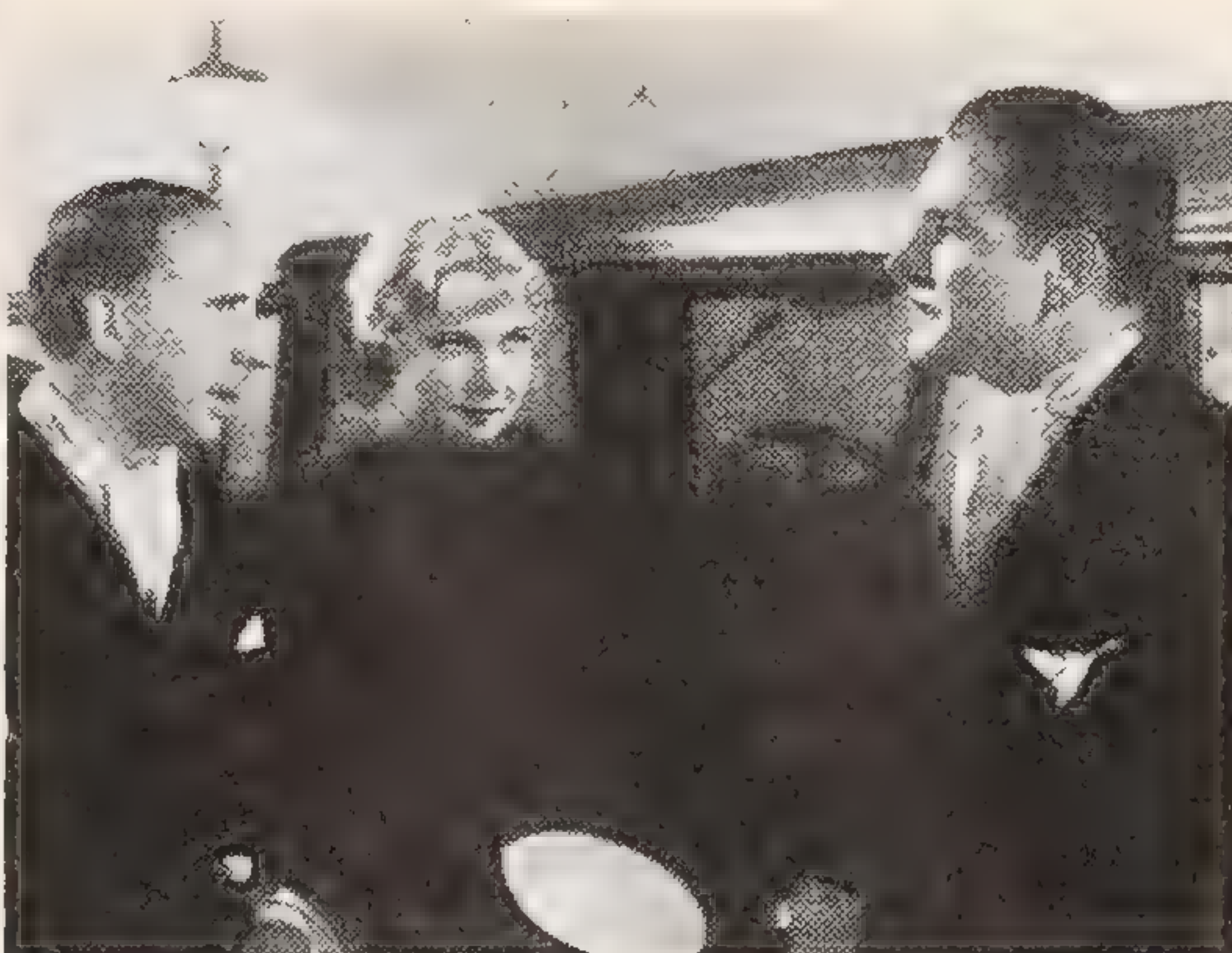
A: HAPPY ANDREW—Fox

Will Rogers at his best. If this doesn't make you roll in the aisle and tear up the seat, we've got another guess coming. In spite of the fact that it is a typical Rogers picture, with nothing particularly new in the way of a story, the situations are so hilari-

ously funny that we have a hunch the whole town will turn out. Will is the henpecked husband again, whose wife wants him to retire from his corner drugstore business. He retires. After much boredom, Will decides to show his wife (Peggy Wood) he can really "go to town," and proceeds to do so at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Can you imagine good old Will doing an Apache dance with Conchita Montenegro? Wrap a lion's skin around Will and put a club in his hand while you are picturing it. You don't want to miss it, do you?

A: MURDER AT THE VAN- TIES—Paramount

Colorful, exciting, musical murder-mystery. Gorgeous gals, lilting tunes, funny comedy and exciting mystery join hands to make this backstage opus very swell entertainment. Intermingled with positively beautiful dance ensembles is a plot dealing with a couple of murders, suspicion falling on the leading



Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Ronald Colman in the thrilling "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

man of the show. All very exciting and thrilling. The lady who sat next to me claims that Carl Brisson (dimples and all) will become a rave with all the femmes. Look for him and see if you agree. Jack Oakie and Vic McLaglen carry the comedy in grand style and Kitty Carlisle's voice is good. Besides all this you have Duke Ellington's orchestra and some excellent dancing. Don't miss it.

A: THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

Extra swell. You're sure to like this flicker. A story that's a honey, a cast that is



You'll enjoy the latest Will Rogers opus, "Happy Andrew." Peggy Wood and Mary Carlisle play opposite him.

brilliant, and dialogue that crackles with smartness and wit, all spell ace entertainment. William Powell gives a suavely humorous and colorful performance as detective Nick Charles, with Myrna Loy running a close second in histrionic honors as his wife, whose insatiable curiosity leads to the solution of

the crime. Minna Gombell is swell as the neurotic ex-wife of the murdered man, Edward Ellis. Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Wadsworth provide the love interest. Other supporting players who deserve mention are Nat Pendleton, as a police lieutenant, Edward Brophy as loud-mouthed Morelli, and Porter Hall, as the killer. A bouquet to W. S. Van Dyke for his smooth direction. By all means see this one. If you enjoyed the book, you'll enjoy the picture even more.

A: MADAME DU BARRY— Warners

Grand movie entertainment, even if it isn't true to history. They strove for gayety and fun rather than for authentic history in filming this picture, and the result is a lavishly beautiful and amusingly clever talkie. Dolores Del Rio is altogether captivating as the King's favorite, who almost upsets the French Court with her whims. She brings charm, beauty and delightful freshness to her Madame Du Barry. Reginald Owen is priceless as the King, Verree Teasdale, Osgood Perkins and Ferdinand Gottschalk are all excellent. Gorgeous gowns and beautiful photography add to the excellence of the film. You'll enjoy it thoroughly.



The handsome Gary Cooper and the beautiful Marion Davies are co-starred in "Operator 13."

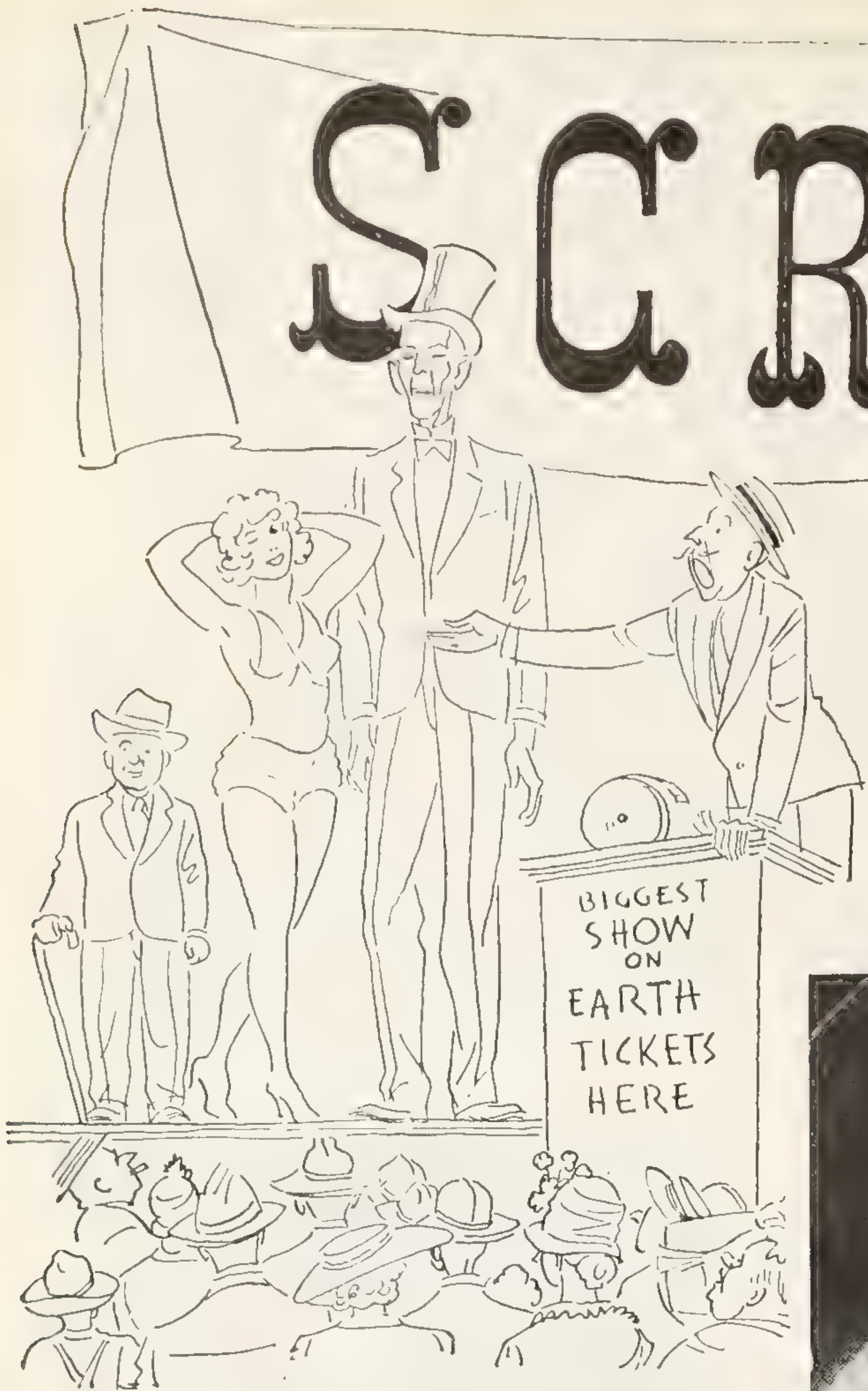
A: THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS —Paramount

A squawk-proof picture. Combining hokum with excitement, and romance with good acting. Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant give us one of the good movies of the month. True, this is one of those "mythical kingdom" plots, but the action is so exciting and the dialogue so brilliant that we know you will like it. Sylvia Sidney does a dual role—a princess one minute and an actress the next—and while you may like the princess, we liked the actress. Cary Grant does just about his best work to date as the New York publisher whom Sylvia is told to vamp. And Edward Arnold is fine, as usual. If you are looking for real good entertainment, go to this one. It's well worth your money.

B: THE LAST GENTLEMAN —20 Century

Lighter Arliss entertainment. While this picture will never be compared with "The House of Rothschild," it still remains a good evening's entertainment. As usual, Mr. Arliss is almost the entire show, but you may be glad to learn that he has returned to his "crabby old man" characterization. Having more money than he knows what to do with—and knowing that his life is soon to be over—Arliss calls in his relatives to decide about the distribution of his wealth. We can't tell you about the last part of the picture because it is so enjoyable in itself that rehashing will only spoil it. Rest assured, (Continued on page 103)

SCREEN GU



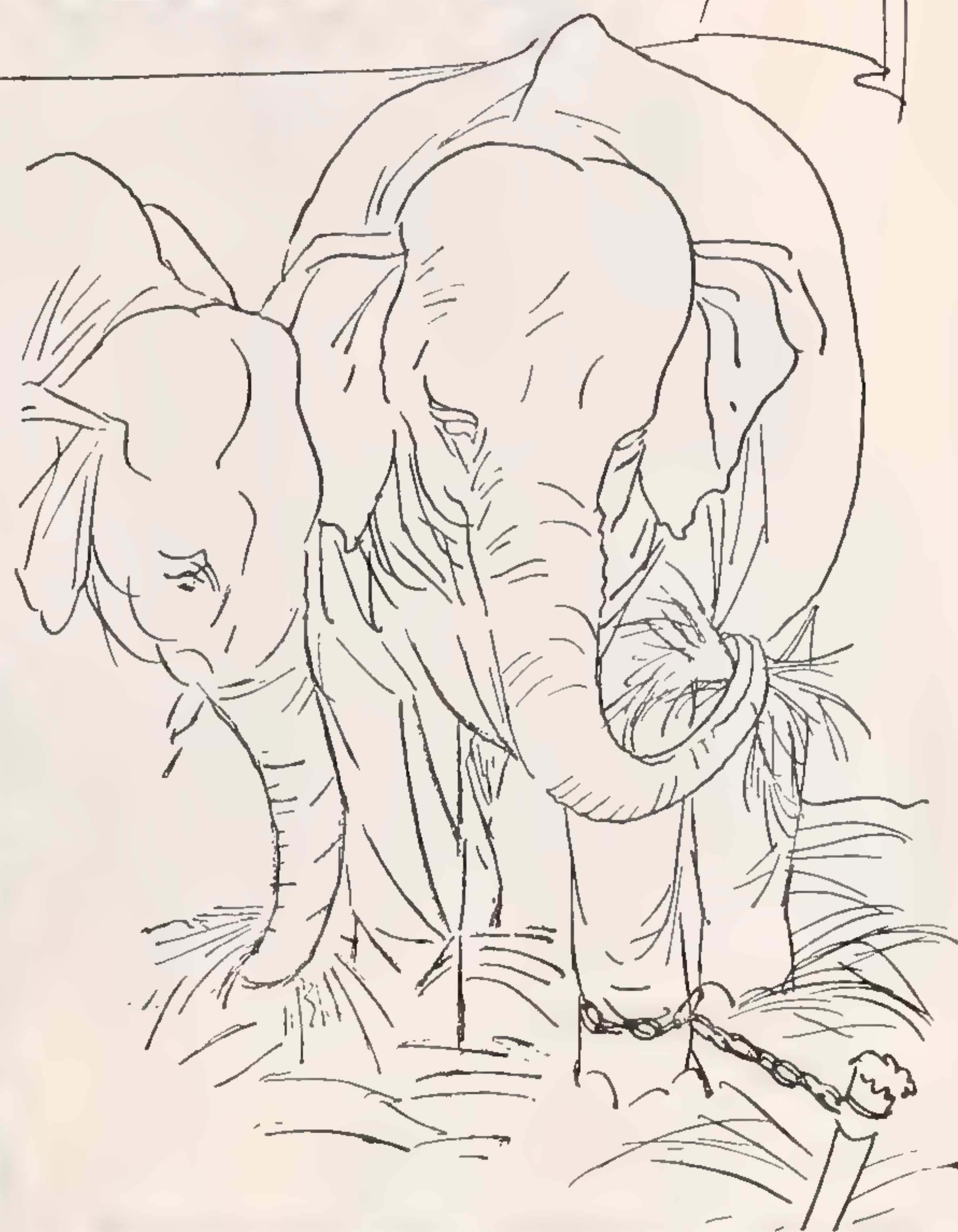
The Screen Guild, having disposed of all unfinished business, decided to go Ringling one better and have a circus. It ran for five days and nights, with five prominent picture stars nominated queen for each of the nights. (Left) Doesn't Queen Miriam Hopkins look cute, arriving in her chariot? (Above, left and right) Joan Blondell decided to wear her or'nary clothes on the night she held the sceptre. That's Kenneth Thompson, the Guild's secret'ry with her. Ann Harding made a very legal ruler. Victor McLaglen was her guard of honor. (Below, left and right) She made the best queen of them all—May Robson. And Mary Astor, doing the honors during the hot spell, didn't see why a queen shouldn't wear a filmy frock and a shady hat. That's Chester Morris with her.



ILD FROLIC



(Left) Otto Kruger set some "guess your weight" apparatus in the Midway. Ralph Morgan is on the scales. (Below) Also on the Midway was Mr. Dick Powell, dishing out hot dogs.



(Right) Fredric March, in "Barretts of Wimpole Street" hair-cut, took to the bleachers for a seat next to his wife. (Below, left and right) They had a ferris wheel, scenic railway and everything. You'll recognize the handsome Mr. John Boles. And that's his daughter with him. The other picture has a little story attached to it—and the biggest laugh of the year thus far. It seems that those three bad men of the screen—James Cagney, Chester Morris and Eddie Robinson—took themselves a turn on the ferris wheel. And the darn thing got stuck 'way up in the air. Scotty snapped this picture while they were stuck. And were those three tough babies scared? And don't their smiles look pretty sickly? They were asked to go up again for more pictures? Would they? They would not!





(Above) Shirley with her adored Jimmy Dunn in "Baby, Take a Bow."

BABY TAKE A

BIG BOW



... THAT'S WHAT AMERICA IS SAYING TO
SHIRLEY TEMPLE—AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY

BY WILLIAM FRENCH

SIX months ago, a song writer stumbled over Shirley Temple in the lobby of a Hollywood theatre. Today, major studios are—and have been—fighting for the privilege of borrowing her, at fancy figures, for their productions. Audiences know the real meaning of "stand up and cheer." And the whole country was combed for stories for her. Her sketch, "Baby Take a Bow," in "Stand Up and Cheer," was such a tremendous hit that her new picture is being called "Baby Take a Bow."

And here is the story of Hollywood's newest sensation.

She is just a little five-year-old, with a funny little misplaced dimple, a rippling laugh, a pair of mischievous dancing eyes, a notion that picture-making is all a game "an' lotsa fun," and a little brain as sharp as a needle's point.

Not a single dollar was spent to put her over. The public never dreamt that there was such a tiny tot as Shirley Temple a half hour before she appeared to bowl them over.

Here, then, is proof of a simple fact every movie producer should learn by heart: (Continued on page 88)



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

EVEN now, Baby LeRoy is looking to his histrionic honors, for little Shirley is going places cinematically with lickety-split speed. She's stealing pictures and enslaving leading men right and left. Just now, Jimmy Dunn, with whom she plays in "Baby, Take a Bow," is head man, for he is the gentleman who buys the lolly pops. Of course, it's a shame to see the little lady so material, but then you know how those Hollywood gals are! On her fifth birthday, Fox presented their tiny starlet with a contract and a doll. Guess which she preferred? Well, you can't play with typewritten paper!

RICHARD CROMWELL

COLUMBIA Pictures is giving three cheers and a couple to spare for this attractive young man. In "The Most Precious Thing in Life," he marries the gal, which is a real, adult step for Dick, who is usually just a bit too juvenile to contemplate wedding bells; that is, when the cameras are grinding. He's in "Criminal Within," too. When he isn't at the studio, he is down at the docks sketching and the fishermen there know him well.




ROCHELLE HUDSON

SHE is stepping along fast, this luscious little lady from Claremore, Oklahoma! When Fox wants a competent ingenue, they give her a ring and Rochelle appears with make-up kit and acting ability. They say that she does her best work to date in "Such Women Are Dangerous." As a reward of merit for this bit of histrionics, the Hudson found herself cast with Mr. Will Rogers in "Judge Priest," an adaptation of Irvin Cobb's story.



GUADALUPE

WEISSMULLERS



HEY, hey, here comes Lupe! Having completed "Hollywood Party" and "Laughing Boy" for M-G-M, she has started a personal appearance tour. Which is good news to both the fans and the exhibitors. Johnny is not on the trip. Does this mean trouble with his famous frau? While Lupe is away, a busy architect is planning a sumptuous new beach home for them, and when it's ready, the Weissmullers may move their seventy canaries into it. The rest of the menagerie goes, too, which makes it one big happy family.

ROBERT YOUNG



YOU'LL see him soon in "Whom the Gods Destroy," and Columbia is that proud of his work in it! Bob has his troubles—yes, even movie actors do. In his case, it's that old debil, Weight. First, he was too thin to photograph. Then, he put it on, and oh boy, it's been pineapple and lamb chops ever since. But, since it is in the "cause of art" he goes through with the wearisome business of dieting like a little major. Just recently he moved his family into a new home. Seems as if everybody in Hollywood's doing it.

SHE BUNGLED ROMANCE AND MADE A
EXPERIENCE FINALLY TAUGHT MIRIAM
PASSES THEM

WOMEN SHOULDN'T

WOMEN shouldn't marry," Miriam was saying. At which point Austin Parker, ex-husband and current best friend, or one of them, smiled amusedly and drifted off to the Hopkins pool for a plunge, muttering something about "when women talk this way" and said he would rejoin us when luncheon was served.

Miriam's small adopted son, Michael, appeared, wearing a diminutive pair of bathing trunks, a shock of curly blonde hair and a sun tan. Miriam, with maternal pride, had me know that Michael has never had a doctor in his stalwart little life, never wears any more clothes than I was now beholding him in, is even sturdier when in New York than he is now and that she fixed his formulas herself for the first eight months of his life. Michael bowed from the waist to each of us and Miriam remarked that Michael has the makings of an elegant floor-walker. He toddled beamingly off to his nap shouting, "Good-nap, Maw-Maw," and Miriam laughed.

"He *would* call me Maw-Maw," she imitated, "with that beautiful tenement accent. He wouldn't call me Mumsey or something nice and Galsworthy. But isn't he sweet? Ah, it's a shame for him to be alone—without another child. He won't be, long. I want to adopt another boy, name him Peter—Michael and Peter. I may adopt two more, or I may have one of my own next year. But we were saying that women shouldn't marry, weren't we?"

"Of course I mean that professional women shouldn't marry; that is, at the beginning of their careers, anyway. My whole argument is really just that. It is, I think, a new chord struck on an old theme. Once women have the wreath of laurel in their hair—or think they have—and once men know how they're going to look in it and what it is going to do to them, then it's different—and safe. I know what I am talking about. I've tried it twice. I'm a professional, I am feminine and I am afraid that because of these perverse and unfortunate characteristics,

Miriam Hopkins now knows the thrill of seeing her name in electric lights. But she didn't when she was first married. That, and two or three other things, caused love to fly out the window. However, if she can lure Cupid once more; well—



MESS OF MARRIAGE, BUT BITTER
HOPKINS THE ANSWERS — AND SHE
ON TO YOU

LOVE

AGAIN

BY
 GLADYS
 HALL



I shall have to live in perpetual sin surrounded by adopted babies.

YOU observe Billy and me (Austin is known as Billy to his friends, including friend ex-wife). We are friends, the best in the world. It took a little time for the vaccine of marriage to wear off and friendship to 'take,' but once the first reaction fireworks of I'll-show-you-how-attractive-I-am-to-others wore off, a delightful relationship took place.

"There is nothing for Billy to learn about me, nor I about him, that can disillusion or dismay. And there is a perfected freedom for all of the traits and tempers that brought us together in the first place. But, it's friendship, not marriage nor love. It is not marriage because it began too soon in my career. Billy didn't marry a woman. He loved a battleground, with the feminine on one side of the line and the professional on the other. I think if we had waited until—oh, a year or so ago—we would still be together as husband and wife.

"You see, when the feminine woman marries, she wants to be a wife. I did. After all, I was a woman before I was an actress. To me, the man was by training, precept and example, the important thing. Marriage was the important thing. I wanted to bring to Billy the feminine things, the things my mother and grandmother had brought to the men they loved and married. I wanted to count his laundry, sew on his buttons, order his meals, bear his children. It was an instinct with me to consider him and not myself.

"But I had eaten of the fruit. I had taken the first test nibble. I was that hybrid growth—the feminine-professional. Balanced precariously on that little hyphen did I go down to defeat! I was in the brambly, scratchy part of the beginning of my career when it absorbed almost all of everything in me to haunt managers, be on the job, worry about parts. (Continued on page 107)



For seven years she reigned as Queen of the Movies. Her fan mail came in by the train-load. She was offered, at one time, \$10,000 a day for personal appearances. Why won't the producers, for whom she made so much money, do right by our Clara? When you read this, you'll wonder!



CLARA

BY RUTH

BIERY



SHE ASKED FOR A GREAT STORY OR—SCREEN OBLIVION. FOR CLARA BOW, WHOSE FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE LET HER DOWN, IS DETERMINED TO KEEP THAT SAME FAITH WITH HER FRIENDS

I HAVE just received the following letter from my friend Clara Bow:

Dear Friend Ruth:

I intended seeing you tomorrow about that little chat of ours, but I must again disappoint you and hope you will forgive me once again. Our ranch foreman came to town yesterday and Rex and I must leave immediately for Nevada, lots of things must be attended to right away to protect our interests. I talked to Jewell last night and she thought you might want to know about my plans for the future, so here goes, and I hope her hunch is correct.

As everybody knows, and I think you do also, I've been most disappointed with my last two pictures, "Call Her Savage" and "Hoopla." Before making these pictures for Fox, I told the late Mr. Sam Roik that if they were not excellent stories and box office hits, I would not make any more pictures regardless of contracts with him.

As you know, Ruth, I have always

been a most frank and honest person, and I had made up my mind that if these pictures were not what they should be, I would not burden the public with any more trash, and lose my prestige and self-respect to boot. I am not a wealthy woman, neither am I poor. I could use more money easily, but all the money in the world would not compensate me if I lost my, I should say public, but I'll say my friends' respect and love, and I certainly would do just that if I helped force down their throats any more trashy nonsense like "Hoopla."

I hope you are getting the idea and agree with me, because I know I'm right. People think I'm crazy and say I'm silly to worry about great stories. Just get the money while you are young—that's all I hear, but I'm not built that way, Ruth. I just can't take their advice. You remember all the nasty publicity I received over a period of four years—about enough to ruin a picture star forever. Well it didn't ruin me, and why? Just one reason. My loyal fans refused to believe the things that were said about me and

staunchly defended and supported me when they didn't have to. It would have been so much easier to have thrown me down and turned to some new idol, but they didn't. I call that downright friendship and loyalty plus, don't you?

I OWE all these people something in return and that is a great story with a great part, a great cast and the greatest director in the business behind the camera, and if I don't get just that, I shall never make another picture. If I do, just watch my smoke. I'll turn out the best damn picture Hollywood has seen in a blue moon. This is not boasting, but just plain facts and you know I can do it, if I ever get a chance. I'll show those loyal fans of mine that their support and belief in me has not been in vain. Paramount days are over forever. I'm not the easy-going little fool I used to be for them—"Let Clara Bow do the story, she can carry it. Give the good story to our other stars, they can't afford to make a bad one, but Bow can do anything. We'll give her the junk

SPEAKS FOR HERSELF

and get rid of it that way."

Paramount thought I was infallible and I might have been for a long time if they had given me any breaks at all, but such was not the case. They just kept on giving me the skimmed milk and the other players the cream. So, of course, they got fatter on the cream and I naturally declined, but believe me, Ruthie, those days are gone. From now on I get the cream for a change or else I don't play and that's final. Either you'll see me make a smash hit one of these days or I'll just retire gracefully.

I would like to go on in pictures for the sake of my family's comfort in later years and to prove to my thousands of friends all over the

sob story, Ruth dear, (I think you know me well enough for that), but just plain truth and facts. I mean every word of it and I've tried to be as honest as I know how. I'm not bitter or cynical about anything. I've just always seemed to get the tough breaks. I guess it's partly my fault, I don't know sometimes—but let's hope it all ends happily and that I shall get the great story I want and the public will get the great Bow story they want. If not, it's all right, too. I have Rex, I love him (*underscored many times*) and am happily married, you know.

RUTH, we can't have everything. and I think if I had my choice of a career or Rex, I'd take Rex—no foolin'!! After all, I've had seven years as a star and one can't go on forever. No matter how great or clever a person is, there is always somebody else to take her place and I'm not going to feel badly about being just Mrs. Rex Bell. After all, why not give some other little girl a chance to make good. We established favorites should step aside once in a

have to wait until my return from the good old outdoors. Please excuse this miserable handwriting. You know, I haven't written a letter in four years and I'd rather take a beating, so be easy on me.

I hope you are feeling well and give my regards to your husband. If you happen to get a little story out of this letter, don't forget to thank my fan friends and give them my love, too. Tell them to look forward to seeing a knockout Bow or to say goodbye, forever, to the "Brooklyn Bonfire"—

All my love to you, Ruthie—
I'll be seeing you!

Just,
CLARA.

AT first glance, there does not seem to be much to add to that letter except a tear and a prayer that Clara will find her great story. But I have two things to add. First: Because a year ago Clara could not have written that letter. She said, then, "My life is over at twenty-six." And she thought she meant it. She believed her life was finished at an age when most women's lives are just beginning.

But today she has just hired an extra secretary to help answer the fan mail which continues to be delivered in huge bundles. Fans still write more letters to Clara Bow than to any other star in this business, they tell me. And those fan letters and (Continued on page 108)



world what I can do with the right material to work with, but if it is not in the cards to be able to do so I won't weep or pine away. I'll be happy in the knowledge that I was able to, at least for a period of years, give the public a few laughs and a few tears and to hope that they will give Clara Bow a thought once in a while in years to come, and to at least know that I played the game squarely with them, even if my pictures didn't please them, and that I always did the best I could with the little I had to work with.

This letter is not meant to be a



while and give some new girl a break.

Well, Ruthie, old girl, I've about unburdened my heart and I hope you'll be able to glean a little sense out of this letter. If not you'll just



SUPERIORITY HAS KEPT ANN HARDING FROM GAIETY: IT HAS THWARTED



The happy pair in the 1910 vintage gas chariot are John Boles and Ann Harding. No, they're not out to attract attention on Hollywood Boulevard via the spectacular route. This is merely a scene from "The Life of Vergie Winters," their latest opus.

And, right, is Ann, ready to try out her rock grotto pool.



HANGING around the walls of an office in the publicity department of the RKO studios are pages clipped from magazines. Each actor has his own wall space. The stories and photographs that have been printed of Ann Harding wave gently from their clips; those about Katharine Hepburn tumble jig-jaggily from theirs.

I never enter that office but I wonder if Ann Harding has noticed these clippings. There are perhaps a dozen sheets in her space; there are hundreds upon Hepburn's. So many that they are always falling down from their own weight and scampering wildly about the floor. Katie's madcap, bony face looks up, from every possible angle, at Ann's powerful, beautiful one. And even in reproduction, Katie's seems to unwittingly taunt Ann's, saying:

"You have been in pictures since 1929. I have been here only a year. I've run away with the Motion Picture

Academy Award at the very beginning. I make the covers and front pages of the magazines and newspapers day after day. I am the reigning queen of the movies now. What's the matter, Ann Harding, that you let me come right onto your own lot and get away with it?"

Ann's face does not smile. Its strong dignity does not seem to notice. But at times I imagine I can see a hurt look, deep within those fine eyes that stare so straight at the world, over the heads of those who wittingly or unwittingly try to taunt or even to make friends with her. And I find myself feeling a little sorry for the majestic woman who has touched fame in motion pictures for five years and yet who has never clasped it securely to her.

In fact, I felt an instinctive stirring of sympathy for Ann the very first time I met her, when "Paris Bound" was released, when she was being hailed as Hollywood's amazing new discovery in *her* first picture as Hepburn was in "Bill of Divorcement." I could not foretell then

DESTINED FOR

HER IN LOVE AND BROUGHT HER SORROW. YET, SHE CAN'T BE OF THE CROWD



Here are Miss Harding and Jasper Deeping, the man who started her in acting. Her appreciation for his help is so great that she returns to play in his Little Theatre in Pennsylvania each summer, when she could be collecting large salaries for appearing on Broadway, as so many actors and actresses do.

BY MARTHA KERR

that she was not going to follow "Paris Bound" as Hepburn did her first with a "Morning Glory" and "Little Women." I could not know that Ann was going to just miss being recorded as the greatest screen personality of the day and be recorded merely as "one of Hollywood's best actresses." No one could. And yet, knowing nothing about her future, I felt, even then, a swift, undefinable sympathy for her.

I BELIEVE I know now why it was. I always feel an instinctive, perhaps unreasonable, sympathy for superior men and women. For those who were born just a little more intelligent and thoughtful and understanding than the others with whom Fate forces them to mingle. For a man or a woman who is chiselled out of fine, white marble rather than cast from common, easily molded clay.

We spend much time sympathizing with those who do not feel as great as those around them. We call them

"inferiority complexed" and turn learned doctors over to teaching them to realize they are as good as other people. Personally, I think we waste our sympathies on them. Nine cases out of ten, they are merely folks who are inferior and spend their time worrying about God's injustice in making them so—instead of learning, frankly, from those who are a little more intelligent.

The people we should pity are our Ann Hardings—who cannot help it because they are of marble rather than clay and cannot do anything to help it. You cannot learn to become less intelligent just to get along better with those who are around you. You can break or chip marble, destroy it. You cannot bend it.

Hollywood has been chipping away at Ann Harding for five years. When it took away the husband she loved as only a superior woman can love—with intelligence enhancing womanly passion, as intelligence always does—it nearly broke her into small (Continued on page 78)

L O N E L I N E S S

WHO IS HOLLYWOOD'S



According to Willy Pogany, Ramon Novarro is very beautiful. And Clark?



John Barrymore's "perfect" profile just isn't, and John Boles' face registers—what?



BELIEVE me, it is no half-baked, obscure posturer who here chooses Hollywood's Handsomest Man, its Most Beautiful Man, and the ten also-rans who just miss being handsome. It is a man of world-wide reputation in the field of art—Willy Pogany.

Born in Hungary fifty-five years ago, Pogany has lived a romantic life. Today, he is a member of the Society of Mural Painters, the Beaux Arts and the Institute of Design. He holds gold medals from Budapest, Leipzig, New York and the Panama-Pacific World Fair. Mr. Pogany is now working in Hollywood as art advisor to the motion picture studios and painter of portraits to the biggest stars.

So, if this story doesn't raise ructions both inside and outside of Hollywood, then I'm a poor prophet.

For, as though it weren't foolhardy enough to name Hollywood's handsomest man, this noted artist bravely goes on to name the ten also-rans who fail to achieve handsomeness. And he tells, with brutal frankness, why they flop.

It'll start things in Hollywood, because, while "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," have you ever been around when a man who thinks he's handsome is told that he isn't? And have you ever heard how these heroes of the screen have their beauty shop appointments, their hairdressers, muscle builders, masseurs, and all the



others of that horde of beauticians who—believe it or not—purvey as much beautyware to the men of the screen as to the women?

And it will start something out of Hollywood, because thousands of women are going to read it and say, "That fellow, Willy Pogany is an idiot. What does he mean, Gable is *not* handsome? Why, if I had him here, I'd show him!"

Well, okay, girls! You've all got your favorites, and your sisters in Hollywood have, too. Yet Pogany says Gable's just a squarehead with a chin as weak as water. And as for Joel McCrea and Freddie March—well, maybe you'd better plunge right into Pogany's ideas and see how you react. Here they are:

CLARK GABLE has a weak chin and square head!

That famous "perfect profile" of John Barrymore's is too confounded sharp! It reminds one of a battle ax.

Leslie Howard's face is entirely too long. Joel McCrea's is too utterly average. Franchot Tone's is too "pretty."

There's too much masculine conceit in John Boles' countenance. And Freddie March's face is split in half between

And here is Warner Baxter who, again according to Mr. Pogany, is well-nigh a knock-out when it comes to downright handsomeness.

WHEN IT COMES TO MA

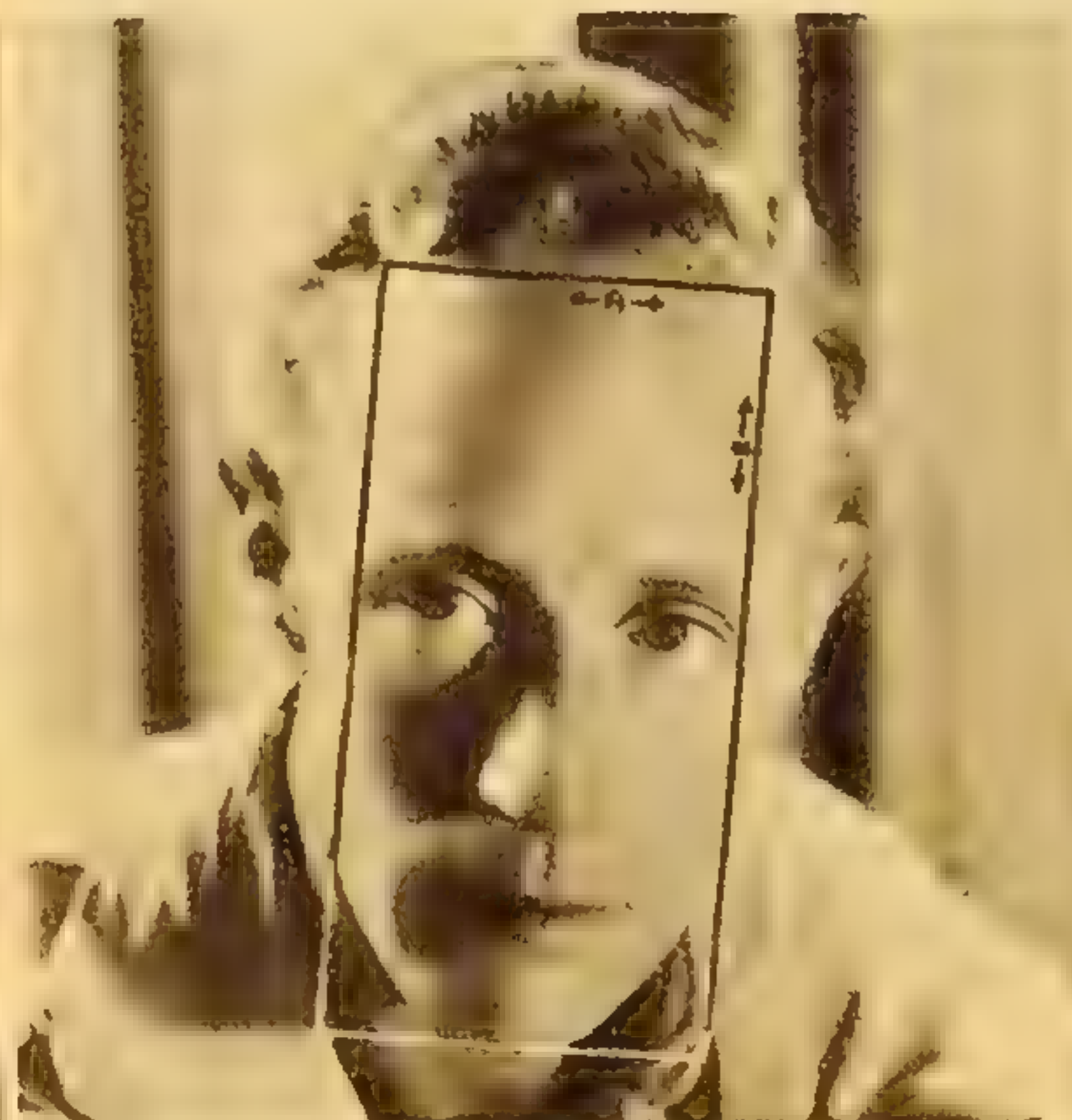
HANDSOMEST MAN...?



Joel McCrea is too utterly average.



Fredric March is only "half" handsome.



Leslie Howard's face is entirely too long.



Edward G. Robinson's is overly broad.

forceful he-mannish determination and weakly indecisive recession.

And so none of them wins World-Famed Artist Willy Pogany's crown as The Handsomest Man in the Movies.

Instead, Pogany turns to Warner Baxter and decides: "There, in Warner Baxter, we have the Ideal Hero, the answer to a maiden's prayer, the dream man of ninety-nine women out of a hundred, the personification of the swashbuckling, heart-smashing, perfect male every woman pictures in her imagination as she reads Laura Jean Libby or Willa Cather or whomsoever her favorite romantic author may be. He's Sir Galahad in a sports-twin-six, he's the modern, 1934 version of the Ideal He!

"He's not the Arrow Collar Boy; he's not the aesthetic emotion-tickler; he's not the thrillingly mysterious type. He's simply and obviously and plainly the thoroughly handsome, ideal type male human animal."

Having delivered his verdict, then, Pogany, with the full courage of his convictions, sits back and admits that he's ready for the deluge.

"I know," he grins, "that from far and wide, as soon as this pronouncement of mine has been published, I will be reviled and condemned and differed with by women old and young. Which, after all, is as it should be. For, thanks be, while I still insist that Warner Baxter is the Ideal Handsome Man, nevertheless many women will disagree with me.

"I'm quite sure," he goes on, "that several thousand women will demand to know by what insanity I rate Baxter above Clark Gable. Or Fredric March or John Barrymore, or George Raft or Ramon Novarro.

"Well, I'm going to tell you. Those fellows are all also-rans. They're handsome enough, in their way, but to the sensitive artist's eyes that I have developed through years of painting and face analysis, each of them presents certain definite defects. All, that is, except Ramon Novarro, whose face is quite different from the rest.

FOR, just as I've chosen Warner Baxter the handsomest man in pictures, so I'll concede that Ramon Novarro is the most beautiful man in movies! And I'll explain what I mean.

"Look at the studio portrait of Novarro. You will see that on it I have marked four lines. The lines enclose, in a rectangle, the Novarro features. Now take four sheets of paper and lay them along the lines so that the whole portrait is covered with the exception of the space within the square. And behold, there gazes out at you the perfect woman's face! Don't take my word for it, look for yourself. Envision those features framed with a woman's hair and woman's clothes, and what have you? You have a very good-looking girl. I don't mean a pretty girl or a cute one or a pert one. I mean a beautiful girl in the academic sense.

"Novarro, you see, is obviously the aesthete. There is in his face not one feature which I would call in artist's terminology, a 'strong' feature. It is utterly feminine. Even the chin, which in a full-front view gives the illusion of strength, is revealed as obviously feminine in the profile. It is an intelligent face and a beautiful face—but not a strictly masculine one.

"And now," Pogany spread before him another handful of portraits of the screen's famous heroes, "for these also-rans."

Ten pictures lay in front of the artist. They were portraits of Clark Gable, John Barrymore, John Boles, Joel McCrea, Fredric March, George Raft, Franchot Tone, Leslie Howard, Eddie Robinson and James Cagney.

"Every one of them is handsome in a way," smiled Pogany, "or pretty. Yes, even Cagney and Robinson. In their way, they're aesthetically beautiful, the faces of those two so-called 'hard guys' of the screen. I'll tell you about them, later. But every one of them has one defect or more, to the trained eyes of the artist.

"Take Gable, for instance, Gable, that hero who set the hearts of feminine film fans so (Continued on page 94)

B Y H A R R Y
L A N G

CULINE BEAUTY, FILMDOM'S LOVERS LEAVE PLENTY TO BE DESIRED!



A DRAMA OF THE
DAYS WHEN
KINGS WERE
IMPORTANT, AND
A FIERY BEAUTY
NAMED DU BARRY
MADE ONE KING
TOE THE MARK



You probably know some of the historical facts in the case—that is, how Louis XV ruled France, and Madame Du Barry ruled Louis. She enslaved him with her matchless beauty and, not only that, but her sharp wits were behind many a bit of successful statecraft and wiley court intrigue. Below, you will find Du Barry, played by Dolores Del Rio, efficiently vamping Louis, played by Reginald Owen. On the opposite page, you may enjoy the spectacle of the Emperor of France reluctantly toting his lady's lapdog. Also, on the opposite page you will find Victor Jory, who plays D'Aiguillon, with Du Barry. Is he the real romantic interest, you ask? Well, you had better see the picture. To your right is the stately Verree Teasdale, another featured player in the entrancing Warner pageant called "Madame DuBarry."



MADAME *Del Rio* BARRY



HER HUSBAND

CURED HER

OF

lying



Joan admits she's a romantic liar.



George Barnes, our Joan's devoted spouse.

**... ONE OF THE CUTEST, MOST
NATURAL AND HUMAN STORIES WE
HAVE EVER READ ABOUT THAT VERY
NATURAL PERSON, JOAN BLONDELL**

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SHE still kicks like a healthy colt because Warner Brothers, her employers (who have rushed her through thirty-five films in three and one half years), will not bill her as "Joan Barnes," her name by marriage, instead of the box office magnet "Joan Blondell."

Blonde, curvy, twenty-five-year-old Joan Rosebud Blondell now has a two-fold reason for wanting to assume professionally the name of her ace cameraman-husband, George Barnes, who has photographed five of her Warner pictures. It was love-at-first-sight when they met on "The Greeks Had a Word For It" set, she doing one of the gold diggers, George heading the camera crew.

In October of this year, following a month's trip to Tahiti, Joan and George Barnes plan to present Hollywood with a special Barnes production.

"There's still a little trouble about the baby's name," says Joan, in May. "I want him, if he's a boy, to be called George Scott Barnes, Jr., after his father. If the baby's a girl, I'd like to call her Georgia Barnes, maybe Georgia Joan Barnes."

"To me, it seems awfully early to announce a thing

like an autumn birth, but you can't keep a secret in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, it was news to me that we were blessed eventing. George and I went on a vacation to a hot springs near Los Angeles, and in the sulphur baths, the girl attendant told me that I could expect an interesting event in the fall."

Frank, breezy, tolerant, whole-hearted Joan Blondell, off-screen, is as much like the Cinema Joan Blondell as two peas, and as full of rounded curves. Five feet four inches tall, one hundred fifteen pounds in weight, she lowers her ultra-long lashes over her ultra-large round blue eyes, lifts the lashes, and from her wise red lips come sentences of salty wisdom.

"I'm grateful to my husband for marrying me. I've never had much education, picked it up 'catch as catch can' when I wasn't working in vaudeville with my parents and my brother and sister."

"I consider George Barnes well-educated, refined and a craftsman. A wife should have that kind of respect for her husband."

"A young man writer came to me one day and said, 'How does it feel to be a fourth' (Continued on page 92)

MULTIMILLIONAIRE SO WHAT?

...COSTLY ESTATE. SWIMMING POOL. GOLF COURSE. GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS. AND ONLY ONCE DID HAROLD LLOYD REALLY PRAISE HEAVEN FOR HIS MONEY

BY JACK
JAMISON

ONCE when I was sitting in on a press agent's conference in Hollywood I asked, "Who is the richest man in Hollywood?" "Harold Lloyd," my friend promptly replied. And before I could say anything he went on, "And he's the unhappiest man in town, too."

"I don't see how you figure that," I objected. "You don't? Have you ever been up to that castle of his? Must have cost him a million! The golf course alone cost a couple of hundred thousand. Servants all over the place. Cars. Royalty coming to visit. Swell? Not for Harold! What is the guy? Just a country boy. His dad sold sewing machines and dragged Harold all over the country when he was a kid. He never had a home, and a home is what he wants. He and Mildred don't know anything about swank. And there they sit, up in that forty-room castle! You know what they do? They live in two rooms of it!"

And so, I found myself wondering whether Harold was the unhappiest man in Hollywood and if so, why.

As a kid, he used to steal horsehair out of sofas to make moustaches for the impersonations he was always



The Lloyds. Peggy, Harold, Buddy, Gloria and Mildred.

giving. Except for the coaching of a forgotten actor who rented a room in one of his many childhood homes, Harold had no dramatic experience at all when he arrived in Hollywood fifteen years ago. He was just one more stage-struck kid. But he was honestly interested in pictures for pictures' sake, not just to make money out of them. He never dreamed he *would* make any money out of them.

In his first extra work, he played an Indian. Then he happened to have the good luck to sell Hal Roach, who was just beginning to produce comedies on a shoe-string, on the idea of a comic character to be known as Willie Work. Those were the days when all comedians played hoboes for some unknown reason. Stan Laurel and a dozen others were imitating the newest rage—Charlie Chaplin. It was to keep folks from accusing him of copying Charlie that Harold thought up the horn-rimmed spectacles. The one reel (Continued on page 84)

TAKE A LEAF FROM

BY JACK
GRANT

IF YOU FEEL THAT
BEAUTY HAS PASSED YOU BY,
READ THIS STORY ABOUT JEANETTE
MacDONALD AND TAKE HEART—
AND A FEW HINTS

(Below) When Jeanette was doing musical comedies on the stage. Learn of her childish ambitions to be an actress—and her despairing belief that she was "too homely."

HERE are volumes of scrapbooks in Jeanette MacDonald's library, all kept with loving care and justifiable pride by her mother. Some are large enough to accommodate a full-sized newspaper page; others are of expensive hand-tooled leather. But the one occupying premier position on the library shelves is a little paper-backed composition book. In it are pasted the first clippings Jeanette ever received.

Glancing through it, I happened to note that the words "beautiful," "lovely" and their synonyms had been underscored in all the reviews of Jeanette's early stage shows. A particularly striking bit of underscoring brought out a sentence in a review of "Yes, Yes, Yvette." It read "Jeanette MacDonald, in dancing, displays as lovely a pair of legs as your critic has ever seen."

Now the beauty of Jeanette's legs is not an issue for debate, as anyone who has viewed them in a Lubitsch boudoir scene can attest. Why, then, the necessity of underscoring the mention of lovely legs in a now-forgotten newspaper clipping? Why, as a matter of fact, should notice of her other undeniably attractive features have been given similar prominence in this ancient scrapbook?

It happens that I am a curious cuss. Consequently I lost no time in asking Mrs. MacDonald the whys and wherefores.

"You must ask Jeanette," her mother said. "There is a story concerning that particular book, but she may not want it known. As it is her secret, she will have to tell it."



A secret, eh? The proverbial red flag waved at the proverbial bull cannot cause greater excitement than the suggestion that anybody is harboring a secret in Hollywood. Jeanette was, of course, immediately requested to tell all.

"I should have known better than to leave that old scrapbook where you could find it," she laughed. "And mother's cryptic remark didn't help matters either. So you might just as well have the whole story."

"As a child, I grew up much too fast. I was always

JEANETTE'S BOOK

The lovely person at the right had, when she was "growing up" the skinniest legs you ever saw. She admits it. How did she acquire the beautiful underpinning she possesses today? She tells you. (Below) A scene from "The Merry Widow."

several sizes larger than my classmates in school and, as a result, I had to play with older girls or seem mountainous among those of my own age. Naturally I chose the older ones.

"Being the youngest in a crowd of girls often helps to make advancement more rapid. But just as often it develops an inferiority complex and causes a child to become self-conscious. I was frightfully self-conscious, particularly about my physical appearance.

"I was gawky and no amount of dancing lessons seemed able to cure my awkwardness. My face was long and horribly freckled. There were wide spaces between my teeth and I thought my nose too large. But worst of all were my legs. They were veritable pipe stems, no shape—just length.



"Some of these defects I outgrew without effort. My teeth, for example, closed of their own accord. I never had to wear braces. But I didn't outgrow my bad legs. I was in a constant state of embarrassment about them.

"You must understand that bad legs were more than a matter of personal vanity in my case. Since early childhood I had been consumed with only one ambition—to go on the stage. At the age of four, I gravely informed neighbors that I would some day be a 'great singer and take care of mama.' At six, I was talking about what I would do with my first earnings. It seemed, then, I would use the money to buy mother a gold bed and myself a pony. A few weeks later I was thrown by a pony and my desire to own one vanished. Mother has never had a golden bed either.

"I can't remember as far back as when I first began to sing. Nor is it known where I picked up the word 'opera.' I sang in all languages, at least, what I fondly imagined were many languages. The operas did not exist any more than did the words I invented. Yet wearing mama's apron to help with the dishes or sitting on the front porch banging away at a toy piano, I always sang at the top of my lungs.

"Some of my songs were taught me by my older sisters before I could read the words and music. Others I picked up from listening to a neighbor's (Continued on page 95)

MODERN SCREEN

A NEW DEPARTMENT! A LOT OF FUN! A LOT OF VALUABLE INFORMATION!

Postal Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

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NOW I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS I RECEIVE ASKING ADVICE ON SCREEN AND STAGE CAREERS STOP I WILL TURN THEM OVER TO YOUR COMPETENT DEPARTMENT STOP THIS STEP IS INDEED SOMETHING NEW AND I HOPE THE RESULTS WILL BENEFIT ALL OF US
REGARDS=

CECIL B DE MILLE.

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph



Our Dramatic School has had a big send-off from a number of Hollywood's leading directors. On these two pages, you'll find telegrams from some of the top-notch megaphoners. (Reading top to bottom on this page) Mr. DeMille threatens to keep us busy! Mr. Conway, thank you most sincerely. And—you, Mr. Lubitsch, with your cigar—mebbe we have. Who knows?

HONESTLY, I haven't been so thrilled since, years ago, I got my first assignment to interview Mary Pickford. Now that I come to think it over, it seems to me that this is just about the biggest thrill of my life—my sitting here at my typewriter to begin the first article in MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School.

This is a venture that is completely revolutionary and utterly different from any department in any other magazine. Briefly this is the purpose of it:

Young people study art, literature and music in school. Dramatics are included, too, but it always seems to be a side issue. Yet a knowledge of dramatics is a part of everyone's education—or should be.

In Hollywood there are the most capable people who could give first-hand,

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This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its delivery character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

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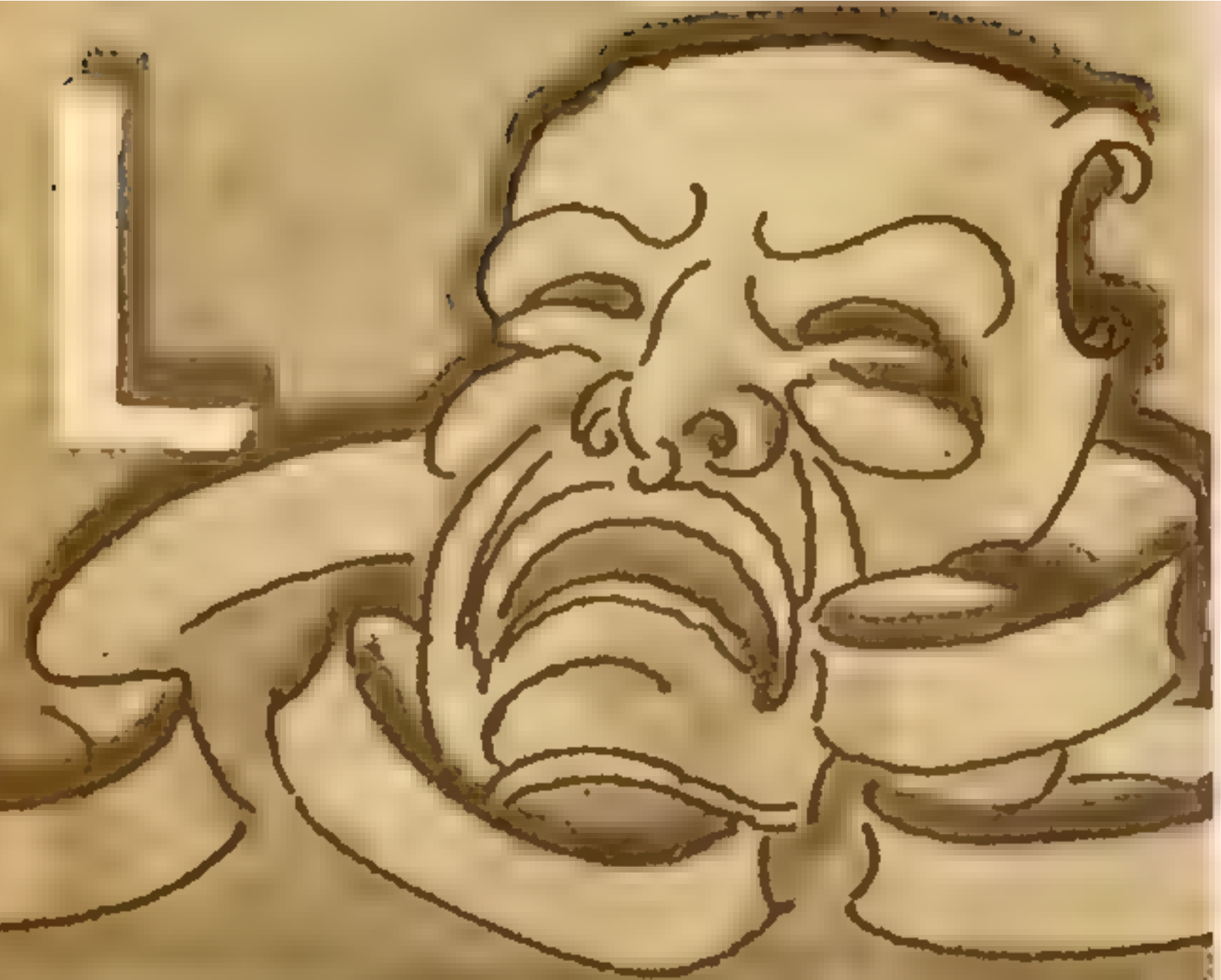
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I HOPE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THE SCREEN WILL BE BENEFITTED WITH NEW TALENT REGARDS

ERNST LUBITSCH



DRAMATIC SCHOOL



...TION. WANT TO JOIN? IT COSTS NOTHING. JUST READ THIS.

DIRECTED BY
KATHERINE ALBERT



(Top) Wesley Ruggles, we're glad to know you like the idea. (Below, right) That's W. S. Van Dyke, who is good looking enough to be an actor and smart enough to be a director.



Postal Telegraph

149 MADISON AVE. NYC

EDITOR MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

A HIGHLY INTERESTING EXPERIMENT AND ONE THAT WILL AROUSE INTEREST IN HOLLYWOOD STOP IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO WATCH THIS DEPARTMENT AND SEE IF IT TURNS UP ANY OF THAT MUCH NEEDED TALENT STOP ACCESS TO YOU AND THE MAGAZINE IN THIS NEW FIELD

REGARDS

WESLEY RUGGLES

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

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SUCH AN INSTITUTION AS THE MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL INITIATING BEGINNERS IN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE ART WILL DOUBTLESS FILL A VERY DEFINITE NEED

W S VANDYKE



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LEARNED WITH INTEREST OF THE PLAN FOR THE MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL STOP CONSIDER IT OF MUCH HELP TO THE INEXPERIENCED STUDENT

VICTOR FLEMING

practical advice. The directors, make-up experts, wardrobe people and stars know their stuff. Wouldn't it be swell if we could throw the pages of MODERN SCREEN open to these people and let them give you readers a real, workable course in dramatics? Well, why not?

And, should dramatics—as such—not be your chief interest in life, the in-

formation these experts can give you could most certainly be used to advantage in everyday life. Right? Right!

Whenever I'm excited about anything, I start to talk about it. I started to talk about this idea to everyone I saw and discovered that all were equally enthusiastic. You can see for yourself the wires on these pages. Here are some more glowing send-offs:

From Harry Beaumont: "Congratulations on the (Continued on Page 105)"

That's what we aim to be, Mr. Fleming. "A help to the inexperienced student"—and some value to everyone who wishes to join our school.



OM

THE



(Above) Under the vine-clad wall, over the cool, clear pond, lies Jean Harlow, taking her sun bath. Her choice for a swim suit is white, with bandings of brown to bring out the subtle tints of her blonde coloring. (Left) Alice Faye has on a Jersey suit, with not so much sun space as Jean's. Rather, a shirtwaist type of thing.



When she wants the sun to tan her face, Carole Lombard pushes back the wide brim of her piqué-beach hat. And then again, when she wishes shade, down goes the bonnet all around.



BEACH

Wells



(Above) When a towel becomes a cape, it does something like this one worn by Betty Furness. It covers her bathing suit from edge to edge and is made from white chinchilla cloth, just like the sailor beret with the bright red pompon. Her sandals are crocheted from heavy white cotton thread and have rubber soles for sandy beaches. Betty says that her cape sops up the water most efficiently after a good swim.

(Center) Symphony in yellow. Knit dress in yellow and white sunback straps with yellow buttons, yellow belt, yellow flannel coat and yellow canvas sandals—all worn by Muriel Evans with yellow hair. (Right) Slacks in flannel, and beige-colored at that, are worn by Ann Sothern in "Blind Date." There are big brown buttons on the matching flannel coat and a contrasting shirt of brown.

WANT TO KNOW HOW TO BE ALLURING THOUGH SWIMMING? WANT ALL THE MASCULINE EYES TO BLINK ADMIRINGLY? HERE ARE A FEW POINTERS!

BY MARGERY WELLS

SWIMMING, or beaching or lolling in the sun? How can you do it happily and becomingly? Well, hark to what the screen stars say on the subject, for they know what they're talking about when it comes to sports, just as they do for any other smart occasion of life. After all, that is their business. They know how to make themselves attractive.

Jean Harlow insists on her one-piece bathing suit of white. She knows that it flatters the color of her skin

and the shimmering whiteness of her hair.

Just to be contrary, and also understanding her own particular type of beauty, Alice Faye dons that mannish shirt-short costume. She wears it in dark blue, for that's a summer color. She's not going to run the risk of tanning her skin in a deep V in front and back, for she says she knows what havoc that stunt would work with her evening dresses, when the necklines don't match the lines of the tan. So she buttons her swimming shirt close under her chin and lets it go at that. (Continued on page 98)

MODERN SCREEN

Patterns

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



449



444

449—Just the sort of printed frock you need, not only for dependable summer wear, but especially for those many vacation occasions when you want to look trim and cool and groomed—but not too dressed up. This is from Gracie Allen's wardrobe. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

444—Cotton for smart sports fashions! Evelyn Venable finds this a grand golfing outfit. The white cotton dress has attractive plaid treatment as to bodice, and brown buttons of carved wood. The jacket, of the same plaid, adds a gay note when the clubs are put away and the caddy dismissed. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

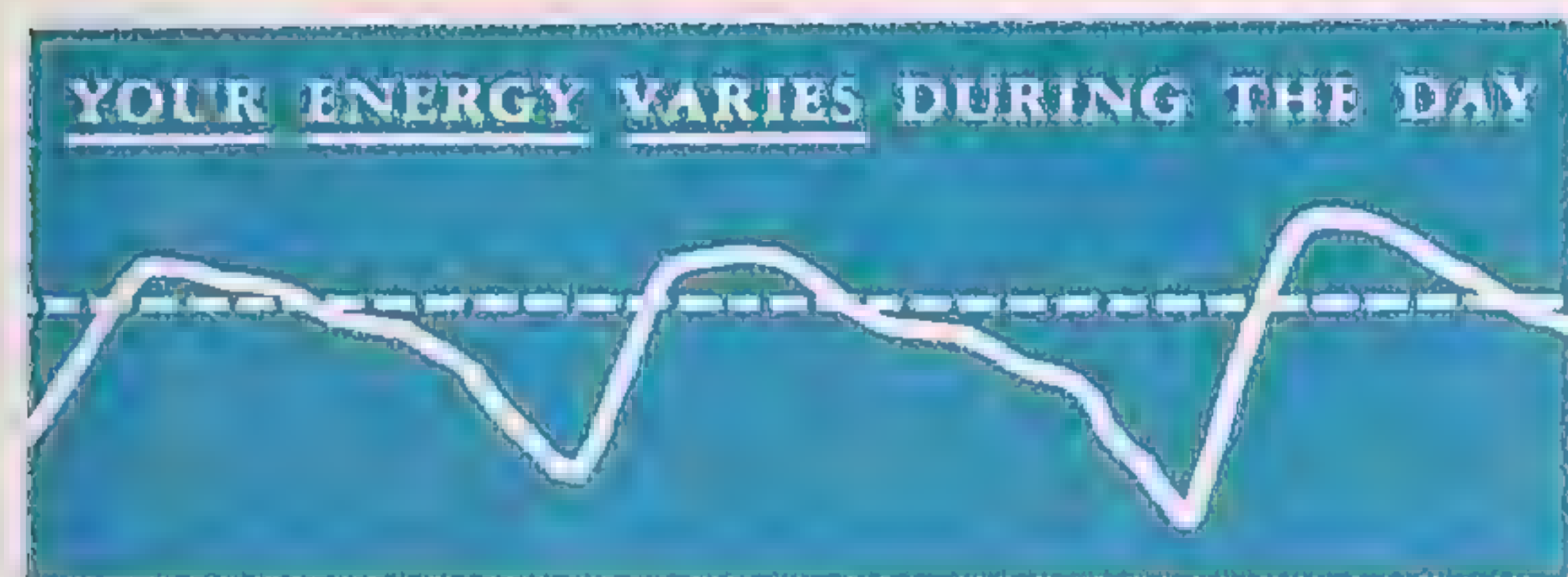


444



A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY
CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!



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Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy...a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

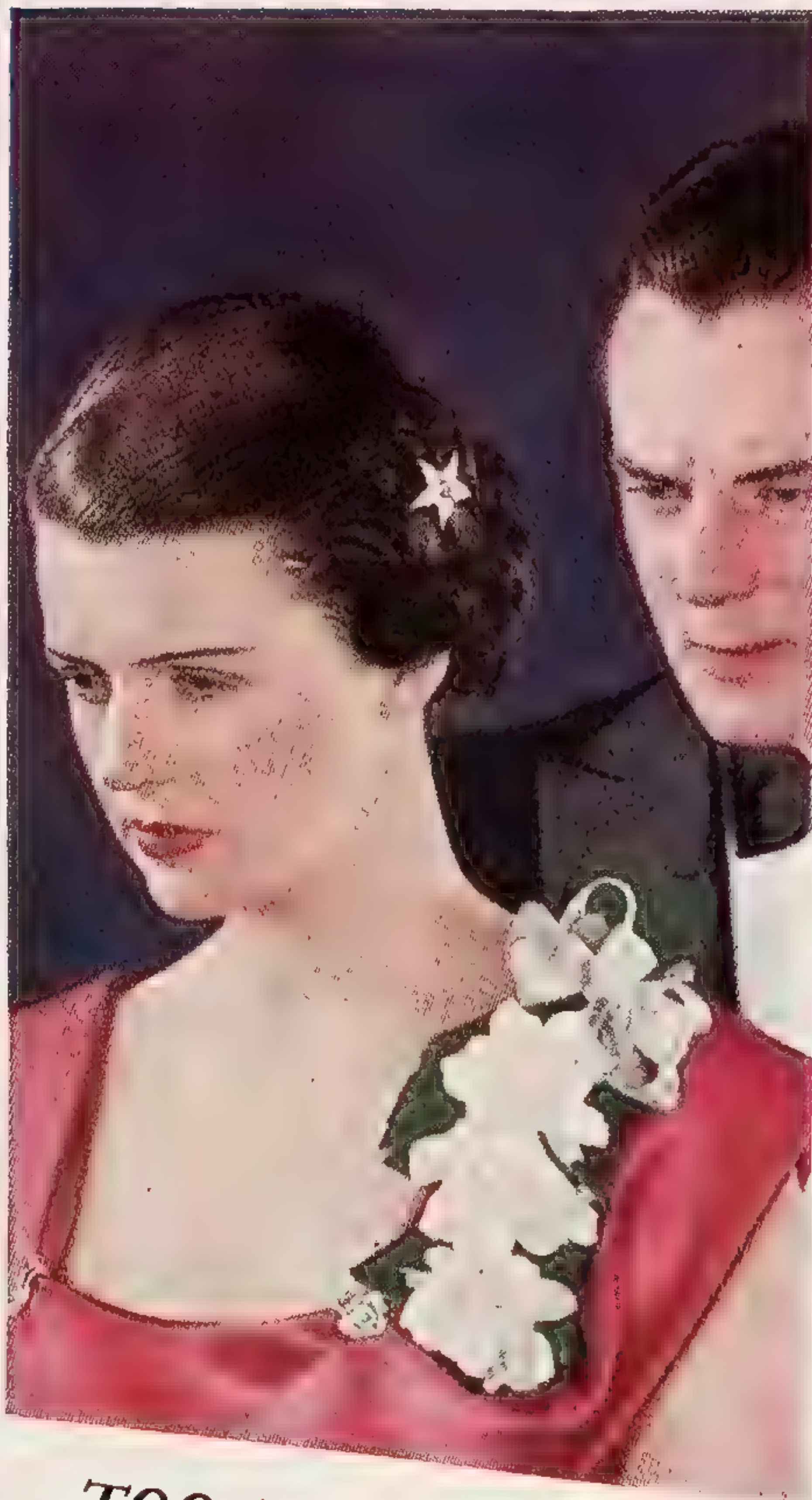
CAMELS can
literally relieve fatigue
and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

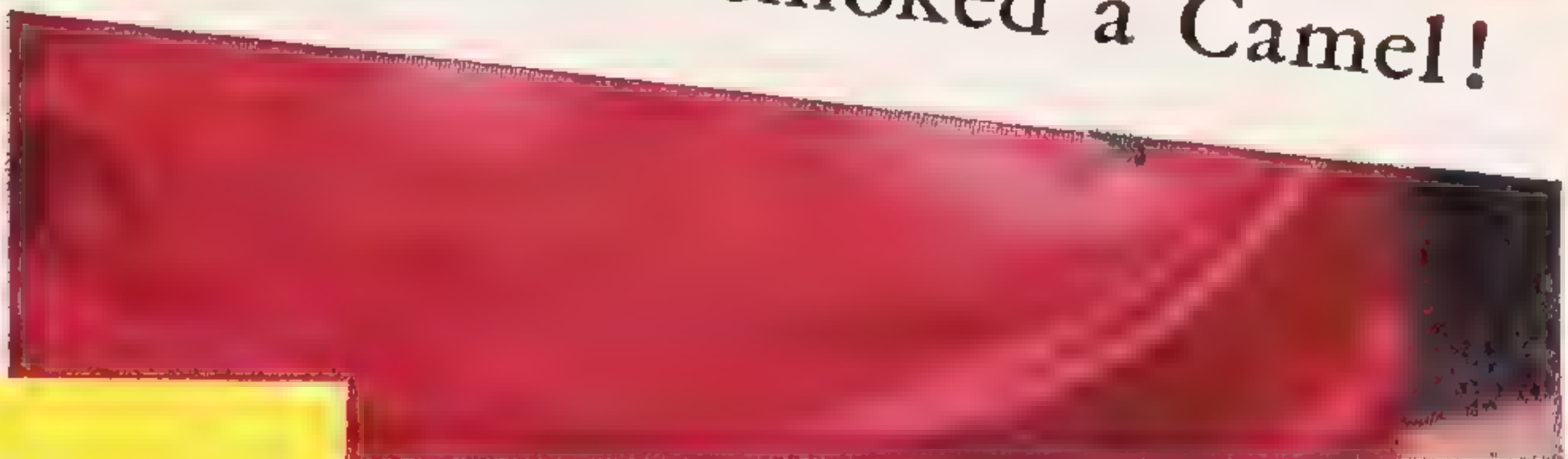
EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



TOO TIRED FOR FUN...and then she smoked a Camel!



**CAMEL'S
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES!**



Camels are
made from finer,
**MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS** — Turkish
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any other popu-
lar brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

SURPRISING COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN PRODUCE

Remarkable Change in Powder Shades



OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS
Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN
Grass Green IN BRUNETTE

NEW SHADES GIVE "LIFE" TO ALL SKINS...

(from left) Mrs. William T. Wetmore uses Brunette. Miss Charlotte Young and Mrs. Hal Fitzhugh Lee use Pond's Rose Cream.



*Made of
the finest
Ingredients*
ONLY 55¢

10¢

DO YOU KNOW that there is now a face powder that actually contains the hidden colors in human skin?

A delicate machine has made this possible!

A machine that discovered bright blue in blonde skin... vivid green in brunette. Hidden shades that give transparency to blonde skin... creamy charm to brunette.

Pond's tested over two hundred girls' skins with this scientific machine. Dazzling complexions to wan, dull skins... we tested every one.

New shades freshen skin

From all of this study we evolved the six perfect powder shades that will enhance—enliven—any coloring.

NATURAL...perfect for very fair blondes

Brightens the face... ROSE CREAM is for most blondes and for fair-skinned brunettes. Adds fresh luminous quality to the skin.

LIGHT CREAM for ivory-skinned blondes and brunettes. Adds a velvety radiance to skin... BRUNETTE (Rachel) for brunette and "creamy" skins. Gives them life!

ROSE BRUNETTE, a warmer shade... gives sparkle to sallowness and tones down ruddiness... DARK BRUNETTE is for brunettes of pronounced coloring. And for sun-tanned skins.

And Pond's—in these heavenly new shades—spreads with such marvelous smoothness that you *stay* powdered all day long. The perfume is very French—very expensive! Yet Pond's is amazingly reasonably priced. A glass jar for only

55¢ contains as much as many \$1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and Variety Stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ *Send 5¢ for Two Special Boxes* of Pond's Face Powder and an extra sample... three different Light or three different Dark Shades, with directions for choosing *your* shade.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. H, 94 Hudson St., New York
 I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Face Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
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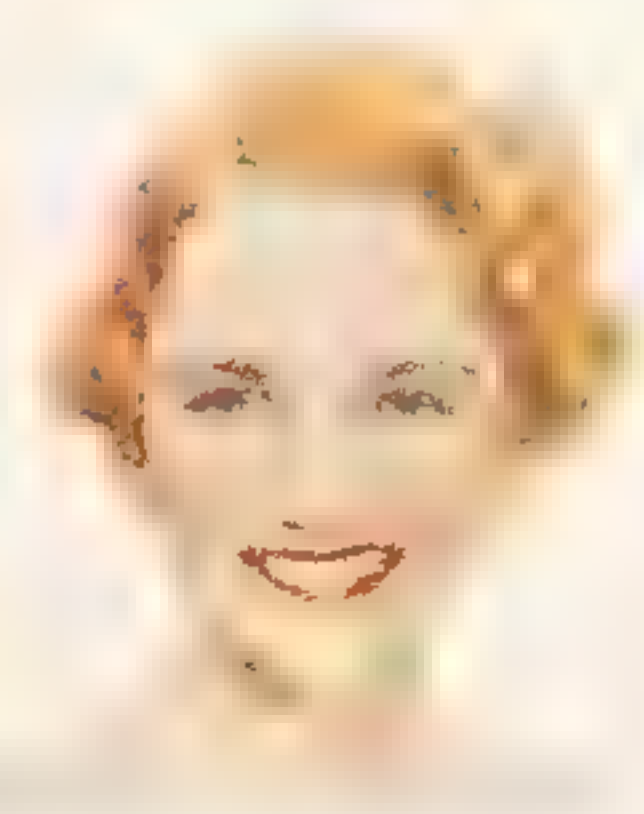
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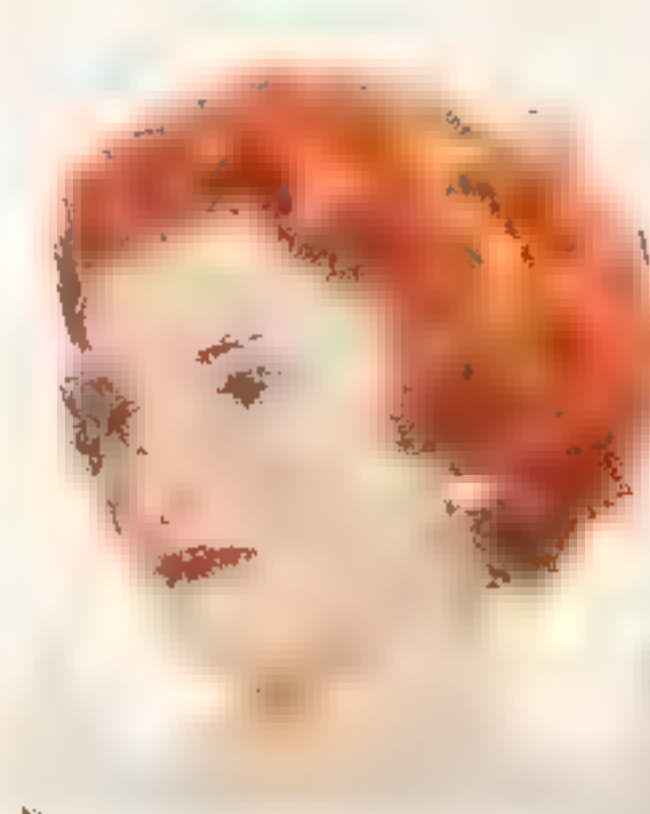
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NATURAL



ROSE CREAM



LIGHT CREAM



BRUNETTE



ROSE BRUNETTE



DARK BRUNETTE

How Long Will Hollywood Protect Harlow?

(Continued from page 43)

we were ready for mutiny, she broke through that male cordon and swept us all into the bedroom where she entertained us with the naughty stories she had been telling our men—and hearing from them. She was completely captivating."

Another party. Jean's mother telephoned the hostess to make certain the gathering was "all right for my little girl." Of course, the hostess told the crowd. We roared—but we watched the front door for the arrival of Jean Harlow. When she finally came, hours late, her face was half hidden behind enormous, dark glasses.

"Klieg eyes. I don't see how I got here at all," she explained. She went from one guest to another, her long fingers caressing cheeks, easing through short hair, lingering over eyelids. "Let's see if I can guess who you are. I can't see a thing, you know." Eventually, she wandered into the kitchen. From the door, she cried to the servant, "Oh, what lovely biscuits. May I have some?" The biscuits were on the stove across the room. Enough guests saw this to whisper, "She can't see people, but she can see biscuits."

THE fact remains that no other woman in the room—stars included—was as much watched and talked-about as Jean Harlow. If this was showmanship, it was clever. If it wasn't . . .

And Hollywood continued to shrug a shoulder until she married Paul Bern.

Jean has told me she never played in one of Paul Bern's pictures. "If he did anything to help me professionally, I don't know it," she said. Which was Paul Bern, truly. If he was responsible, as has been said, for her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract and her lead in "Red Headed Woman," he would never tell her. And if he asked her to become his wife, because he understood what the dignity of his name could do to help her in Hollywood at that time, he wouldn't have said that either.

And Jean Harlow did need protection. Hollywood's shoulder-shrugging was followed by a definite criticism when "Hell's Angels" was released. "All figure. She can't act. Good for seduction shots only."

She told me herself, "I couldn't get a decent role. Howard Hughes was loaning me out for \$2500 a week. I was getting \$150. But he was loaning me for cheap parts only, where I didn't wear any clothes. I packed our trunks while mother was in the hospital and made up my mind to get out of pictures forever. I accepted personal appearances because I thought I might as well pick up that money."

Paul Bern was in New York when she appeared there. She was breaking personal appearance records—even Jack Dempsey's. A personality that flamed similar to Clara Bow's, but a girl who could not act, was the verdict of picture producers. Only one producer realized she could learn to act. He was clever. Attorney Rubin told Jean when she signed her contract, "We don't think you can act, but we can't get around the record you've made on this tour." His opinion plus the salesmanship of Paul Bern?

She faced Hollywood once again. Rightly or wrongly, her personal reputation was now exactly as her professional one. She was granted to be the kind of woman she had played in "Hell's Angels." And Hollywood was giving Paul Bern full credit for her new opportunity in pictures. "Paul's just helping another kid in trouble." In other words, Hollywood did not take her seriously and Hollywood's opinion was

likely to be the world's opinion. It would gossip and laugh and insinuate about Jean Harlow. But not about Mrs. Paul Bern.

Shortly after Bern's suicide I chanced to travel in several countries. Everywhere I went, people said, "Now tell me the real lowdown on Jean Harlow. Was it really suicide? Was he married to Milette? Oh, come on. You must have heard some gossip."

I shook my head, as everyone from Hollywood was doing. Hollywood was again protecting Jean Harlow, even to the point of using at least *inferences* against the man who had died.

By the time her husband died, Mrs. Paul Bern had become a truly valuable piece of Hollywood property. Any wealthy, powerful concern is entitled to protect its real assets. Of course, there was gossip. Everything from the tale that the police were not called until a publicity man had been located, so he could be present at the investigation to handle the reporters, to the servant who ran down the hill *before* help arrived and told of *two* notes he was supposed to have found beside the body. One juicy tale after another, but tales which no one really wanted investigated.

And Jean certainly acted like a very wise little girl at this moment. She placed herself in the hands of her well-organized and powerful studio and did exactly as it told her. She recognized her need for protection and did nothing that might upset it. And the sympathy was craftily turned from the dead man to the living woman. Which was as it should be. And the woman lived quietly and unobtrusively as a woman who has faced great tragedy, not of her own making, should live until—headlines announced she had eloped with Hal Rosson.

THIS time, the gossips were not so kind. I heard a newspaper woman claim she had letters in her possession that involved the names of Jean Harlow and Max Baer. She further stated that Dorothy Dunbar Baer was so angry at the attempt to link her husband's name with Jean's that she had at least considered suing Max—naming Jean—rightly or wrongly—as corespondent.

Of course, this was one woman's word. But the gossip spread. And when the gossip was the hottest, Jean married again. I repeat, the dignity of marriage is woman's greatest protection.

Again, Jean was docile about advice. She gave out stories about this great romance, this final, always-yearned-for happiness that had come at last. When she told me how she loved him, there was no denying that light in her eyes.

And we breathed a deep and sincere sigh of relief for Jean. And decided she did have common sense as well as daring and beauty. Undoubtedly, Jean breathed a sigh of relief for herself and decided she'd been very lucky. In fact, she told me only a few weeks ago how lucky she had been and how happy she was about it.

And then? Well, she fought with the studio that had protected her so shrewdly. Somehow, she started being *not so docile*. She had won sixth place in a popularity contest held among 12,000 motion picture exhibitors and was second, among the women, to Janet Gaynor. Almost any woman would think herself secure.

I am quite certain that the wise men who had directed her thoughts and her words, when trouble had overtaken her, did not advise her to tell one writer after another how happy she and Hal were. "We sleep

in a big, old-fashioned bed. We're going to take a long honeymoon as soon as we can get away together. We're living with mother because it's easier. I haven't the time to be a good housekeeper, but any gossip about our not being divinely happy is simply ridiculous."

No, I'm quite certain Jean's own impulses to have romantic stories printed about her must have instigated these gushing interviews, printed up to the very day she announced her separation. Because the studio must have known what someone, who watched Jean and Hal come to the studio each day, told me a long time ago. "They never come down together. They come in separate cars. He hangs around and waits until she goes in first. He's a swell guy and he makes good money on his own. He doesn't have to bother about being the husband of a celebrity. He's too quiet to really like it. But he's a gentleman and chivalrous. However, that's going to bust just as soon as it's pretty certain the publicity won't hurt Jean Harlow."

AND then when she announced the separation right on top of all those lovey-dovey stories on which she had been quoted, Hollywood laughed. It couldn't help it. Especially did it laugh when it learned she had told the truth to one journalist two months before, with the understanding the writer would not release the story until the separation actually happened. "Jealousy on the part of Hal," was what Jean said.

"Oh dear, do *you* understand Jean Harlow?" is Hollywood's question now. "Why did she say she was happy if she wasn't? What's back of this? Was it true about Max Baer? Is she going to marry him now? Was this last husband just another protection? What are we going to do about her? How explain her to the public? Is she really doing all this for publicity or is it *just Jean Harlow*?" It certainly is a problem.

Of course, I can't answer those questions. No one can. Perhaps not even Jean herself! Everyone who knows her, likes her. She is a beautiful girl. And it is natural, perhaps, that beauty like that should draw trouble exactly as high explosives upon earth draw rain from the heavens.

But it does look as though Hollywood has hit an impasse in protecting her from that beauty.

Perhaps it is up to the rest of the world, now, rather than Hollywood. The world knows by now that Jean is a natural headliner, that she will always be in escapades and excitements. That her beauty and alluring body are gifts which will always bring her masculine protectors. Some man said, "No man can help but want to see more of Jean Harlow. That's the way she and men are constructed and neither can help it."

And she *is* different. As different as Barbara La Marr and Gloria Swanson. More different in person than any character she may play on the screen. I don't see why a world should not protect such a girl by a true understanding and appreciation for the thrill she gives them—whether it be wittingly or unwittingly. Jean was right when she said we need some of that glamor such as was Pola Negri's. And since Jean, herself, is giving it to us, I, for one, hope that the world will take over the job from Hollywood of protecting this interesting person from herself, as Hollywood has done until this moment.

Destined for Loneliness

(Continued from page 61)

pieces. And human marble, broken into pieces, ends in insane asylums.

Why, all of Ann's early troubles in this business were due to the fact that she was more brilliant than those around her and she could not learn to be less brilliant. You probably remember the terrific battle she waged with E. H. Griffith when they were making "Holiday."

Like most superior people, Ann has a startling temper. When she saw things she thought were wrong, she could not keep still about them. When the studio paid little or no attention to her suggestions, she could not understand. She had owned her own stock company, had supervised her own stage productions. Could there be a business so blind as not to listen to opinions? Ina Claire stormed into Sam Goldwyn's office and asked this question. And Sam was the one who answered. "Actresses are paid not to think!" Ann did her storming on the set and did not get such a frank answer.

But she did get reams of publicity. Publicity that annoyed her. "Temperamental, indeed! Can't a woman have an opinion without being hailed as cheaply temperamental?"

ANN had great "personality fame" closer to her then than at any other time. For to be called temperamental in Hollywood is to be granted a great personality. Negri, Swanson, Hepburn, Garbo—but you know the list! If Ann could have been persuaded to talk then; to have damned those around her with common, easily understood language; if she could have been influenced to go home and refuse to work until she was thoroughly publicized as sulking! If she could have resorted to any of the crazy, impetuous, emotional stunts that have made Hollywood the most interesting city in the world!

But Ann Harding said instead, "I am not temperamental. If this is the way you do things here, well, I'm intelligent enough to know I'm in a new business." And she retreated within herself and behaved like any truly intelligent woman would have done under the circumstances. Only there are so few who appreciate superior intelligence.

Her interviews. I'll wager you have seldom read an interview with Ann that did not mention the name of Jasper Deeping. Yet you have probably forgotten who he is. He started her in acting. She was working in an insurance company during the days and reading books for Paramount at night. She was lonely. Superior people are always lonely because there are so very few big enough to understand them. Even her studio biography reads, "she went to join the Provincetown players because she sensed an opportunity for the sort of intelligent companionship she was hungry for." Deeping was directing these players. He was another "superior one." He asked her to play the lead in his next production.

And Ann Harding never talks without mentioning his name. Big men and women feel forced by their very bigness to give credit to those who have helped them. Ann's appreciation for his help is so great that she returns during her vacations to play in his Little Theatre in Pennsylvania, refusing huge salaries to appear on Broadway in order that she may do this for her friend.

They wanted me to talk to Ann before I wrote this story. But I said, "It won't

do any good. She'll talk about the Little Theatre movement or what women should do to prevent the next war. She'll talk so intelligently that I'll be simply fascinated, but she won't say a down to earth thing about the real Ann Harding."

I was basing that upon a statement she once made to me. "I can't. I'd like to. Really I would. But I can't!"

She told the truth. There is a natural reserve of super-intelligence that absolutely forbids her to talk about her real self.

One story of Ann brings a tear to my eye more quickly than all others. And it is not of her divorce from Harry Bannister. That brings the tears to her eyes.

Ann wore a red wig to an opening. She disguised herself so she would not be recognized. She was gay! She was chummy. She was like the others. Just a normal, kidding, not-too-bright, not-too-dumb woman. Everyone adored her because everyone understood her. She was even offered a test in pictures. I have no doubt men, many men, tried to make love to her.

She was acting a part! She did not look and therefore did not feel like Ann Harding. But she was acting, as she must have wanted to act in Hollywood many times from the very beginning. Like the others. She could not become one of the crowd as herself, so she became it in another person.

Another thing. Truly intelligent people are never snobbish. They know they are just more people, here for a brief visit, that their intelligence is God's gift, not their own creation. So Ann is just another person, even on the set, to herself and therefore to others. Her co-workers swear by her. They swear at Hepburn (secretly) and do their best to get into her next film.

And Ann's friends include her secretaries or, as at present, her stand-in girl, Phyllis Yates. Miss Yates has brains. Ann recognizes them. These two women consult on dialogue, camera positions, clothes—all things essential to the actress. Phyllis doesn't just stand-in in Ann's place before the camera to take the heat from the lights and then slink away. She is a companion. She has the intelligence to recognize Ann's bigness and Ann has the common sense to appreciate it. It is not a matter of a workman "yessing" a star. It is strange, but people like Ann Harding often have to find their real friends among those who work for them.

WHEN Ann Harding discovered she could not be of Hollywood, she built a house on the top of Hollywood's highest hill. Not to look down upon the rest of us, but to be away from those she could not emulate. And I think she also hoped to keep Harry Bannister's love because of the height of that hill. She said once, "He likes heights. He is always in an airplane."

It is strange, but really superior women seldom find the right mate. And this, in spite of the fact they have more real passion to give him. They even respond more to passion because of that innate fear that a greater intelligence will make them less emotional than the average woman.

Until their divorce, Ann could not give an interview without talking about Harry. She was always telling us what a marvellous actor he was. Better than she would ever be. Trying to make us believe he was her superior. That was the great love of this woman trying to sell herself, as well as

others upon the greatness of her man.

She said to a writer, while she was making "Her Private Affair," in 1929: "I love it out here. Harry Bannister, my husband, and I have the same kind of contract with Pathé. We can have a home with a front yard with grass in it. The baby plays out there in the mornings. It's hell to go to the studio. I'll never worry about leaving the stage or screen. I'll be just a wife and mother. Harry says I'm a very good one." And, furthermore, Ann was a good wife and is a good mother.

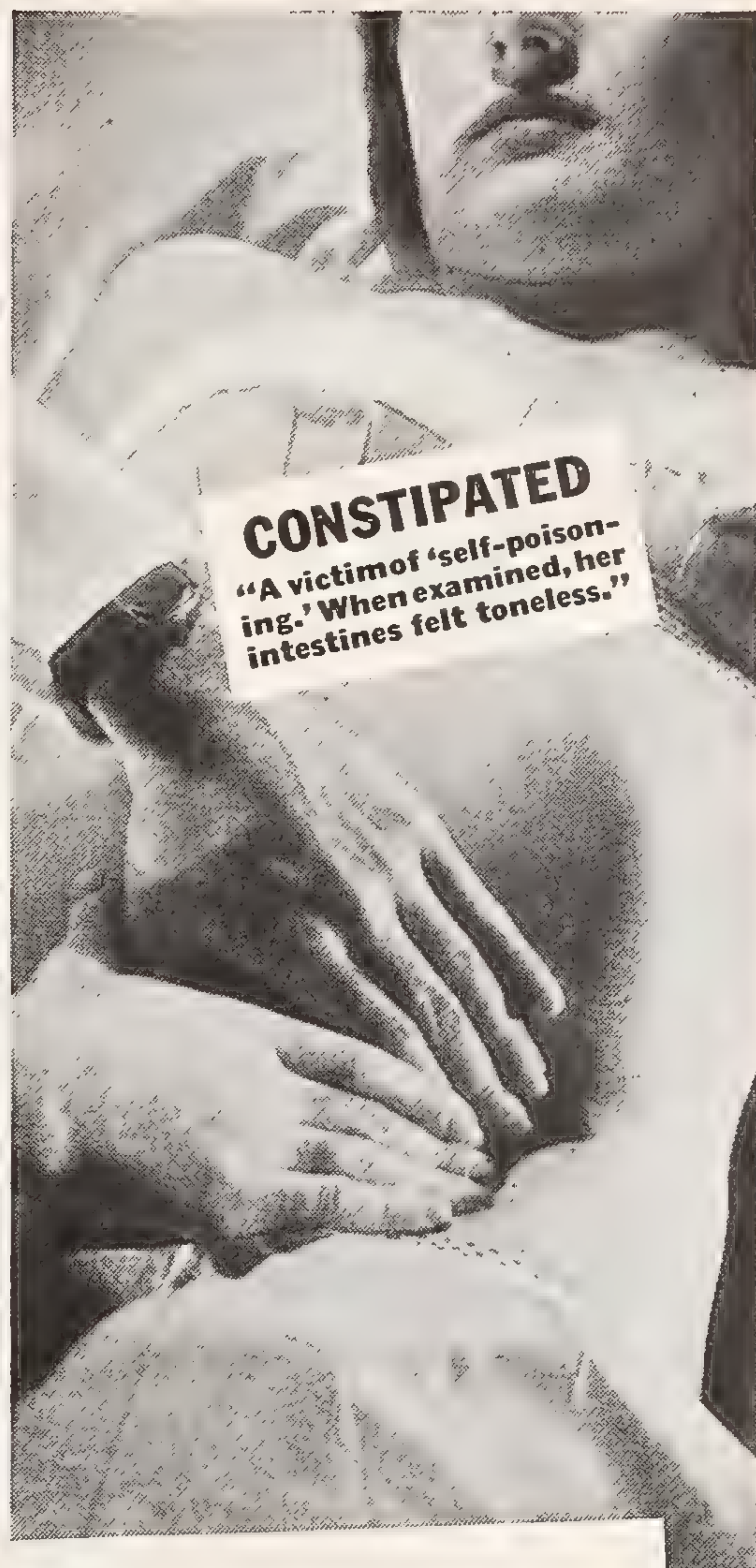
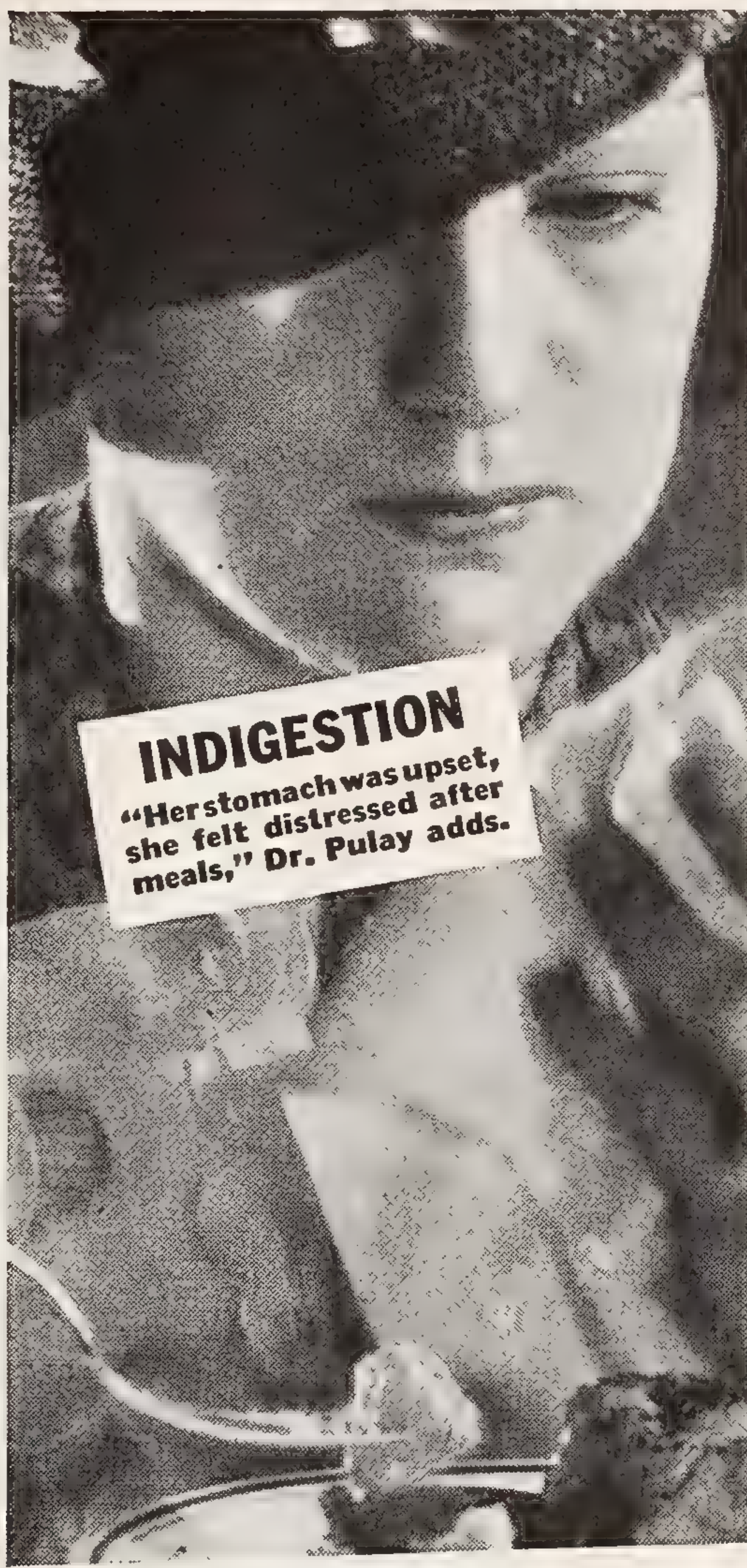
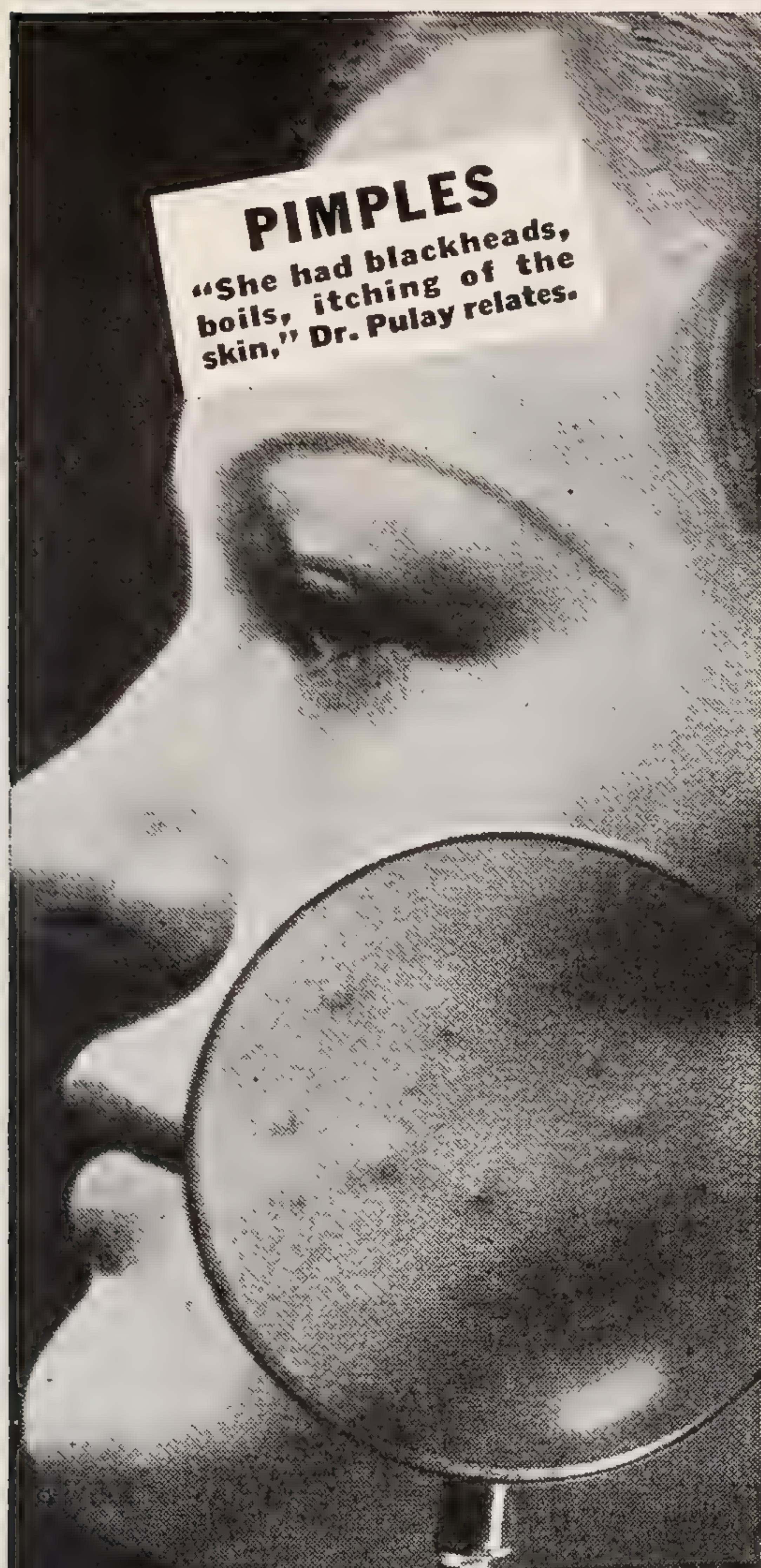
Ah, Ann. Perhaps if you'd remained in Pasadena in the little cottage and been just the wife and mother as you were when Mr. Bannister came to Los Angeles to play in "Strange Interlude," if the theatre publicity man had not happened to get it printed in a story about Bannister that you were in Pasadena and started the producers rushing that way—perhaps, if you had not become a star. . . .

How hard you tried to keep that divorce dignified. Those notes, written with so much care, given to the press, trying to make a world understand in a few words what many could not understand because they could not understand you, Ann. How Hollywood laughed at you. It said, "You either talk or you don't. You can't talk and be still at the same time, as Ann is trying to do in those formal announcements."

And the times you've tried, since then, to be like the rest of us. A play-trip to Florida. Headlines throughout the world. But even there you couldn't be like others, not even to protect yourself. You kept your mouth shut, took the rap to protect the weakness of another woman. You were big enough to do it.

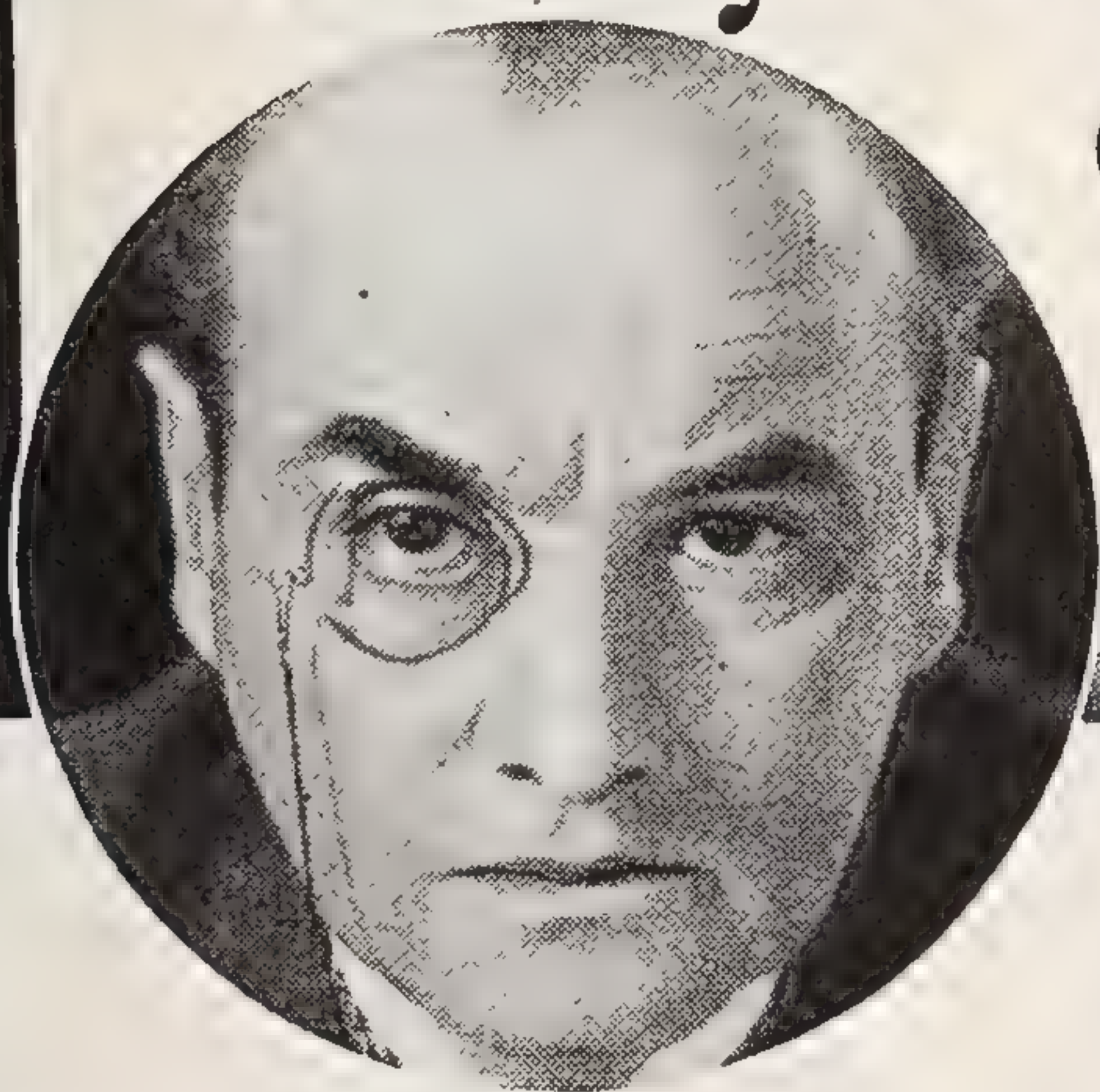
THE thing that's the matter with you, Ann Harding, is you're just one of those unfortunate, really superior women. You can't stoop to smallness and petty gossip and average feminine relaxations. You can't mix with sham and publicity stunts, even though you know the publicity stunts, at least, would be to your advantage. And since you can't, you must live, alone and lonely, on your high hill with your own bigness. You can't help this. You couldn't as a young girl. You once told me you couldn't remain in the home of your army-captain father because, "All I saw in the army was marrying some second lieutenant." You did not stop to analyze, but you instinctively knew you were too big to be just the social wife of a second lieutenant. You knew instinctively that you could not have stood the petty round of army-post life.

Sometimes I wonder about your daughter. You keep her in pigtails and simple dresses; you protect her with armed guards because it is necessary, but you are fighting to raise her as "just a normal child." Your entire ambition seems to be, now, to make her as unaffected as though she were not the daughter of a famous mother. But if she remains as simple and therefore as great, as thoroughly herself as her marble-chiselled mother, she will have a lonely life, too, like that mother. For she, too, will be a superior woman, and the faces of the Hepburns, the exciting women, will grin up from pictures upon the floor. And they will be asking her, too: "Why do you let my stunts get me what your intelligence and character cannot get you in the way of personal fame?"



“Every one of these ills was corrected—in 30 days”

reports DR. PULAY, noted Vienna specialist



● Dr. Pulay is the famous author of 120 important medical articles; eminent member, Austrian Society of Dermatologists.

NOTE how similar your troubles are to those in the case illustrated above and described here by Dr. Pulay:—

“This patient’s skin was greasy, full of pimples, itchy. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

“She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed ‘self-poisoning.’

“I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly...”

Fleischmann’s Yeast makes your stomach juices flow faster... strengthens your bowels... softens waste so it passes easily from your body.

As Dr. Pulay explains, it is “so much better than cathartics, which are weakening and so harmful to the delicate tissues of your bowels.”

Won’t you take advantage of this great doctor’s experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the

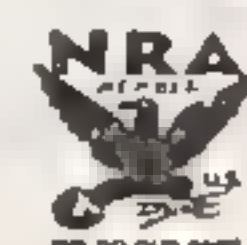


label. Get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today*.

Let Fleischmann’s Yeast tone up your system, clear away impurities, and so give you a clearer skin.

See how soon you have healthier digestion, better appetite, regular evacuation, and worlds more energy! Won’t you start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast right now... today?

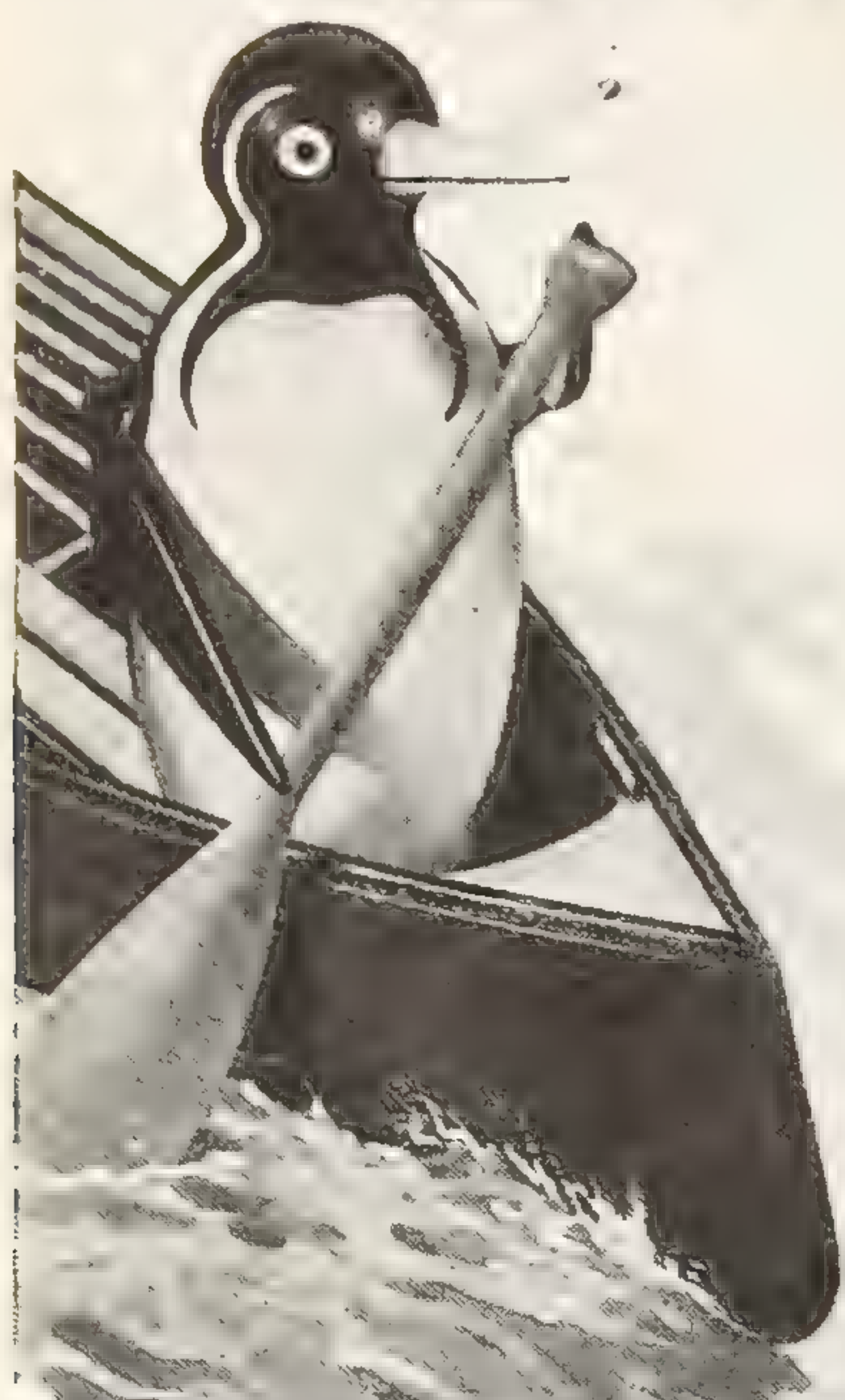
● Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Cal., writes: “I developed a bad case of indigestion, was ‘all in,’ felt ‘headachy.’ The doctor advised Fleischmann’s Yeast. Soon I felt fine.”



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KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES



A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

like a downstream paddle . . .
like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The True Story of Gable's First Love

(Continued from page 27)

company was fun for a while, but it soon began to undermine our sense of humor. You see, we made scarcely enough money to pay for our bleak rooms at the second-rate hotel where we stopped. Some weeks our salary wasn't more than a dollar and thirty cents! Those were the dismal days indeed. We didn't have much to eat and what little food we managed to get we ate right out of the can. On those rare occasions when our salary reached almost ten dollars a week, Billy would splurge and take me to a restaurant where we'd revel in pie and coffee.

"After about nine weeks, the stock company gave up the struggle, and there we were—miles from home, penniless and half-starved. We didn't know where to turn until one of the girls in the company, Lucille Schumann, suggested that Billy, Earle Larrimore (who today is a popular stage star), another girl and myself come home with her and 'recupe.' Lucille lived in Seaside, twenty miles from where we were.

WHEN we got to Seaside, we discovered that Lucille's mother didn't have room for us in the house, so we turned beachcombers. At night, we'd all lie on the beach, wrapped in blankets beside a dubious fire and stock up our courage with dreams of the future and big arguments over nothing. I remember that Earle and Billy ceased all communication for days as a result of one argument they had as to whether Oregon rain was a mist or a cloudburst.

"Now and then, Billy and Earle were given an odd job or two around the Schumann place, for which they were paid and at which they took turns. I'll never forget one that Billy did during our beachcombing days, nor his wrathful expression when he stalked away to do it. It was pouring rain. There was a log in the backyard that Mrs. Schumann wanted split. It was Billy's turn to do a job, so he put on sea-going boots and an ulster and stormed off in the direction of that log. He must have whacked it up in short order, for he certainly was in a temper over it! But he came back with the fifty cents he'd received for his efforts and we all celebrated by buying sausages and cooking them that night over the fire.

"After a while—when we felt we were up to the long trip back to Portland—Billy and I decided the best and cheapest way to get home was on a milk boat up the Columbia River. That was an experience! It was the prize incident of that epochal summer. Billy was the proud owner of a top coat, which of course accompanied him on the milk boat. And a good thing he had it, too. There weren't any cabins. We had to sleep on a bench on deck. While I slept, I wore Billy's top coat and he walked the deck to keep warm. When it was his turn to sleep, he wore the top coat and I walked the deck. We must have almost walked the two hundred miles to Portland trying to keep warm!

FINALLY, we arrived at Portland, more dead than alive. I wanted Billy to come out to my parents' ranch near Portland and really get rested and in shape to take a new job. He was proud about accepting hospitality when he knew he couldn't repay it, but I induced him to come out.

"For weeks, Billy and I didn't bother about anything. We both wore denim overalls, ran around the country like half-grown heifers, and had a vacation from worry and

hardship. Billy's affection was most demonstrative, yet there was almost a calf-like quality in his wooing. He always called me 'Hun,' to which I would often reply: 'You are a big calf.' And he looked like nothing else with his large eyes, ears, and big hands and feet.

"Some weeks after we'd come to the ranch, I began thinking about getting a job. There was nothing to be had in the theatrical line at the moment, so Billy and I left the grease-paint in our make-up box and applied for work as hop-pickers on a large ranch near-by. That was really a test of true love. Billy became a muleteer. I shall never forget the picture of him atop the wagon, swinging a whip and shouting at the indifferent animals while he threw me kisses as he drove by. I caught a cold, shortly after I started work, and developed tonsillitis. Twice a day, Billy came to see me and lovingly swabbed my throat with undiluted iodine. Since then, a physician told me it is only by the grace of God that my throat still functions, for undiluted iodine is an heroic measure. But Billy meant well, and he certainly was a faithful nurse.

"At night, Billy and I would get together—despite my illness—and study. I had a set of Shakespeare's complete works and this we perused diligently, playing different parts and serving as each other's stage director? It seemed that the hardships of sleeping in the community tents, the cold nights, the hot dusty days, bathing in a bucket, and excavating yellow-jackets out of the jelly only served to bind Billy and me the closer in affection. He wanted me to marry him. He was so sure he would make me happy, but I didn't think we should marry. Life was so unsettled, so uncertain.

"Even the hop-picking job didn't last very long. When it ended, we returned to my parents' ranch, but Billy didn't stay long this time. My brother Fritz knew of a gang building a logging camp railroad seven miles away and suggested to Billy that they apply for jobs. They did and were successful. I stayed on the ranch. Every Saturday night, Billy walked the seven miles home to see me. I used to count the days from one blissful week-end to the next. When Saturday night finally came, there I was, hanging on the gate—waiting. Then Billy would come pounding up over the hill under the autumn moon and enfold me in a tight embrace.

"That job of Billy's didn't last long either, for the heavy November rains put an end to the work. About this time, I got a job with a traveling stock company and Billy went back to Portland where he landed with a newspaper (the Oregonian) as a want ad solicitor. He disliked this.

IT was about this time that Billy began to take vocal lessons. He always liked to sing, and he often did when we went hiking together. But now, he was becoming serious about it. The high point of Billy's excursion into the vocal field was the song recital he gave with his teacher at the Hotel Portland in June, 1923. I was passing through town and went to hear him. The hall was crowded. All the charming old ladies were thrilled when Billy walked onto the platform and sang 'Mighty Lak A Rose' and 'Mother Machree' in a lush baritone voice. He wasn't bad, either.

"I stayed in Portland a few days before
 (Continued on page 82)

Sun and wind dry your Outer Skin



"Skin getting leathery last summer—like satin this year!"... Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Mrs. Drexel says: "Last summer my skin was beginning to look positively leathery.

"A friend told me she never went out without a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream on. I got results with the very first application. My skin seemed

to lose all its little roughnesses at once.

"Then I tried the Cold Cream. What a rich cream—and a wonderful cleanser! Those Two Creams gave me a skin like satin. I have been using them ever since!"

lines start deep down...in your Under Skin



use a *different cream* for each of your Two Skins!



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

THOSE GLORIOUS SKINS that stay satiny all summer... have two reasons behind them!

An Under Skin supplied deep down with oils that keep it full and luscious. And an Outer Skin kept soft and moist despite sun and wind.

It's extremely simple! A different kind of cream for each of your Two Skins! Two Creams—and only two—are all you need.

Oil-rich Cream smooths out lines

The oil glands in your Under Skin actually pour out beauty oils in early youth. Soon they begin to fail. Lines appear—wrinkles. What then?

Before this happens, look to your face cream! Pond's Cold Cream is composed of very rich oils that penetrate deep and replenish the oils of the shrinking under skin. Use this rich cream to keep the Under Skin full and firm. This smooths

the Surface Skin... keeps lines away!

As a cleanser, Pond's is without a peer! It goes down after every bit of dust and make-up, and brings them to the surface. After the cleansing, pat in a fresh application. It will help to keep your skin gloriously young!

Greaseless Cream for Dryness

For your Outer Skin, enjoy the special protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream. A special ingredient in this cream keeps the moisture in the skin from evaporating—actually restores moisture. Your skin remains soft, moist.

Your powder stays smooth—long—in itself an added protection.

For your **OUTER SKIN**—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

Try this simple Two-Skin Care! See what triumphs it will bring you this very summer!

Mrs. Drexel says:

1. "Every night, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's new Liquefying Cream. Pond's Tissues remove it.
2. "Then for overnight, Pond's Vanishing Cream on hands, elbows, face and neck.
3. "Every morning, the Cold Cream, followed by Vanishing Cream. Nothing holds powder and rouge so fast."

Send for Samples

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. H, 50 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all three Pond's Creams and two special boxes of Pond's new Face Powder and an extra sample as checked—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐

I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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(Continued from page 80)

**No more squinting
at the sun... with
Verichrome you
take people at
their best...
relaxed, natural.
Forget about
posing... just snap
the picture.**



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

**HOW VERICHROME
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1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
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**KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM**

I continued on the road with the stock company, and Billy and I were together every moment we could be. He was becoming more and more fed up with soliciting want ads and—shortly after I left, through reading one of the want ads himself, he got a job with the telephone company as 'trouble man.' About this time, too, Josephine Dillon, a New York actress came to Portland to open a little theatre. Billy met her. He had never given up hope of becoming an actor, but necessity had made him take what job came his way. Here was a new theatre movement right in Portland and run by a woman who knew the theatre. Billy became terribly interested in it and in improving himself as an actor.

"I had no notion that Billy was becoming serious in his attentions to Miss Dillon—not until Christmas Eve of that year (1923). Then I learned what Miss Dillon had come to mean to him. Billy and I had spent a lovely evening together and later, in a raging snowstorm, I walked with him to the car-line. On the way, he told me he didn't love me any more. He said he had thought that love could never die, but he guessed it did.

"That unexpected confession was a horrible shock to me. It was the first inkling I had that things weren't as they had been for over a year with us. I couldn't eat for days. Then Billy telephoned me a week later. Apparently he had been wretched, too. He said he couldn't get along without me. We made up, but it was the beginning of the end. He continued to see Miss Dillon and she continued to instruct him in stage technique. Our last appearance together was with the F. Taylor Stock Company, but it wasn't the same. We were both sad and dejected. I sensed we were pulling away from each other and Billy must have known then that he was going to marry Josephine Dillon. He did marry her in December, 1924, in Los Angeles.

"It seemed strange and impossible that Billy was married to someone else. We had been through so much together and for each other. We loved each other, too. Some day, we believed—at least, I did and I was sure Billy did, too—we would marry. But—well, Billy married Miss Dillon and that was the changing point in his career. It was in mine, too. Billy eventually began to get parts in plays, finally attracted the attention of motion picture producers and eventually became a star.

I WENT to San Francisco where I became a dancing teacher in a successful studio. Billy—now known as Clark Gable—came to San Francisco in 1926 in 'The Lullaby.' He phoned me and we went out several times. We remained friends, which is as it should be. I didn't see Billy again for four years, not until the summer of 1930 when he was again in San Francisco playing the lead in 'The Last Mile.' I believe it was in this year that he and Miss Dillon were divorced. Anyway, that was the last time I saw him until I moved to Hollywood, after the dancing studio I was with closed."

Soon after the closing of the studio in which Franz had been teaching, she, like everyone who has stage aspirations, went to Hollywood. After all, the chances for an ambitious person are there and Franz was ambitious. With two former Portland, Oregon, friends Franz shared a bungalow on Gower Street, the most typical of all the streets in the cinema center. Here Franz settled down to vocal study and the teaching of dancing; always with the idea that some day she would again be back on the stage.

All was going smoothly, if a bit unevent-

fully, when Billy Gable again appeared up on the scene. It was nearing the holidays and it evidently reminded him of old friends, for he invited Franz to have Christmas dinner with him at the Brown Derby. There were no presents. Billy wasn't much for gifts in those days—but there was a good dinner and much talk of old times and future ambitions. On that Christmas of 1930, the future for Franz looked as promising as it did for Billy. Could they have foreseen the amazing success due Billy—how different would have been their conversation, what help might Billy have promised!

Billy had been in one picture at this time, and he wasn't at all sure that he had made good in it. It was "The Painted Desert" and, unfortunately for Billy, he was obliged to ride horseback much of the time, and his equestrian ability was somewhat limited. Between the terrific heat of the Arizona desert, and the uncertainty of his horsemanship, he found himself falling off the horse much too often for his own personal comfort and certainly much to the disgust of the directors. So on that Christmas day Billy's mood was much as it had been during the depressing stock company days, and in all Hollywood Franz was the one person who understood.

But after the holidays, Billy Gable, now definitely known as Clark Gable, found himself with an M-G-M contract. It was natural that he should seek out Franz to break the good news to. So to the pumpkin-colored bungalow on Gower Street drove Clark Gable in his new Ford. "And I'll have you know, Franz," said Clark, "that my car is paid for, which is more than you can say for most of 'em sailing around Hollywood."

FOR three months, Clark Gable was a frequent visitor at Franz's bungalow. He was cast in "The Secret Six" during this period, and the evenings were spent discussing the events of the day at the studio. Clark would fling himself on the davenport in a most informal manner and immediately talk of his new life, through all of which was a great note of animosity. He thoroughly disliked everyone with whom he came in contact and the work did not please him either.

"I hate Hollywood and everyone in it and nobody seems to like me," he said on one occasion. "I haven't a friend here but Franz, and as soon as I can make a quarter of a million dollars I'm going to clear out and go to Germany and study medicine. I'm going to stick it out until I have accomplished my goal, as much as I hate it. Then I'm going to leave and never come back." And such was Clark Gable's attitude for many weeks. Then things started to break for him, the future took on a different aspect and the present was more than satisfactory.

Simultaneously with Clark's good fortune, came misfortune for his friend Franz. The depression was being felt and with it a diminishing of her dancing class, and the occasional work at the various little theatres stopped completely. Positions of any kind were scarce and Franz had no entrée to the moving picture studios. Times were getting hard for the many, and good for the few, and Clark Gable was among the few. He was now on his third picture for M-G-M, "Dance Fools Dance" with Joan Crawford. His visits to Gower Street became less frequent. Still, when he wanted to be heard and understood, he would drop by. Joan Crawford's name was frequently mentioned, and one could feel an impending storm of some kind every time it was. But that is another and well known story and has no place here.

(Continued on page 84)



He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

(Continued from page 82)

Clark Gable paid his last visit to Franz Doerfler in the spring of 1931. Since that time Franz has had many discouragements, including poor health, but today she is staging a comeback not only in health but in optimism and hopefulness. Hers is an indomitable spirit and she smilingly tells me that she still expects to make a name for herself in Hollywood.

"Have you seen Clark since then?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes. About a year ago, I was on the M-G-M lot. I went out to the publicity department seeking work."

"The publicity department?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why not the casting department? Or weren't you trying to get an acting job?"

"No," she replied. "I wasn't. There are so many girls in Hollywood trying to get jobs, and if you aren't known—"

"Oh," I started to ask if Clark Gable had introduced her to anyone in the studios. After all, he knew her talents and a word

from him, now, would mean a great deal to this unknown. I did ask the question.

"No," Franz answered briefly. "He didn't volunteer to introduce me and naturally I wouldn't ask him to."

"Oh," I repeated ineptly. I never have been able to understand why people aren't kind when kindness is needed, especially if it costs them nothing. Then, "You were saying you went out to the M-G-M publicity department looking for a job. Did you get it?"

Franz shook her head. "I didn't, but after the interview I walked back to the gate and someone called to me from a terra-cotta colored car. It was Billy—Clark Gable. He spoke as if we had seen each other every day for years. He was very ingratiating. He can be, so much so that I almost forgot all that has happened since those days when we were immersed in young love and high ideals."

And now you know the love idyl of Clark Gable's young life.

Multimillionaire! So What?

(Continued from page 67)

comedies soon became three-reelers and then features. Success. Money. Shrewd investments, and the money grew. Years went by, and today Harold, the richest man in Hollywood, is making "The Cat's Paw," a picture altogether different from any he has ever made, he says, in which he will say goodbye to the mama's boy characterization upon which his whole career has been founded.

AND that makes you wonder a bit, too. Chaplin has never dared to change his style of comedy. Buster Keaton never changed his. Of course Harold has gambled on every picture he has ever made, putting his own money into them. But this change is the biggest gamble he has ever taken. Is he taking it because he realizes that he's getting along in years and ought not to play boys any longer? Or does he want to make a change because he is disappointed in what he has done until now?

Is his restlessness a sign of unhappiness, too? Joe Reddy, his publicity man and friend of long years' standing, says he can outwork and outplay any three men and have reserve energy left. For one stretch on this new picture he worked ten days without stopping, with only three hours' sleep a night.

He is continually becoming interested in a new game or fad and thinking of nothing else until he has exhausted all its possibilities. That is restlessness in the other sense of the word—and restlessness of this sort can often be a sign of unhappiness.

Harold himself has an explanation for his continual activity and his ever-changing interests. "People in Hollywood need activities to make them forget the studio grind," he says. "This is a place that can make you lose your perspective if you let it. A home and children are the best guarantee of happiness, and next come sports and hobbies."

You can take that as an excuse—something he just tells himself to cover up the fact that he is dissatisfied—or you can take it to mean what he says. Perhaps there's a little of both in it. Harold is a pretty smart guy. If he weren't, he wouldn't be where he is today. You don't stay on top of the heap all those years without making

use of what God gave you in the way of brains.

BUT it is undeniably true that, for all his luxuries, he lives with a simplicity that is incredible. "You'd think he was a monk," a friend of his once said to me. He neither smokes nor drinks, for example, though he keeps the best in liquor in his house for his friends. About those friends—he really entertains very few, although he turns over his golf course and an especially built guest-house near it for acquaintances. Lew Cody, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller and Marie Prevost are about the only picture people for whom he feels enough warmth to let it deserve being called friendship. He doesn't like actors much. Mildred's friends come to the house oftener than his do.

Thus, so far as his actual day-to-day life is concerned, he might as well be living in one of the four-room bungalows that line the residential streets of Hollywood, and earning \$25 a week as, say, a street-car conductor. Yet here the Lloyds are, surrounded by luxury, living in a house many a European nobleman would be proud to call his ancestral castle.

The golf course deserves a word or two in itself. Bobby Jones calls it one of the best laid-out courses in America. Bobby and other professionals have played regular tournaments on it. It has eighteen water hazards, which are part of a continuous winding canoe course that curves around the estate like the moat of a mediæval castle. The grounds are landscaped with acres of rare shrubs and flowers. Then take his swimming pool and handball courts. There they are, costing nobody knows how much money, and, now that he has the children, Harold hardly so much as looks at them. Do they make him any happier? I'm sure they don't. That is to say, he could be just as happy if they never existed.

Why did he ever build up such an enormous estate in the first place, then? Is he just trying to put on dog? Not Harold. It simply isn't in him. I think the thing was that, when he was crazy about canoeing, nothing would do but that he must have a private river of his own to canoe on. When he decided to build a house for

(Continued on page 86)

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal TIME TO REDUCE

"TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" ... writes Miss Healy.



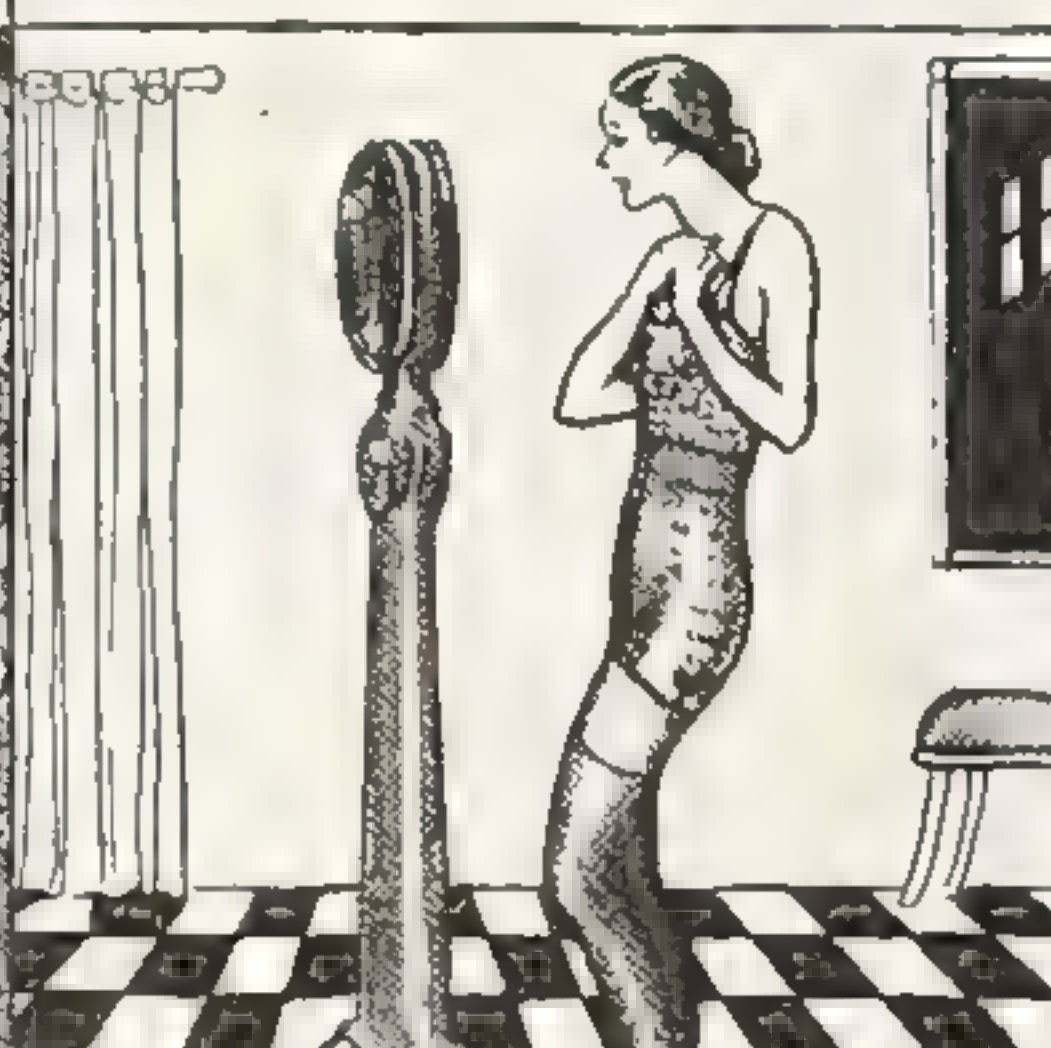
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ... and sent for FREE folder."



"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."



"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ... it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Detachable Brassiere

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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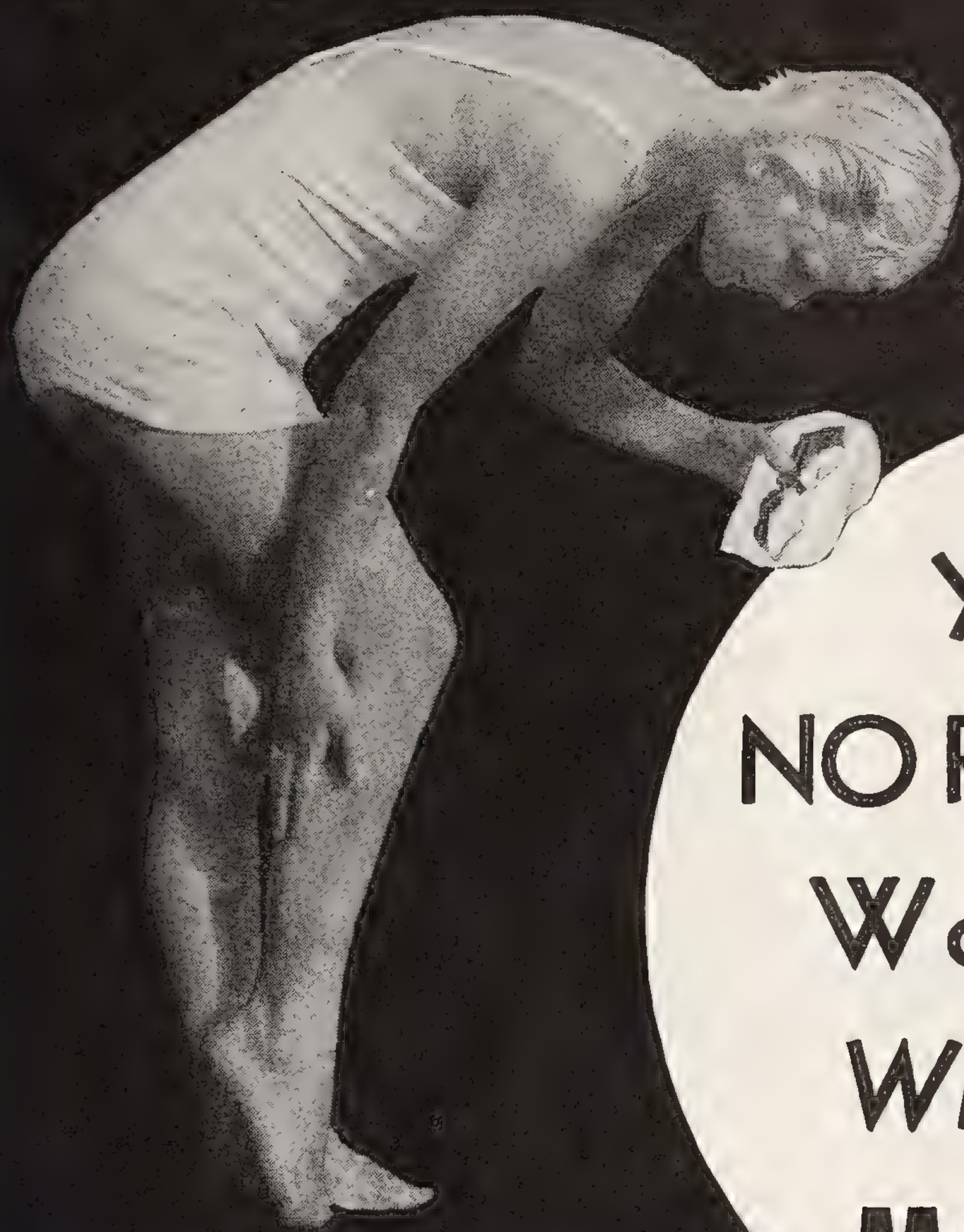
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

You're Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show! and



You Have
NO RE-GROWTH
Worries at All
When You use
MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE.** One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations.

Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive. Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening.

Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please
send me a regular bottle of Marchand's
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VACATIONISTS!

Don't forget to pack
in the most important
thing of all!



THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.



(Continued from page 84)

Mildred, nothing would do but that it must be the grandest house in the world. And the same for the golf course. Whether he wishes he could get rid of 'em all, now that he has them, is another matter.

BUT the story of "Yahbeel" shows how far he will go, when he sets out to accomplish something. It's a sad story. When Harold was a kid he had a mongrel pup which seemed to be half Great Dane and half St. Bernard. The dog was named Bill, but when Harold called him he yelled, "Yah Bill, Yah Bill," and so the pup came to answer to the name of "Yahbeel." But there are people in the world who hate dogs, and one of them left a piece of poisoned meat where Yahbeel could get it. The dog died. Harold has never forgotten him.

Lots of us never forget our dogs when they die. Sometimes we try to find another dog like them. But Harold went further. He installed a kennel of St. Bernards and Great Danes on his estate and cross-bred them, trying to produce a dog that would look like and be like Yahbeel. At one time he had fifty-seven dogs in this forlorn attempt of his to reproduce the pal of his boyhood. Finding that no other dog could take Yahbeel's place, he finally gave it up. But that will show you how far he'll go. There are no half measures with him in anything.

I think he went on investing his money

—after he made the first bit of it—for about the same reason. If he was going to be rich, he felt he might as well be rich, and not near-rich. Money makes money and, after he started and the investments turned out well, the thing went along by itself. But I would bet anything I own that Harold never sat down deliberately and said to himself, "I'm going to be a millionaire." He never scrimped towards that end, for he firmly believes that money is to be spent. Get pleasure out of it if you can. That's all it's good for. That—and to make the children's lives happier.

Now that he has the children to consider, Harold is more of a home-and-fireside man than ever. Little Gloria is ten and Peggy nine. They look alike, although—as you know—Peggy is adopted. They are given every bit of freedom they can be given, up to the point where too much might spoil them. The baby, his son, is Harold's chief idol. I think that when the little boy was born prematurely and had to be cared for in an incubator, was the only time in his life when Harold was really glad he had money. Without the special care which money could buy, the baby would not have survived. Now he is well above the average in health. For that, and for the fact that he can give all of the children a good education and pleasant surroundings, Harold is duly thankful.

Ginger, How Could You!

(Continued from page 33)

how can you pose as a Russian countess when you talk with a Texas drawl?

That was on the right track, though, Ginger felt. The way to attract the producer's attention was to create a personality for yourself.

But—what sort of a personality? There were all kinds of personalities. Marlene Dietrich had one, Greta Garbo had one—ah, that was it! Glamor! The thing to do was to be a Woman of Fate. A woman with a past. Be wicked. Be sinful. Be violently unconventional. Be shocking—terribly shocking! Be a woman of many loves!

THE idea of Ginger, at seventeen, being a woman with a past, is pretty funny in itself. She was quite tall and gawky, with that coltish look, you know. But it never struck Ginger herself as funny.

She knew the publicity men out at First National, so she put on her slinkiest dress and went out to see them. Picking the one she knew best, she glided glamorously into his office. He was sitting in his shirt-sleeves at a desk piled high with publicity releases, his hair rumpled, trying to talk into three telephones at once.

"Good afternoon," Ginger said formally. "I have some new material I'd like to give you about me—about my past."

"Go away, kid," he said.

"Kid!" Ginger laughed bitterly, making it sound throaty and sinful. "You call me a kid! You don't know how I've suffered."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece of one of the telephones. "Now, listen, Ginger, I haven't any time to clown around today. You're a nice kid and I like you, but I'm busy. You get out of this office or I'll heave a wastebasket at you."

Hurt, and very much on her dignity, Ginger swept down the hall to the next office. She tried another attack. Her friend

in this office wasn't working so hard. He was sitting with his feet up on the desk. "Hi," he greeted her.

"Hello, Charlie."

"What's on your well-known mind?" Charlie asked. "Where'd you get that dress? Looks like you swiped it out of the prop room."

Ginger gulped. "Look—I need some publicity. All that anybody ever says about me is that I'm a hotcha girl and I've won some dancing contests. That's not personality."

"I mean, it hasn't any glamor. It isn't dramatic. It isn't wicked. I think I ought to have some publicity along another line. I mean, something about my past."

The publicity man took his feet off the desk and sat up straight. "Your what?"

"My past. I think you ought to give the newspapers a story about my loves."

"Your loves! Ging, you don't happen to have an idea you're kidding me, do you?"

"Something about my illegitimate child."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Yes. Now, that'd attract a lot of attention, a story about my illegitimate child."

The publicity man was laughing so hard by that time that he almost fell into his typewriter.

But all Charlie could do was wave his hand, he was so weak from laughing. "Go away," he said. "You and your illegitimate children—go away."

MAD as a hornet, Ginger swished out of his office too. She'd show 'em! If they wouldn't print the kind of stories about her she liked, she'd spread them herself! She'd go all over Hollywood telling people about her past! She did tell a few people, too, which probably explains what happened next. Otherwise it was just coincidence or else Wally Ford playing a joke on Ginger. Ginger never found out.

Anyhow, this is what happened. Ginger came home one day and her mother—Lela Rogers—gasped, "Ginger, what on earth have you been up to?"

"What?" said Ginger.

"Why, a dozen people have been telling me today that there's a little girl in town who goes around saying you're her mother!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Ginger. "Now maybe I'll get some publicity."

"Ginger! What on earth!" exclaimed Lela in return. "Publicity! Why, actresses have had their whole careers ruined by having things said about them that aren't one tenth as bad as this!"

That put an altogether different light on it. Ginger hadn't thought of it that way at all. She began to wonder what could have happened. Had her friends in the publicity department started the story for her after all? She phoned them. No, they said, they certainly hadn't; did she think they were crazy? That let them out. And it was too pat to be just a coincidence. After all, there was no reason why, just at the very moment she decided to start the story herself, a mysterious little girl should suddenly pop up with the same idea. Then how?

Beginning to get scared, or at least to wonder if she was going crazy or something, Ginger began to ask around among her friends. Had they heard of the little girl and the story she was telling? Yes, some of them said, they had. But they couldn't remember who she was. Did they know where she lived? Yes, she lived right in Ginger's own neighborhood. That narrowed it down. Ginger began to ask around her own neighborhood.

"Oh, yes," somebody at last told her, "she's an awfully cute little thing. She lives right around the corner from you on Los Feliz—in that pinkish, Moorish sort of house."

"A pinkish, Moorish house," mused Ginger. "Wally Ford lives on Los Feliz Boulevard in a pinkish, Moorish house."

And, all at once, she knew the answer! Wally and his lovely wife happened to be friends of hers—and she knew their little girl! Wally is Irish, and his little daughter has inherited all his romantic Irish imagination. She is still young enough to have a nurse, but already she's leading her daddy a life! Ginger dashed to Wally's house.

"So," she said to Wally, "I hear your child is going around telling everyone I'm her mother."

"I know it," admitted Wally. "What can I do? She gets these ideas. We can't get 'em out of her head."

The little girl herself came into the room.

"Hello, darling," Ginger greeted her.

"Hello, Mother," said the little girl.

"Now, let me get this straight," entreated Ginger. "Why am I your mother?"

"Because I like you, and so you're my mother," said the Ford infant gravely. "You gave me to Wally for a present. That's how he got me."

Ginger swept her into her arms. "All right, I'm your mother," she agreed. "I'm flattered to have you pick me."

So they had a laugh over it and the story had a happy ending after all. "Out of the mouths of babes," Ginger learned how silly she had been. A few days later, simultaneously, Wally's child prodigy decided to belong to her own mother again, and Ginger began to get good parts—not as a wicked woman, but as a hotcha girl. And that was the start of her Hollywood career.

These days Ginger seems to have forgotten her lurid, seventeen-year-old past.

But I hope she gets a chuckle out of this when she remembers it.

Why IS SALLY such A POPULAR SUMMER DATE?



On hot summer nights, when other girls wait for the telephone to ring, Sally's out having a grand time. Don't you want to know her summer secret—the reason for her popularity?

Yes, Sally's a summer heart-breaker. But busy as she is, she never omits her odorless Ivory baths. For she knows that even a popular girl has to take extra precautions to keep dainty in hot weather.

Just bathing frequently doesn't do the trick—if you use a perfumed or "medicated" soap. For, on a sultry night their odor may linger unpleasantly on your skin for a good many hours. And soap odors are every bit as unappealing to many people as is the odor of perspiration itself!

If you want to click with your next date, be sure your bath soap is pure, odorless Ivory. Ivory doesn't

cover up perspiration odor with a die-hard soap smell. Its odorless lather rids you of grime and perspiration *instantly* and rinses away, leaving your skin clean . . . sweet . . . velvety soft.

You'll be doing your complexion a favor if you wash your face with Ivory, too. Ivory treats your skin as tenderly as it does the tender skins of tiny babies. It won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin young and alluring to men.

Hurry, hurry to your nearest grocer and order your supply of Ivory today. A few pennies is little enough to spend for a baby-clear complexion and a whole summer's popularity!

IVORY SOAP

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

Baby, Take a Big Bow

(Continued from page 50)



Style

IN EVERY STEP with GRIFFIN ALLWITE for ALL white shoes

GRIFFIN ALLWITE gives a "new shoe" finish that *lasts*. Doesn't cake, crack or discolor . . . will not rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and actually cleans as it whitens.

Step out smartly with GRIFFIN ALLWITE. Use it on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10c . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y.

spending a million in advertising won't make a star, but personality and ability will—over night.

To a charm equal to Baby LeRoy's and a personality as individual as Jackie Cooper's, Shirley Temple adds a talent comparable to that of our outstanding stars. For that child can act—and how!

Only Menjou's superb work in "Little Miss Marker" prevented her from running away with that picture. And how utterly different was that from the baby soubrette part she played in "Stand Up And Cheer."

And how different again, is the picture she did with Jimmy Dunn for Fox—"Baby, Take a Bow." And her rôle in "Now I'll Tell," with Spencer Tracy. And, once more, her comedy and pathos rôle for which Paramount has signed her to play with Gary Cooper in "You Belong To Me."

SHIRLEY did not get into pictures via the usual route of a mother haunting the studio casting offices. Instead, a scout from Educational Pictures saw her in a dancing school, went to her mother and asked if they could give Shirley a screen test—with a view to putting her in the Baby Burlesque pictures which they were featuring. Shirley was not quite four at that time, yet before the year was out she was playing opposite Junior Coughlan in other Educational pictures.

It was while attending a neighborhood theatre in Hollywood that Jay Gorney, a Fox song writer, saw a preview of one of the pictures in which Shirley was playing, and then stumbled over her in the lobby of the theatre.

Fascinated by her, he insisted that the mother bring her to Fox for a test—which resulted in a small part in the picture "Carolina," and then a sketch in "Stand Up And Cheer."

"She was like a vivid, dainty little picture," explains Jay Gorney, "and yet just like any other kid—sort of shy and friendly and amazingly inquisitive."

Once in big time, Shirley just naturally soared. It seemed that each new part suited her better than the one she had just completed. With each succeeding characterization a new vein of ability was discovered in the child.

"She's the greatest natural dancer I've ever seen," exclaims Jimmy Dunn, "and has the most marvelous sense of rhythm I've ever witnessed." Yet the directors say she is a better actress than she is a dancer—that she can do more with her expressions than she can with that grand little voice of hers.

"She's absolutely uncanny—and yet she's just like any other kid; and as full of fun and mischief. Honestly," and he threw up his hands and grinned the famous Jimmy Dunn grin, "she's got me stumped."

And that is exactly the attitude of every one on the Fox lot. If you ask out there what her limitations are, they merely join in Jimmy's gesture of futility—for the child has never stumbled, faltered or been nervous in any work yet given her. She seems a double personality, one instant a normal, playful, happy child; the next a seasoned trouper.

The instant a bit is finished, whether in rehearsal or in actual shooting, the child is gone off somewhere to play, on a tour of investigation or up to some deviltry with Jimmy Dunn. Considering that the particular bit seldom takes more than five or ten minutes—sometimes considerably less—and that the delays in between bits are

lengthy, it is evident the child has ample opportunity to relax and drop back to being her normal self.

THIS flight back to playland was at first a distressing problem for Director Lachman in the making of "Baby, Take a Bow," for Shirley is possessed of the normal childish instinct to cover ground. The various assistant directors and Mrs. Temple debated the advisability of bicycles for themselves or a picket rope for Shirley.

The youngster's ability to discover simply gorgeous hiding places in the enormous sound stages is second only to her elusiveness when located.

Director Lachman, however, solved his problem in a manner novel enough to strike Shirley's fancy. One morning he brought to work with him a little tin horn that made a quacking noise.

"Now, Shirley," he said, "this is going to be your private and individual cue. It is for you alone—and if anybody else answers to it there is going to be trouble. When I blow it like this," sounding it once, "that means, 'Come on, Shirley, we want you to help us.' But when I do this," giving two sharp blasts, "that means come-a-running, that the camera's hot and waiting for you."

Shirley's eyes opened wide, and her golden curls literally danced from the violent nodding of her head. If there is one thing in the world that fascinates Shirley it is a "cue." That means more to her than anything else. She is always alert for it, and woe to the actor who misses his or hers, if they are playing with this little lady.

So all was well on the Fox front, till one day, during an important and difficult sequence, Shirley went on one of her excursions.

The camera was grinding and Lachman and the players were sweating.

"Get Shirley—and for God's sake hurry!" ordered the director.

An assistant director, a couple of extras and Shirley's mother were off instantly. They found her—hidden behind a pile of scenery. They couldn't get at her, though. And Shirley wouldn't come out.

"Come on, Shirley," called the assistant director, "they're waiting for you. It's a take." Shirley, however, merely glanced toward them, and kept about her own affairs.

"Hurry, dear," added her mother, "everybody is waiting for you. They need you right away."

"Just who is this woman?" asked Shirley's impartial glance.

"I got some candy," put in one of the extras.

"Shirley!" Sharply from her mother, this time.

"Aw," argued the assistant director, "come on, kid, the director's waiting for you."

"I didn't hear *my* cue," was the retort. Clearly Shirley intended that when they started anything with her they were going through with it.

"Oh, we can't give that. The director lost the call," blurted out the other extra, thereby winning a healthy kick in the ankle for his stupidity.

"That's too bad," returned Shirley from her vantage point, with an expression that would have done Hollywood's most heartless vamp proud. As far as Shirley was concerned it was too bad—and nothing else.

And don't think Director Lachman didn't

turn his pockets inside out and the script girl's desk upside down hunting for that duck call. He found it, blew it, and the show went on.

Speaking of cues, that is where Shirley shines. She knows every cue to every line of every part in every picture she plays. Every director or actor who has ever worked with her will swear to that.

To miss a cue would win Shirley's disgust, if she were not such a friendly little soul. But as it is, when another player misses his cue or twists a line, Shirley will slip him a surreptitious wink, a nudge or an irrepressible "oh," depending upon the gravity of his offense.

SHE learns her parts with a fifth the effort required by the older players and on one occasion, where a sequence taken on a Friday had to be re-shot on Wednesday, Shirley refused to brush up on her lines—she remembered them perfectly.

She is eager for each new script—and when her mother stopped with her at Paramount to get the script for "You Belong to Me," Shirley insisted that she start reading it to her in the car on the way back home. "And," says her mother, "she actually learned some of her own lines from that single reading."

One day she was in a rehearsal hall, rehearsing a new and difficult song and dance number. There were present Shirley's mother, Sammy Lee, Fox's dance producer, a piano player and one or two others. At the far end of the piano, his arms resting on its top, stood Jimmy Dunn.

The music starts, and Jimmy flashes through some steps. Sammy Lee leans forward and they consult a minute.

The piano sounds forth again and Shirley, who has come over to say hello to us, is across the floor—and suddenly her little arms begin to wave and her pink legs to twinkle.

The music takes new life, and the piano player has twisted around on his stool and is watching Shirley.

"Doggawn," says Jimmy, "look at that little brat, stealing my stuff." And there is Shirley, off all by herself, doing every step of Jimmy's number, and doing it perfectly.

But Jimmy doesn't mind. They're pals. And co-mischief-makers.

ON one occasion, when Director Lachman was stewing through an exceptionally difficult sequence, Jimmy took Shirley into the corner. Then, when things were especially tense, Jimmy thumped a piano and Shirley started an impromptu dance and began to sing "Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Lachman," with the result that a loud laugh released the tension and restored the good fellowship that is so valuable in the exacting work of picture-making.

Shirley wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth, nor yet in abject poverty. Her father is branch manager for a large Los Angeles bank and she has two older brothers, one in high school and one in junior college.

There are no great actresses, warriors or statesmen in the limbs of her family tree. She is just a normal kid—from a normal American family.

"She never amazed us with any uncanny gifts," confides her mother, "and the only way she was different from the other children was in her very light and airy carriage and love for mimicking. Her face was always expressive, and she quickly learned which expressions got the best results.

"Because of this rather flitting walk of hers, the neighbors used to watch her, and occasionally passers-by would stop and comment on it. Because of that I put her

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doer skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.

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2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.

3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

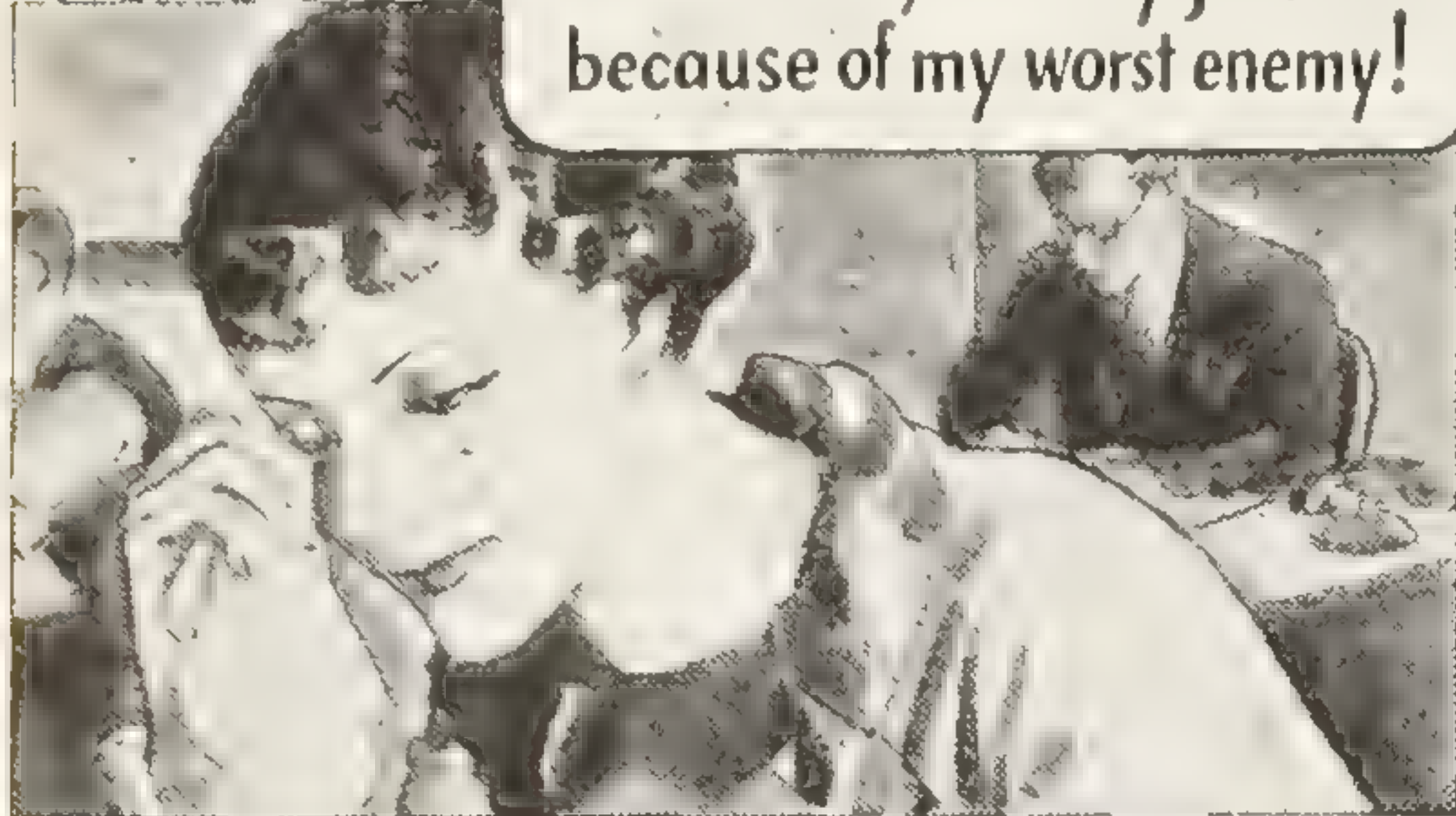
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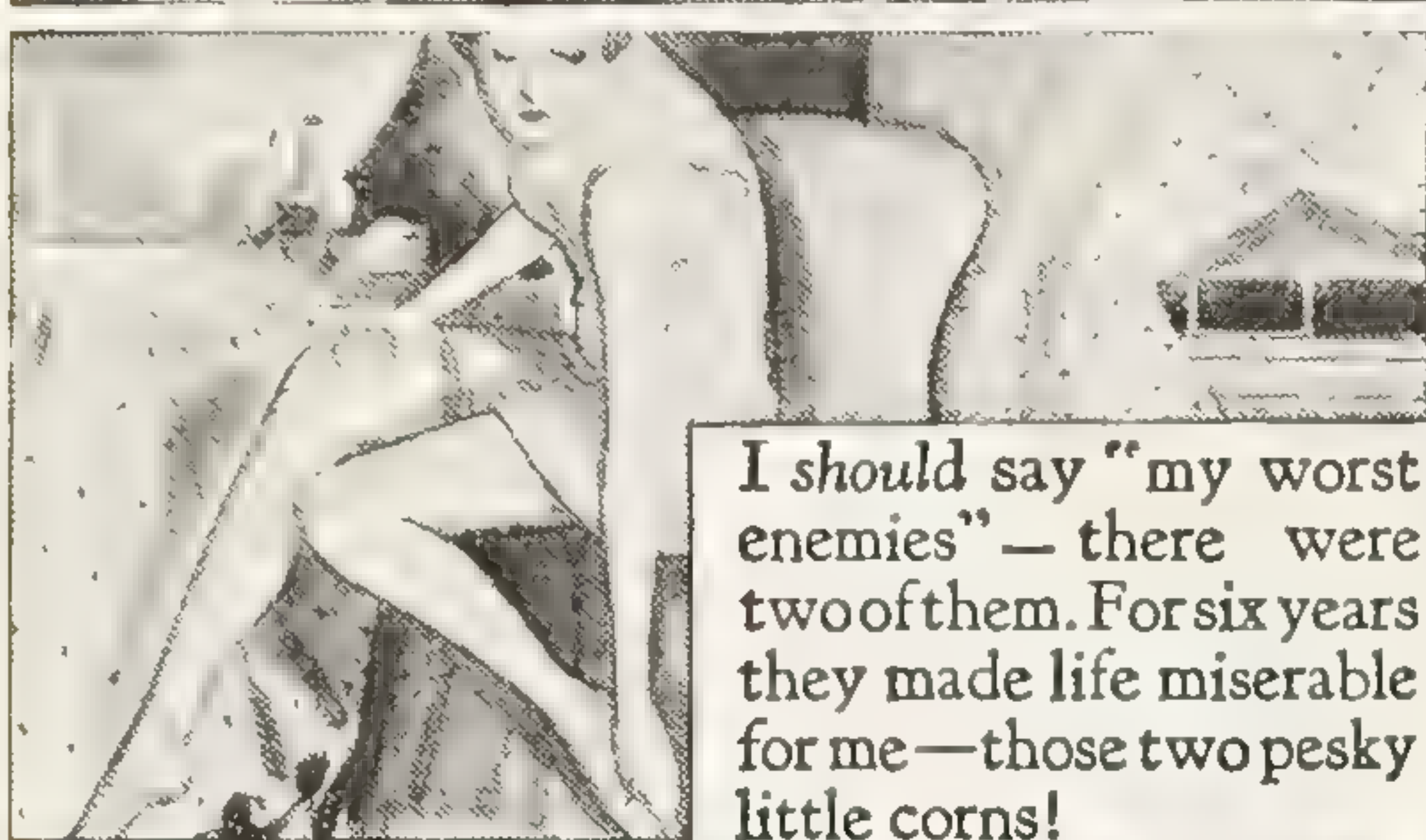
—a sad story with a happy ending



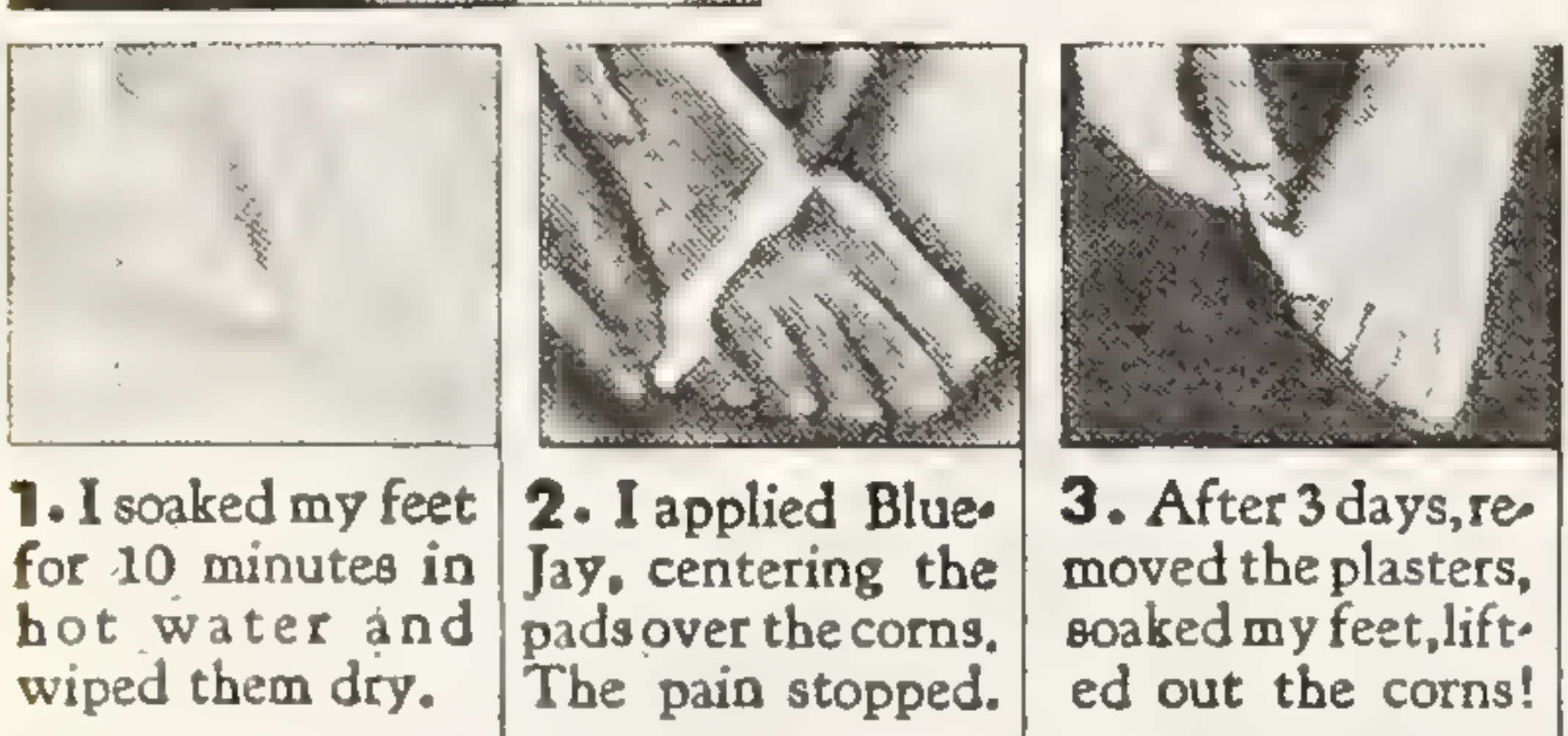
Life was a failure to me until six months ago. I quarrelled with my friends, fussed at home, and then finally lost my job. All because of my worst enemy!



I should say "my worst enemies"—there were two of them. For six years they made life miserable for me—those two pesky little corns!



But one day I learned how to deal a death blow to those offending members—with Blue-Jay! Did I do it? Here's how:



1. I soaked my feet for 10 minutes in hot water and wiped them dry.

2. I applied Blue-Jay, centering the pads over the corns. The pain stopped.

3. After 3 days, removed the plasters, soaked my feet, lifted out the corns!

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in a dancing school—but I never lent any particular significance to it. Neither my husband nor myself had ever thought of getting her into the movies."

Regarding that remarkable expressiveness of Shirley's, studio workers say that movie fans will never see her most pathetic expression, which, they claim, would melt the heart of a stone gargoyle. That expression is seen only on those rare occasions when she misses or jumbles a line. Then she will stop dead, say "Aw gee!" and let a look steal across her face that would make an assistant director weep.

Shirley held her fifth birthday party on the Fox lot April 2, outside the city limits of her home town of Santa Monica. She

still resides with her parents, Mrs. Gertrude and Mr. George F. Temple. She is not engaged, she likes cereals and eats spinach with relish—they say. She can't hear music without dancing or singing—and since she has gone into the movies she has not had a single privilege more than she enjoyed before fame knocked at her door. Her family lives exactly as they lived before, and her mother claims she would rather have the child out of movies than rob her of her childhood.

Shirley loves motion picture acting and adores Jimmy Dunn. Up to the present time no boy friends are calling for her at the studio and she still answers the old duck call.

She Ain't No Angel

(Continued from page 29)

handed down from year to year, since one of her earliest pictures. She was on location. When I first heard it, it was told this way: "We didn't get through with the shots, so Frank Borzage said we must stay over night. Janet raised an awful fuss. Wanted us to send for her mother. You know that kid's so innocent she didn't think she could stay on location without her mother." There was awe in his voice as he talked about it.

TODAY, I heard the story repeated. It was told this way: "Here's a good one on Gaynor. She pulled that innocent, baby stuff from the very beginning. Raised hell about staying on location in one of her early pictures because we wouldn't send for her mother!"

Both versions were right, taken from a time element viewpoint. Janet Gaynor was a child, ignorant of her own power, then. She was truly innocent and frightened of "the big bad wolf." The men of the company respected that naiveté and spoke with awe about it.

The story as told today refers to the Janet of today. She is no longer a child. She's a mature woman. She's been in love with men, married, divorced. She has learned about that "something" which Fate instilled in her—in a different make-up than Fate handed it to Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow or Clara Bow. And she's learned the power it gives her. Every woman learns that. And uses the knowledge, if she's clever. And no woman who isn't clever has been voted the most popular star in pictures, year after year.

Undoubtedly, Janet's first lesson about this indefinite "something" came from her sweet, puppy love for Herbert Moulton, Los Angeles newspaper man. Janet was playing in Universal comedies then. Not an easy life. She'd trailed from studio casting director to studio casting director. We had no Central Casting Bureau then. She'd learned the trick so common to Hollywood's ambitious youth—substituting cardboard for shoe leather. And to this child, the man, who was clever and good-looking and who could put her name in the newspapers, was what the first Lochinvars are to most of us. I have heard Janet criticized for dropping her fiancé, Mr. Moulton, the moment she signed her long term contract with Fox. I think that unfair. We cannot control either love or ambition.

One of Janet's early directors told me then, "She is like the string on a delicate violin. I can play upon it and get the exact tone I require."

As Director Frank Borzage played upon them in "Seventh Heaven" in one way,

Charlie Farrell did in another. Not designedly. That love between Janet and Charlie was one of the most natural and beautiful any of us have imagined. And it was the turning point in the life of Janet Gaynor.

ABOUT a year ago, the Fox publicity department engaged a new writer. He was assigned to handle Janet Gaynor. I chatted with him a few days after the assignment. "I'm going to create an entirely different Janet Gaynor. I'm going to make her warm and human and emotional. What she really is. I'm going to let her talk about her divorce and the fact she suffers from every-day troubles, even matrimonial, like others. I'm going to tear off the veneer and show the throb of the real woman—"

I asked for the first interview with the real Janet Gaynor. I checked with him a week later. "No can do. They won't let me. Say it would spoil her appeal at the box office. She's to remain 'Diane' forever."

For publicity purposes, Janet Gaynor must remain the girl she was in her first big release. I wondered about it then; I wonder now. "Seventh Heaven" ended when Chico came home and took his Diane into his arms. It ended on the old, honored theme, "They married and because they married, they lived happily ever after." But you didn't see the rest of Diane's and Chico's lives. You couldn't know whether they lived happily ever after, or not. I wonder whether even continual "happiness ever after" might not become monotonous.

Perhaps if Janet and Charlie had married when that picture was finished—when they were sizzling in that great flame which burned them as honestly as a rip-snorting fire does a wooden building—they might have lived happily ever after. I doubt it. I remember what Clara Bow told me once. "Women who are created with that something which makes 'em do things, never live smoothly and happily like women who haven't got it."

I repeat, Janet Gaynor has it.

What separated Janet and Charlie? Waiting too long. A familiar conclusion to engagements that drag on and on and on. They waited, first, for one reason. *Would it be professionally wise for them to marry?* I talked with both, many times, in those days. And "those days" were the era when studios contended stars should not marry. The youngsters debated and debated. And each day they waited, each became a little wiser. That gambling emotionalism of young adolescence slipped into more thoughtful youth; more thoughtful

Modern Screen

youth began to slide into most thoughtful maturity.

Janet was learning the potentialities of her power. She met Lydell Peck, an "outsider" from Oakland, a popular hero in his homeland. He tumbled to the "something."

Charlie was jealous. Not only of the woman, Janet, but the actress, Janet. It was a strange anomaly of fate, but "Seventh Heaven" gave Charlie the bigger part and Janet the bigger fame. Long after he had married Virginia Valli, Charlie told me, "After that first picture, each production was chosen with her in mind. I was simply her leading man. I kicked, but it didn't do any good. Each one was essentially a woman's picture."

IT took Charlie six years to leave Fox, but he left, according to his own explanation, because he refused to continue as just a leading man to Janet Gaynor. He lost \$63,000 and was off the screen nine months. And he has returned, now, because his part is equal to hers. Incidentally, if Charlie were the kind who wants revenge, he has it. The world so insisted that these two be reunited, that he was able to write his own financial and choice-of-story ticket when he returned to play again with Janet Gaynor.

Both Janet's and Charlie's marriages to "others" were called spite ones. That's the wrong word, I believe. They were—relief ones. Emotions boiled and re-boiled come to have a weary taste like meat treated in the same manner. Janet could not be expected to relinquish this newly-weighted power. A famous director had fallen in love with her. Lydell Peck had fallen in love with her. Another director was attempting to catch her most wistful expression. Also a producer. Charlie had found he could be king and the only king in another woman's affections.

Janet attempted to make a success of her marriage, an earnest attempt. Only she wasn't used to being told how to settle her contracts, what to wear, where to go. Ah, why does marriage make man so possessive?

As her marriage was one of relief, so was her Hawaiian home one of retreat. I have talked with people who knew Janet Gaynor over there. The life of the party—and many parties. A clever little trick flashing long looks from longer lashes at the men who literally stampeded around her. Life had become pretty serious in Hollywood. It became a game in Honolulu. You played it much as you played your ukulele—for the nice, pert little sounds that made you feel excited and free from responsibilities. And Janet had played the ukulele since the days when one of her school teachers called her "such a tom-boy."

As she made more and more trips upon the Pacific, she began to play more and more in Hollywood. A cunning little elf, dancing in dainty, clinging chiffons, her head snuggled upon big men's warm shoulders. I remember a Mayfair dance when she came over to Charlie's table (immediately behind me) and whisked him away. They didn't return until much, much later. Mrs. Farrell twisted and untwisted her handkerchief. Yet it was all so natural and human. Two almost-grown-ups dancing and dancing together, just to discover if they could feel as they did when they were not so grown-up.

AND at another Mayfair party, Janet dancing with the director. Undoubtedly hunting for what Janet and Charlie were hunting at the earlier party.

And suddenly, we awakened to find Janet—our Diane who hadn't married her Chico and lived happily ever after—the belle of

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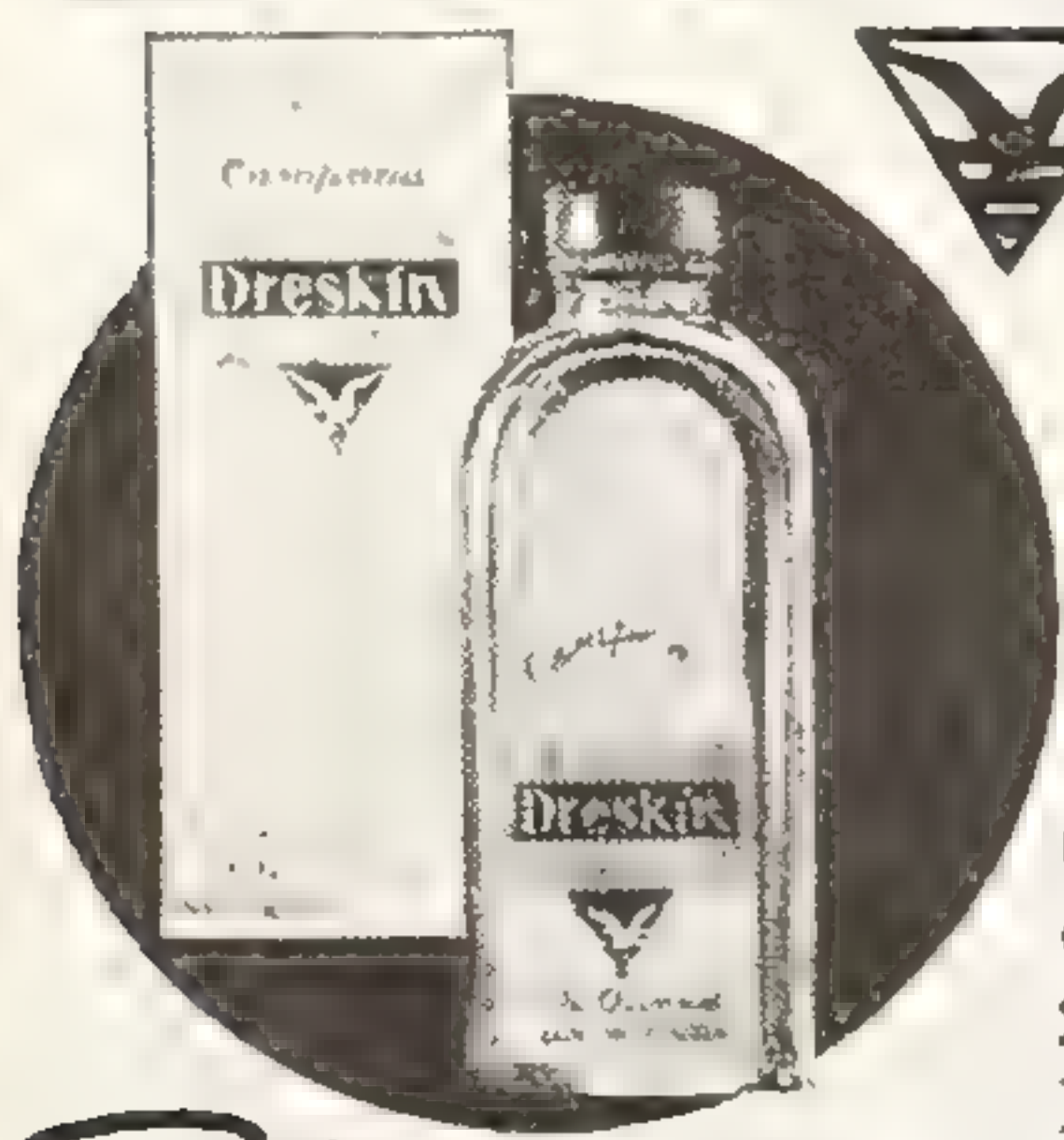
O Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

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many parties. A flirtatious, self-confident, little butterfly now, assured of her power to charm and be charmed. Sophisticated, but looking as innocent as she was when she demanded her mother be sent for if she must remain overnight on location.

And then, one night, at the Coconut Grove, she waltzed away, her aureate head snuggled against Robert Montgomery's shoulder. And they danced and danced and danced.

And Hollywood talked. It didn't approve of this because—well, one expected excitement from Clara Bow and forgave it because it was expected. Hollywood only refuses to forgive the unexpected. It demands everyone to live according to pattern. If Gloria Swanson should stop getting married, Hollywood would feel cheated. If Jean Harlow should stop getting into headlines—. And here was Janet Gaynor cheating, because she was not doing what was

expected. She must be naïve rather than flirtatious.

Even the studios got excited and scolded, even threatened their human properties, a little. But what is the fun of a flirtation if there is no opposition? Mrs. Montgomery alone held her head. She alone seemed to understand about the little minx who is Janet.

And now, I'm curious. The studio told the publicity man the public wouldn't like the real Janet Gaynor. She must continue to live unlike other women—only that part until she met and *didn't* marry Chico. I don't feel that way. I may be wrong. But I am wondering if the rest of the world doesn't love vivacious, tempting, even daring women more than ethereal ones, for the world doesn't like to realize that only very human women can act. And Janet Gaynor is, first of all, an actress. On the screen and off!

Her Husband Cured Her of Lying

(Continued from page 66)

wife?' My husband had three wives before he met and married me. I looked at the boy and then I said, 'How many girls have you tried to "make"?' The boy blushed and didn't answer. 'Listen,' I said, 'my husband doesn't go in for that sort of sport. He happens to ask them to marry him before he makes any overtures like that.' The boy had no comeback.

"I'm grateful to George for a lot of things. But, mostly, for one of the strange things that ever might interfere with the happiness of a young couple. Lying. My husband cured me of lying.

I WAS an incorrigible liar. All my life I had been. Nowadays with all these psychoanalysts running about, I suppose they would say that I had a 'complex.' When I was a child, and when I grew up, too, I was simply a fibber. I couldn't tell the truth.

"George cured me of it. It's not absolutely cured, of course. I sometimes feel the urge to lie. It's inexplicable and annoying. Even about the most simple things, I'm tempted to tell an untruth. But nowadays it's different. My respect and admiration and love for my husband have made me think before I lie. I see George's face, without a smile, looking gravely at me, and I see his dark eyes looking straight through me, right through my soul, and I stutter and pause a moment, and tell the truth!"

Married two years last January fourth, the Blondell-Barnes marriage seems to be one Hollywood match that is safe to comment on without knocking on wood. A warm, affectionate heart beating under a brittle, self-protective shellac, plus a domestic quality that was surprising to discover in the theatrical Miss Blondell, have combined to bring them happiness.

But despite the tranquillity of the Barnes domestic scene, there was that one quality that might have disrupted their contentment.

"It was never a small automobile accident with a damaged fender when I told about it," continued Joan. "No, it was always a brutal affair with ambulances, broken legs, arms and collar bones.

"In New York when I was making the rounds of the booking offices, before I came to Hollywood, I'd apply to an agent and he'd say, 'Let's see what you can do.' Well, maybe I'd give him part of a sketch that I had rehearsed, or done, and he'd say,

'Come around sometime next week. We may be casting then.'

"Down on Forty-second Street I'd meet a friend and she'd ask me what I was doing. 'I've just been signed for the grandest part,' I'd come back with. 'They're writing it in for me.' Five minutes later I'd meet another friend and he'd say: 'What's new?' 'New?' I've just been given a lead in that new thing they're putting on at the Morosco. More fun! They're talking about starring me next season.'

"Of course, my two pals would get together and roar with laughter at what I had told them. Just nuts, I guess . . . but it wasn't that, either. I was a born liar.

I CAN remember the first day at a school I attended. I was always attending new schools, jumping around the country the way the Eddie Blondells did. I have a sister, Gloria, who is seventeen, and a brother, Eddie, Jr.

"This time I had a good reason for wanting to leave the room, but I couldn't figure out what the teacher's code was. In some schools, I knew, you waved your hand at her. In others, you raised one or two fingers. This was a new system to me. The pupils had to take a piece of paper from the corner of her desk, and only one child was allowed out at a time.

"Well, I finally got the paper, performed my chore . . . I was only a little kid in a plaid silk dress . . . and got lost returning to the class room. The school was very big, and strange to me. I kept wandering around the halls, afraid to stick my nose in at any of the doors, and finally the teacher sent one of the monitors for me.

"Joan, where were you all this time?' the teacher asked me when I returned. I could easily have told her that I was lost. But, no. Not Blondell. Instead of telling her the truth and being excused because I was a newcomer, I told a cock-and-bull story about being lured from the building by a strange woman with a stick of candy, and how I finally escaped by running away from her. You can imagine the stir that caused.

"Even when I reached maturity and had dates, I'd be asked to dinner by some new acquaintance, and then my imagination would begin. 'Supposing,' I'd say to myself, 'he's married! Supposing, instead of John or Jack or Dick, my apartment door opens and his wife comes in! Comes in with their little child in her arms!'

"By the time my date finally arrived, I was really disappointed that he came alone, unaccompanied by wife or child, and was really a nice unattached boy.

"Someone has said that I'd be a good fiction writer. I almost believe that I might, had I not met and married George. There is something about his quietness, his sanity, his slowness, that stops me before I begin to tell a lie. I respect him so, you know, and admire him—his mind, his ability. I'm grateful to him, you can well imagine, for helping me fight this thing."

French and Irish, with the strong domestic and marital traits of each race dominant in her, it is obvious that the only man in the world to be Joan Blondell's husband is George Barnes. Together they live in a seven-room Hollywood hilltop home, cared for by two negro servants, Clarence and Chalmert (male and female, respectively), guarded by Teckie, a German police dog, and Cupcake, a Pekinese. Recently Cupcake was awarded a playmate, Popover.

WORLD-TRAVELLED (she has trouped in China and in Europe, crossed the United States by train some fifty-six times), Joan is happy now to have a home (with George) in which to settle down, but not to rest. She is so accustomed to rushing from town to town, from the end of one picture's shooting to the beginning of another (with a week-end's rest) that she has lost the ability to relax.

Full of nervous energy, but outwardly calm, Blondell is maternally solicitous over those few fortunate souls who attract her. For the others—well, she just can't be bothered. At intervals the studio attempts to promote, for publicity's sake, star feuds in the manner of the famous Gloria Swanson-Pola Negri wars. They attempted one between Genevieve Tobin and Blondell. Maybe it began of its own accord, but the feud did not flourish. "I should bother to speak to her if she doesn't want to speak to me," said Blondell with a shrug of her expressive shoulders. "Life is too short to quarrel. Just ignore it."

She was solicitous about George Barnes when she first saw him quietly peering through the blue of his cameraman's finding glass at the "Greeks" set. So self-effacingly, so expertly, did this ace photographer work, that Joan immediately thought he was being imposed upon, and immediately began to feel sorry for him. In his resemblance to the handsome Ronald Colman, she did not know that he had also been Mr. Colman's chief cameraman and was quite a fellow in his profession.

"Poor fellow," Joan said she told herself. "So quiet and mouse-like. I shall try and be nice to him."

It was unusual, it might be said, for Joan Blondell to give second glance to anything but the furniture on her motion picture sets. This nearsightedness included, also, assistant directors, et cetera. She found herself being "nice" to George Barnes and then she found herself in love, for the first time.

Blissful in their complete rapture in each other, although they would rather take a long motor trip, camping out, than attend a Hollywood premiere, they also share their joy. With them lives George's mother, invalidated for some years. For her, they have built a separate room, glassed on two sides to permit a hilltop view of Los Angeles' farflung reaches and the green beauty of San Fernando Valley.

With the October event in the offing, they will undoubtedly add a nursery for the sometime domestically-inclined Joan to dust. And Joan will, doubtless, go back to her career afterwards, managing it and motherhood with characteristic ease.

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SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



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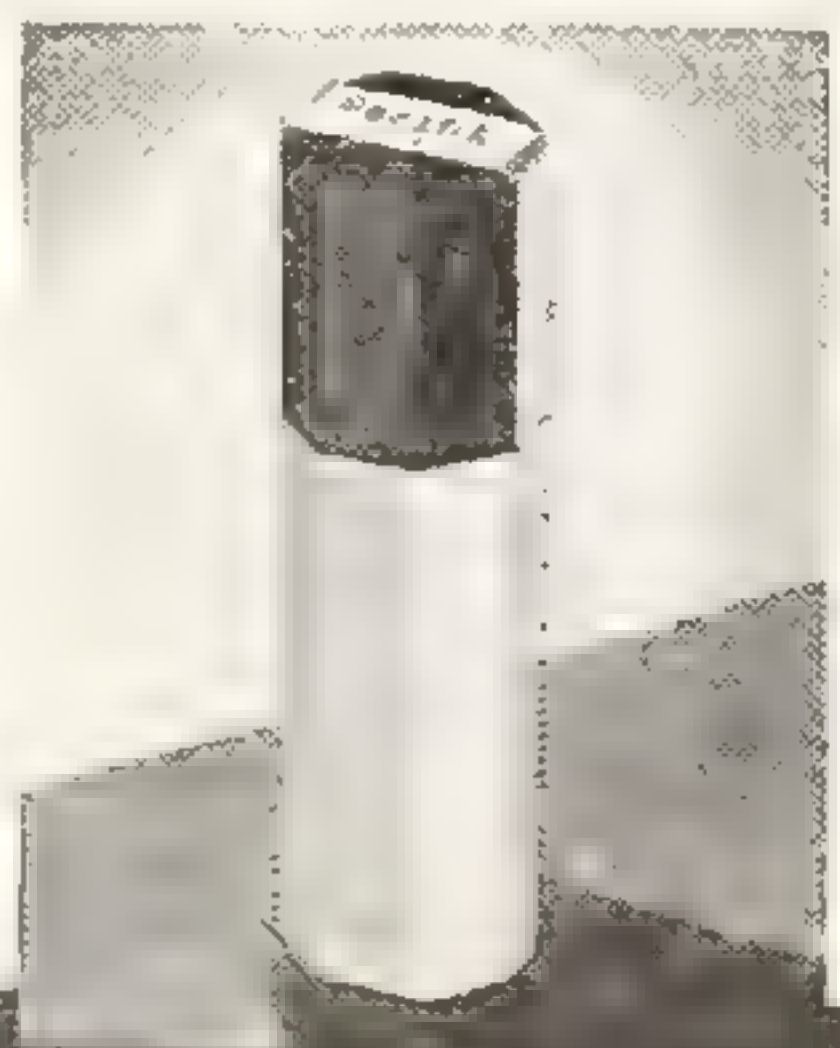
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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Who Is the Handsomest Man in Hollywood?

(Continued from page 63)

violently aflutter when he crashed into their vision a few years back. Here's what's the matter with Gable:

"Gable is what the French call a *'tete-carrée'*. That sounds very mysterious, but it isn't. It translates, very simply, into 'square-head.' True, this very squareness, accentuated as it is by those ears, does convey an impression of massive strength—like a strong, cubical block of stone. But, while it may have the force of a primitive brute, it's not artistically handsome. And besides, even this effect is spoiled by Clark's chin. That chin is definitely weak, and made even weaker by that dimple-like cleft in it. No, ladies—Gable's square-head may thrill something atavistic in you; his intellectual mouth and soft chin may appeal to something else in you. But he's *not* handsome!

"And now Barrymore. I think John is a fine fellow and he's one of my very closest friends. But when they rave about his handsomeness and his perfect profile, I say pish and tosh and twaddle. Oh, yes, even though he is over fifty, Barrymore is good-looking in his way, but there's too much sharpness there. It's probably the reflection of that keen wit and humor that's his—but in his face, it's too uncomfortably sharp to be handsome. Look at the profile photograph of Barrymore. You'll note I've superimposed an outline sketch of an old-fashioned battle-axe. And look how the outlines of that murderously keen weapon follow the famed profile. Interesting, eh? And significant?

"Now, for John Boles. Boles is a rather good-looking man, to be sure. But look at his picture. Look at those eyes, look at the self-pleased quirk of the mouth, look at the whole meaning of that expression. It all amounts to what I'd call 'manly-conceit.' Rather a frank awareness of his own attractiveness. Not swell-headedness, but merely a realization that he is good-looking. But it's just that realization, reflected in that face of manly-conceit, that detracts from true handsomeness there.

"That brings us to Joel McCrea. Joel is a lovely he-animal. He's got a fine body, a splendid head, a face that's easy to look at. But it's all so gosh-darned *average*! His face is too perfectly regular and balanced. I'd call him 'the perfect Arrow Collar boy' because, although the face is not hard to look at, there's nothing distinctive and individualized enough in it to make you look at it twice—and so you'd look at the collar it's wearing. The face suggests that Joel possesses an average mentality, average emotional qualities, average manliness; in short, average everything.

NOW, Fredric March. Here's a queer sort of face, on analysis. Maybe you feel it, too. You somehow can't quite put your finger on what's wrong with March's face, can you? Look at his portrait and what I've marked on it. See the line across the face? That line divides his face into two distinct personalities, as far apart as the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde roles he played so perfectly. The top of the March face conveys, to the discerning artist, a sense of force, driving power, strength—which adds up to masculine handsomeness. And then, the bottom of the face destroys it all. The mouth, chin and jaw-line all convey a sense of weakness, let-down, recession. If Freddie's mouth and chin and jaw matched his upper head, he'd be so handsome that he'd approach beauty.

"George Raft—yes, he's good-looking in a mysterious, sinister sort of way. But for one thing, he's too short. That shortness militates against the aggressiveness that makes his face attractive. His face doesn't match his body. It's the face of a fighter, a big business man. But his small stature belies it, and the whole effect is incongruous enough to definitely drop George into the also-ran class.

"And now, here is Franchot Tone. For one thing, Franchot is almost too 'pretty' to be handsome. The Tone face is, far more than most faces, an index of the man. There are humor and wit in it; there's intelligence, but not intellectuality. There's sophistication and there is a whimsicality which dominates it all. These characteristics, playing on the surface of the face like colors on a screen, are interesting, but they do not constitute handsomeness.

"Leslie Howard. Leslie is strong, with a force which has been called sex appeal. There is in him that animal magnetism which makes women rave about him. And so, with the charming inconsistency of the sex, women snap to the conclusion that he's 'handsome.' He's nothing of the kind. His face is too long, by far. Why, look at his portrait and see how I've marked it.

"I've enclosed the face in a rectangle and you can measure it to learn that it's amazing in its disproportion—almost distorted, for it is twice as long as it is wide. This indicates a tremendous spirituality and sensitiveness, but it is not handsome. It's the face of an aesthete, the man who dominates women rather by his mind than by his face or body. And if you don't believe me, ask the women who know him.

AND that brings me to two men whom I do include among the first ten runners-up in the race for the crown of the handsomest man on the screen—Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. I know that most of you will hoot at me in derision for including these two in that classification. 'What!' you'll scream, 'those tough mugs?' And I answer yes.

"Both of them play tough-mug rôles on the screen. They bash women's faces; they act exactly like brutes. And you confuse this screen character with your estimation of them. In other words, you are blinded by your preconceived notion of them, and so you can't see what I, looking merely through the coldly analytical eyes of the artist, see in them—a real beauty, a real handsomeness. And the reason? The reason is that both of them, despite the roles they play, are actually sensitive, spiritual souls. Cagney and Robinson, I insist, are men who'd far rather talk of art, philosophy, abstract and spiritual things, than bash a grapefruit into a girl's face. Underlying their facial characteristics is a sense of gentleness and humor that leaves them, clearly analyzed, spiritually attractive. Even though, in the superficial sense, they're not truly handsome.

"Before I dismiss them, I want to call your attention to the picture of Eddie Robinson and the oval I've marked on it. I've done this to demonstrate a point—that Robinson's face is one of the most unusual I have ever seen. Contrary, for example, to that of Leslie Howard, Robinson's face is almost broader than it is long. I'd call him the 'male Sylvia Sydney,' for both of them have that strange facial characteristic. Robinson's facial distortion is so great that it's almost as though you were seeing it in one of those distortion mirrors you

encounter in amusement parks. You know, Robinson's face is like the face that looks back at you out of the mirror that makes you short and fat, and Leslie Howard's is the face that looks back out of the 'tall-and-skinny' mirror, eh? But, they're not beautiful, are they?

"Well, there you are. I've told you who, from the purely artistic viewpoint, is the handsomest man on the screen and who's the most beautiful. And I've told you why the rest of them aren't. And now, let the deluge come!"

Take a Leaf from Jeanette's Book

(Continued from page 69)

gramophone while hanging on the fence. The majority, however, were of my own improvising.

"When we finally had a gramophone of our own, my joy knew no bounds. I played for hours old cylinder records of great stars of the day—Galli-Curci, Schumann-Heink, Tetrassini—singing along with them. The records were worn out with playing long before I heard my first opera when I was almost seventeen.

I FULLY expected to entertain whenever visitors called. Knowing I would be asked, I was prepared. I faced my small audience in the parlor with greater assurance than I have been able to muster for any audience since.

"It is my belief that we all suffer more intensely in childhood than we do in maturity. Fortunately our sorrows and disappointments are not lasting, for young minds forget easily. Yet the suffering, while it is endured, is more poignant than anything most of us encounter again in later life. I know that I have never experienced such tragic doubt as the fear that my physical defects might keep me out of the theatre.

"As I have said, it was playing with older girls in school that brought me my first realization of self-consciousness. Even today, I hesitate to do anything that I do not believe I can do well. Is that too frank an admission?

"Growing up was torture. I shot up like a weed, all at once. It seemed I would never stop. Every day I measured my height. I was so afraid I would be too tall. I had heard somewhere that actresses must be small. It was a relief when, at five feet, four and a half inches I stopped growing.

"Being teased about my size was no help to my feelings. I never let on that I was hurt. Then, when they began to point to my 'skinny' legs and tease me about being awkward, I nearly died of shame.

"I tried to hold my tears but sometimes I couldn't. Mother wisely allowed me to believe I was keeping a secret from her. She consoled me only indirectly for fear too much pampering would make me vain and conceited. She preached that everything would come out for the best, without letting me know it was a doctrine.

"My first chance for a stage career was as a chorus girl in Ned Weyburn's 'Demi-Tasse Revue.' That this was my start was unfortunate in one respect. My sensitivity was increased by the necessity of dressing with the other girls. Accustomed to their pretty silken lingerie, they laughed at my school-girl bloomers and cotton vests. I could not afford expensive things



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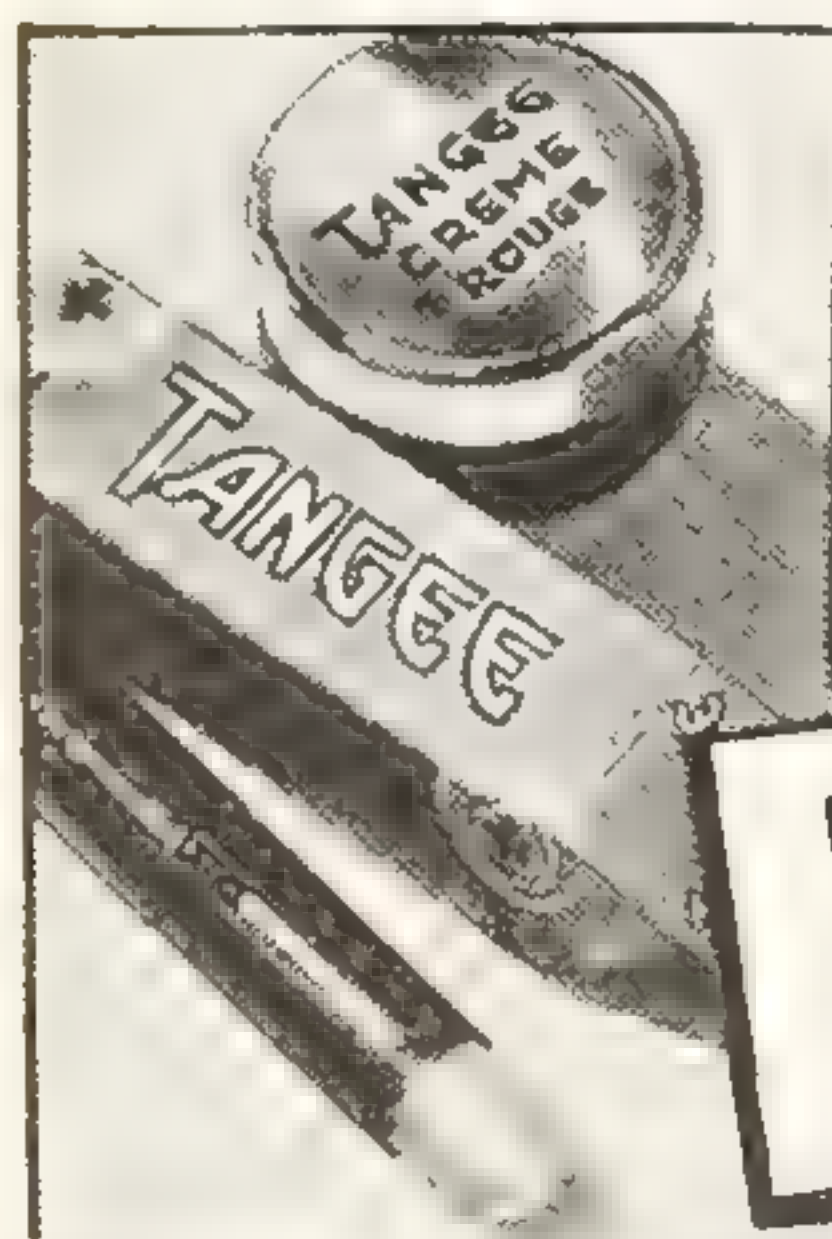
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and rather than face the scorn of my companions, I came to the theatre early that I might undress alone and left late for the same reason.

I SHALL never forget another embarrassment. One of the girls learned that I was covering my lack of chest development by rolling up stockings to bulge out my bodice. She told the others and I was subjected to cruel teasing.

"Yet, worst of all were my legs. My body was developing curves and my freckles could be covered with greasepaint. But my legs remained abnormally thin and straight.

"After two chorus jobs, I went on tour with 'Irene,' my first singing role. I was thankful to be able to wear long dresses in the part, for by this time my legs had become an obsession.

"Then, somewhere, I heard of an exercise that was supposed to develop leg muscles. It consisted of placing three or four books upon the floor, and in stockinged feet, stepping upon the slight elevation to balance upon tip-toes with as much heel over the edge as could be managed and yet retain balance. By alternately dropping back so that your heels almost touch the floor and rising as far as possible on tip-toe, all of the leg muscles are exercised. It is more strenuous than it may sound.

"For months, I carried books with me wherever I went. In hotel rooms, dressing-rooms, anywhere that I was by myself, I exercised for hours and hours. Aching leg

muscles kept me awake at night but I was bound and determined to give the exercise a fair trial. Did I notice a slight improvement? The belief that I did, only set me to working harder.

"Five long years, I exercised daily, doing the routine a hundred times each morning and another hundred each night. There was no question but what I was improving the shape of my legs and I no longer avoided a part that called for dancing and short skirts.

"Then 'Yes, Yes, Yvette' and a review of the show actually mentioned my legs—said they were 'lovely.' Can you understand my elation? I hope I do not seem vain in being pleased. It meant that my five-year battle against ugliness was won at last.

"I want to explain, though, that the underscoring in the scrapbook is mother's work, not mine. After she had pasted the clipping, I confess seeking it out to re-read. It was the first time I had read any review of a show after it was in the scrapbook. But I wanted to make sure I hadn't dreamed this one.

"I saw the underscoring the moment I picked up the book. I saw, too, that mother had similarly accentuated any reference to beauty in other clippings. It was her wise way of telling me that I wasn't as bad as I had imagined myself to be.

"And now you have the story I have never told before and doubtless wouldn't have told now, if you hadn't found this little scrapbook."

How Oakie Gets His Women

(Continued from page 34)

Will you believe it—he even remembers my mother's birthday, and sends her a gift every year. How can a girl help but admire a man like that? It's just the little thoughtful things that are dear to every woman's heart."

Well, there's *one* answer—sincerity, loyalty, thoughtfulness. Hm-m— Maybe we're going to find out some things about this boy, Jack, we didn't know before.

FOUR years have gone by and Mary and Jack are still pals. Mary was at a party recently when Jack came with another girl. (Beautiful, too!) Knowing how well Jack likes his parties, Mary began to snicker, along about 2 A. M., when she noticed the other gorgeous damsel beginning to wilt and yawn and look at her wrist-watch. At 3 A. M. the girl was coming right out with it and saying, "Jack, for heaven's sake let's go!" And Jack was still saying, politely, "Why, sure, in just a minute, now." At 5 A. M., in desperation, the girl sought out Mary. "I'm simply dying, I'm so tired," she said. "Please, how do I get him to leave? They say you're the only girl in Hollywood that knows how." Mary was laughing so by then that she couldn't tell her. Her own recipe is merely to say, "Jack, I'm leaving," sail out the door and call a taxi. Jack stands stunned for a minute, peeks out the door to see if she really means it, then goes into a panic, dashes for his hat and coat, and jumps into the cab just as it's pulling out.

Well, there were a couple of 'em in between, but we can skip to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Now, there's a name to conjure with! And no bum wisecracks about Conjure Hear Me Calling You, or Let Joyce Be Unconfined, either. Peggy had been married to half a dozen millionaires

before she ever hit Hollywood. All of you knew, right from the start, that she'd start running around with some man the minute she got there. A town is only a town to Peggy, but men are something she has to carry around with her the way other people carry aspirin. The only question was, who was the man going to be? Surely he would be, at the very least, another millionaire!

And who did it turn out to be?

Why, little Jack Oakie, with his fife and drum!

Figure that one out. If Jack didn't have a million dollars to intrigue Peggy, what *did* he have?

Peggy's very name is a synonym for pearls and ermine and orchids and bank accounts and marriage. Not one of 'em did she get handed by Oakie-Pokie. She is the ultra-ultra-ultra sophisticate. Jack is about as sophisticated as a hog-caller. It was the very contrast between them that lured Peggy into the net set by Jack, the Vampire!

Here was a guy who slapped you on the back and called you "Sis," who didn't care what your social or bank rating was just so you had fun out of life, who didn't go moo-eyed at meeting her, the way the Miami and Palm Beach playboys did, who didn't soft-soap her with cloying flattery, who was as fresh and earthy and hardy as a head of cabbage before it's washed.

And did Peggy go for it!

AND after Peggy it was Toby Wing. Toby was the newest Hollywood rage. Every man in town was after her. And what did she say? What did little Toby say, in her nest at break of day?

"I'd break a date with anybody any time to go out with Jack Oakie!"

Oakie treated Toby rough, too. When

he calls for a girl—he expects her to be ready and gives her the cold stare if she isn't. Toby never can get ready on time. Moreover, Jack had a most ungallant way of not seeming to give a darn whether it was Toby or her sister Pat that he took out. Whichever girl got to the phone first got the date. Now, we ask you, is that any way to treat a lady?

Nor has Jack ever put on any dog with Toby. He leaves his big car in the garage and calls for her in his old Ford, known as The Old Oakie Bucket. They go for a ride and the big feature of the evening's entertainment is to drop into a roadside sandwich joint in order to let Jack guzzle his favorite drink. That drink happens to be—Oh, Shades of Wicked Hollywood, Oh Shades That Are Never Pulled Down, we just have to tell you, free ad or no free ad—hot Ovaltine, the potion that is supposed to put you to sleep. Gallant? Is it gallant to go out with a blonde and imbibe steaming drinks guaranteed to furnish you with sound slumber?

"Why do I like Jack?" asks Toby. "Well, there are two perfectly good reasons, if you must know. First of all, not many people have an idea of it, but it happens to be Jack who 'discovered' me. Two years ago I visited a set he was working on, and when he was introduced to me he said, 'I'm going to be your Columbus.' I thought he was handing me a line, but two days later he made appointments with Samuel Goldwyn and Mack Sennett for me. Not only that, he called for me himself and drove me out to see both of them. That's how I got into pictures. A girl doesn't forget a fellow that makes good on his word like that.

"The other reason—well, a lot of girls will understand this one, I guess. It's just that I've known Jack for more than two years, now, and not once has he tried to kiss me or get rough in any way. 'Nough said!"

IT isn't fair to say who the next girl after Toby was, because Jack still sees Toby, just the way he still sees Mary Brian. He always stays friends with his girls. (There must be a pretty good reason for that, too!) Anyhow, speaking strictly in point of time, the next after Toby was not one but *eleven* girls, and the same old story all over again. For "Murder at the Vanities," Earl Carroll brought eleven of his most glamorous show-girls out to Hollywood from New York. Every man in Hollywood was after one of them. And who was the little lad who got all eleven?

Oakie! Gr-r-r!

Blessings on thee, Little Man!

They all made him their pet, but he picked two of them to date regularly—Ernestine Anderson and Ruth Hilliard, Ernestine a red-head and Ruth a brunette. He took 'em out singly and he took 'em out doubly. No other living male can get away with stunts like that, but Julius Caesar Oakie can do it and make 'em like it. The Clyde Beatty of the Chorus, that's what they call him.

"Jack treats me as if I were his kid sister," said Ruth. "And maybe you think it isn't a relief not to have to think up coy answers!"

Sincere. Loyal. Considerate. Thoughtful. Natural. Sticking by his word. Never acting rough. Having fun. Thinking up things to amuse people.

Those are pretty nice things to have said about you, by the girls you date.

Maybe some of the rest of you boys should take lessons from the Old Maestro.

Maybe it isn't so hard to understand after all.

Maybe Jack is just a swell, decent fellow.



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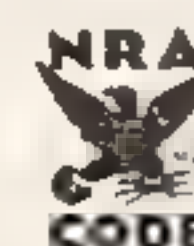
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Pretty As a Picture... But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her “eternal powder puff.” She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was—well, not well cared for!

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But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. L-202, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock Face Powder

Join the Beach Vamps

(Continued from page 73)

Then Frances Drake comes across with her ideas on this sun-bath, ocean-bath idea: “The new wrap-around beach frocks,” she says, “have caught my fancy. I plan to discard pajamas entirely for the beach this year and to equip myself with several gingham and linen wrap-arounds and some slip-on beach frocks that are backless, with skirts ending halfway between my ankles and my knees. One of these frocks I shall have in red and white, and another in green and white. My bathing suits are already purchased. One is a one-piece black affair for serious swimming, another is brown and white, and still another is aquamarine blue. All, of course, are backless.”

Frances has the right idea. Wrap-around skirts are as good as slacks this year, and moreover they are becoming to so many more types of people. It takes the girl with long thin legs to wear trousers well, whereas skirts look well on anyone.

Dorothy Dell says she is ready for the beach this summer with a really different outfit. “It is a play suit of white piqué,” she says, “with an anchor embroidered in blue on the front. The ‘different’ touch is found in the wide mesh cape of rope net, worn carelessly but effectively over the shoulders.” (You know it must be effective if she does it.) “I am also fortified against freckles,” she tells us, “with one large, crownless hat that ties firmly beneath the chin with a bandanna tie of brilliant red. As for bathing suits, I prefer mine to be two-piece—trunks and uppers. I am stocking up with many different color combinations.”

You can knit your own trunks if you are handy, and wear half of a large handkerchief for the top, tied around the neck and again around the waist. This is one of the most popular bathing outfits of the year.

Ann Sothern clings to her slacks. She looks well in them—that’s why. This year she is using beige with a coat to match, and brown sweaters or shirts to repeat the accent of the brown buttons and belt buckles. For swimming, she says, she likes the Hawaiian shorts in beige or white, striped with blue, and backless handkerchief tops. Her shorts are made of very heavily corded material, proof against becoming water-logged.

Muriel Evans knows her stuff when she says, “I keep my beach paraphernalia quiet as to color and simple in design.” She realizes that her figure, with its perfect lines, shows to full advantage when it is not too much dolled up and decorated. She says that her ideal suit is a knitted one. Her skin is dyed by the sun to a deep brown tan, and white with yellow tones does set off this coloring miraculously. Over this yellow and white suit she wears a yellow flannel coat. Muriel likes tiny knitted caps for the beach to keep her hair sandless and under control.

These hints from the fountain of fashion, from the girls in the know, will help you to assemble your bathing suits and beach clothes so that they are correct and sure to flatter your good points. There is no happier costume known for summer than the one to be worn on the beach. We’re lucky because fashion today lets us do the thing so becomingly.

One Girl’s True Hollywood Experiences

(Continued from page 31)

thousands of others she, too, had often dreamed of being a movie star. Like thousands of other girls, she had played parts in amateur theatricals—at the Teachers School and elsewhere.

MODERN SCREEN’s proposition was laid before her and her widowed mother and her brother, “head of the family” since her father’s death. Of course they were surprised. The proposition was, to say the least, unusual. But eventually, they accepted.

Eva Beryl Tree finished her school term, and at the end of January of this year, packed her clothes, kissed her mother goodbye, and began her adventure.

Our writer met her at the station in Los Angeles. He reports that she looked scared to death. “Believe it or not,” she told him, “but this is the first time I have ever been away from home alone!” He drove her to the heart of Hollywood—the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue. There he set her down and said, “Here you are. Here’s your three hundred dollars. From now on, you’re on your own; it’s up to you. So long. And good luck.”

The only times he saw her after that were the brief contacts at which she turned over her reports of what had happened, and her diary as she kept it from day to day. And here, in her own words, is the story that diary tells.

I’VE been in Hollywood three months now, trying to crash the movies. Three months—and I feel five years older.

Whether or not I’ll ever succeed, I don’t know. I’m still trying. I’ve had interviews galore. I’ve had screen and voice tests at the biggest studios. I’ve talked to casting directors and producers. I’ve even had tentative contract offers dangled before me. It’s been busy and exciting and thrilling, but as yet, I’ve not worked a single minute in any actual production. But I’m still at it and it’s a grand fight.

I’ve promised MODERN SCREEN to tell it all. And I’m going to—without reserve. I’m going to reveal everything that happened to me, as well as I can in words. I’m going to write this story from the diary that I’ve kept day by day. But even now, as I look into it and see some of the things I wrote, I wonder how I could have changed so much in such a short time.

Here’s the first entry in my diary: “Jan. 30—Found an apartment and moved in. Norma Shearer used to live here.”

How that recalls that first awful moment when I was set down in the middle of Hollywood, alone, and told that from now on, I was on my own. I was terrified. Strange city, strange people, first time in my life I’d been really “away from home” alone. I’d already decided on an apartment so as not to be hampered by the mealtime rigidity of a boarding-house, or

the cold unfriendliness of a hotel room. I didn't know how to find the apartment, though, so I just started walking. Lady Luck must have guided me. I saw an "Apt. To Let" sign and rang a doorbell and a nice woman answered.

"Alone?" she asked. I nodded. "Movies?" she smiled. I nodded again. She led me to a rear bungalow divided into four one-room-kitchen-and-bath apartments, with those beds that come out of the wall. "Thirty dollars." I hesitated. Thirty out of my hundred-a-month seemed so much. "And Norma Shearer used to live here," she added.

I gave her the thirty on the spot. I always did play hunches. Getting my trunk and luggage, stocking up with groceries, getting settled—these things took up the day. Then, here it is in my diary; I wrote it that night: "—and now I'm going to bed and am I frightened! I know I'll never sleep." The "know" is thrice underlined. It was the first time I'd ever slept anywhere where my mother wasn't within whisper-call. I got into bed and trembled, wide awake.

"Jan. 31—Went to Paramount . . ."

My first movie studio! I'm used to them now—so used to them. But what a kick that first sight of one was. A long two-story building, and grill-iron gates. Inside, movie set after movie set. Down the street, a long line of people in make-up—extras, I told myself—filing by a window, getting green slips of paper.

Somebody told me where the casting office was, and I stepped into a side show. Dozens of girls whose hair ranged from mustard-green to pink. Mexicans, negroes, whites. A dwarf. Pompous old men and bulbous ones and skinny ones. And all of them looking weary, tired, sick of it all. I wondered in a flash of terror if I'd become one of these. "Waddaya want?" asked a girl at a desk. "Mr. Datig," I said. He was casting director; I'd learned his name in advance. "Sign here an' sit-down-and-waittill-ya-called." I looked for a chair, and a big woman beckoned to me.

"Sit here, dearie," she said. "What's yer name?" I told her. "Where ya livin'?" I told her. "Alone?" I said "Yes." She squeezed closer to me on the bench and said, "You're a nice girl. Hadn't ought to live by yourself. Whyn't y'come an' live where I do?" Something in me curled up and tried to die at the touch of her body squeezing against me. She dragged a scrapbook from a case under her arm. It was filled with character makeup pictures of herself.

She moved even closer and she flung her arm across my shoulder and shoved the album into my lap. I heard some girl in the room snicker, and felt ill. I was never so glad in my life when I heard my name called. I jumped like a spring and never saw the woman again. Somehow, she got my telephone number; probably from the address I'd given her. She called me up again and again. But I never saw her. I'm under twenty-one, but I'm not an ignominamus.

THEY led me to a second ante-room. "Mr. Datig'll see you in a minute," said a lad. Two other persons sat there. One was a character actor I'd seen often but didn't know by name. I was thrilled. The other was a sleek sheik with patent-leather hair, pasty white face and eyes that sliced through my dress, it seemed, and saw every square inch of my legs. I'll swear by the time my name was called again, I actually felt his eyes on my legs. I'd been "eye-undressed" before; every girl has. But never so thoroughly as this time.

"Mr. Datig'll see you now." I took a deep breath and prepared to meet my first Casting Director. I was ready for any-

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"



*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but *is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows

the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.



PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!



Have ALLURING EYES Like Peg's Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



NEW "COLLOIDAL" TREATMENT FOR BAD SKIN!

DOCTORS working in many localities have been obtaining wonderful results, treating eczema, pimples, boils and similar skin outbreaks with a new, non-irritating "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) preparation. A typical group of cases reported in one medical journal, showed that 95% of eczema cases and 100% of boil cases so treated showed decided improvement—results were called "spectacular!" Marvelously effective also for cuts, burns, wounds, poison ivy. Astounding how *quickly* it allays itching and pain!

Now you can get this "CAC" treatment at your druggist's, under the name HYDROSAL. In liquid or ointment form. Remember—ask for HYDROSAL today.

Hydrosal

thing. I'd heard all sorts of tales of what goes on in Casting Offices.

It was brief, that interview, but somehow this man packed into it a richness of hope. I told him honestly what I was and what I wanted. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had kicked me out. Instead, he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Tree. All our pictures are fully cast now. But don't let that discourage you. I want you to come back in a few weeks, and maybe I can give you a chance." He took my telephone number. I went out singing.

Next day, I walked to Columbia studios and smack up against a sign: "No Casting Today." I know better now than to let a thing like that stop me, but then I was too new. I started back home. A long black car hummed by and Jack LaRue sat at the wheel. He was the first movie star I'd seen since I'd arrived and I smiled at him. A few moments later, tires squeaked along the curb beside me and a long, black auto hood rolled into my vision.

"How do y' do?" asked a deep voice and I looked up, fully expecting to see Jack LaRue there. But it was a blonde youth with pimples and a smirk. "I'll drive y' to the next studio, sweetheart," he said.

"Sir, I prefer to walk," I retorted in my best melodramatic style. He told me a word that's not at all nice.

IN my diary, that night, I wrote this: "You've been a foolish coward, EBT, and tomorrow you're going back to Columbia and get in!" And I did.

The "No Casting Today" sign was still up. I think it's fastened there permanently. I've never been there without seeing it. This time I paid it no heed, and banged on a window. It flew up and a pretty blonde looked out. "I want to see Mr. Kelly," I said (I'd found out Kelly was the casting director's name here), "and my name's Eva Beryl Tree."

She looked at me for a moment and amazed me with: "My, what a cute little sweater and cap. Did you make it yourself? C'mon in; I want to see it better."

Of all things—to crash a studio on one's cap and sweater! In I went, and a door was open with the name Mr. Kelly on it. The girl looked at me and winked and I knew that one person in Hollywood, at least, had a heart.

A blue-eyed man grinned a grin that wrecked all formality. "You're Mr. Kelly, aren't you?" I said, and rattled on before he had a chance to tell me to get out. "I'm Eva Beryl Tree and I want to start in motion pictures and I'm an entire stranger here and I'm coming to you for help and I don't know much about pictures." but—

My breath ran out and he grinned. I grinned back. We began to talk as though we had known each other for years. He asked me what I thought of Hollywood and I said the streets were too full of girls trying to be Garbos and Crawfords and Harlows. He agreed and looked me up and down.

"How tall are you and how much do you weigh?" Five one and a half and 98 I told him. "H'm, not as bulky as I thought," he said, to himself rather than me. "Living with your folks?" he asked.

No. "Does your mother approve?" I wondered what difference that made, and figured he was getting too warm with his questions.

"Mr. Kelly," I said, "I'm living alone and my mother doesn't exactly approve of that or my trying to get into movies, but I know everything I'm supposed to know and my mother just trusts me, so there."

Mr. Kelly laughed again and told me to follow him. We went to another office.

"Here's a new girl for us, North," said Mr. Kelly. I felt like a slave at auction.

"I see you don't wear much," he said. I tugged at my skirt. "Much make-up, I mean," he snapped. I blushed.

"I think girls here wear too much, Mr. North," I said. "I believe in being natural." I waited for questions about my experience, training, ambitions, and such. They never came. We just talked of Hollywood, its people, even about Shakespeare and Browning. I quoted them both, and was amazed when he recognized the quotation. I'd always supposed movie producers were ignorant men who spoke with an accent. This man was intelligent and well educated. All the time we talked, he watched me keenly. Never did his eyes leave me. I know now that it's not one's experiences they base judgment on; it's what they see in you when you're talking to them, like that. Kelly asked, "Well, what about her?"

"H'm, till you see 'em on the screen, Kelly, you know you can't tell." Silence, and my heart beat so I'm sure they must have heard it. "But—well, the only thing to do is to give her a chance. Maybe she's got what it takes. If she can project on the screen the personality she's shown here, she's all right."

That was all, but my heart did three flip-flops and I wonder why I didn't faint. I shook hands with him and discovered my cap was tangled up in the handshake. I was so excited I'd forgotten I was holding it. Kelly took my address and phone number.

"All right, Miss Tree. I'll call you at any moment, for a test," he said. And I went home, running every step of the way, and parked beside the telephone.

Looking back, with what I know now, I wish I hadn't gotten that "break" at Columbia; I look at what I wrote in my diary and in every line runs a cocksure feeling that at any moment the phone would ring and I'd be called over to Columbia for the test. I know now what I didn't know then—that there's many a slip 'twixt the interview and the test. It cost me hours of anguished waiting; days of valuable time. I hardly dared leave the house for a second, lest I miss that all-important call.

DAY after day there's nothing in my diary but:

"Stayed at home, waiting for Col. to call." Lonely? I nearly went mad! Thank heaven that they didn't call me some mornings. My eyes must have been like puff-balls, from homesick crying.

I should have taken these days to go to the other studios. But I didn't dare leave the house and miss that call. It was only at night I dared go out. One night, I went to the Russian Eagle Café, hoping to see stars. I saw Ivan Lebedeff there, with a gorgeous creature. "What are they having?" I asked the waiter.

"That's caviar," he said. I ordered it, too.

I'd never tasted it in my life; didn't even know, until it arrived, that it was fish eggs! Never was anything so hard to take. They popped and squished and tasted awful in my mouth, but the waiter was watching me and I was afraid Lebedeff would laugh if I did what I felt like doing, so somehow, I swallowed it—and left in a hurry.

I called Columbia several times, during that awful century of waiting. The girl got to know my voice. All she ever said was, "Just be patient, Miss Tree. Mr. Kelly tells me to tell you he'll call you at any moment now." So I waited.

One evening a young man, who knew my family in San Jose, called and took me to dinner. It was an oasis in a desert of loneliness. We went to a Hollywood restaurant. A man at a nearby table recognized my friend and came over. I was introduced—"Miss Tree—Mr. Brown."

"Sid," said my friend, "Miss Tree is trying to get into pictures. Your profession

keeps you in close touch with studios and movie folk, and besides, you know most of them by their first names. Can't you sort of help her along?"

"Of course," Brown smiled a warm, friendly smile. He gave me his business card. An office in Hollywood's finest building. He took my telephone number.

"Sid's a swell guy," my friend said. "He's all white. You can trust him and he'll be like a father to you here. He knows everybody and he can help you a lot."

THAT night, I wrote this in my diary. I see it now, before me, the very handwriting dancing with hope:

"... a stroke of luck today. Fred introduced me to a Hollywood man who seems to be just what I've been needing, a sort of adviser-guardian-father sort of being to whom I can take my troubles."

My, what a little fool I was! And how little men know each other in Hollywood. Certainly I didn't know then what Mr. Brown was going to do to me—and I'm sure Fred didn't.

Next day the phone rang. Yes, Columbia. "Be here at ten-forty-five sharp, Miss Tree," said the girl. I was there at ten-fifteen, all ready for my first movie test. But it wasn't that. Mr. Kelly called me in and handed me a script—a thick, type-written book with the lines for all the characters in a picture they were going to shoot. He pointed out three pages—dialogue between a boy and girl. "Learn those lines, Miss Tree," he said, "and I'll call you, in a day or two, for a test for this role."

I took it home and studied until I could say those lines forwards, backwards, sideways, and in my sleep, I swear. Several times, the phone rang, but never Columbia. Once it was the woman I'd escaped at Paramount. Twice it was Mr. Brown, asking me to dinner. I told him I didn't dare, that I was learning a part and wanted to be fresh each morning. He laughed, like a grand sweet thing, and said he understood.

"How nice to have a friend," I wrote in my diary about him one of those days. I was to learn different!

And then, one morning, two calls in bang-bang succession.

The first from Columbia. "Come over at ten, Monday morning, for your screen test, Miss Tree." I actually turned a cart-wheel on the floor after I'd almost shouted yes into the phone. It rang again.

"Eva?" Sid Brown was calling me that by now.

"How about dinner together Monday night?"

"I'm having a test that day," I said.

"Fine! I know you'll make good, my dear. We'll have dinner then, in celebration." I couldn't say no.

And so, in five minutes, I'd made dates for two of the biggest experiences of my Hollywood stay—and two experiences at two ends of the emotional gamut.

* * *

In next month's installment of this fascinating story of a young girl in Hollywood, Eva Beryl Tree's adventure gets hotter and hotter. She has her test at Columbia and strange things follow. The man she trusted takes her home one midnight and follows her into her apartment, and she tells what happened then. Other Hollywood men enter her story in odd ways. She tackles other studios and finds elation and heartbreak. She gets a contract offer from one and runs up against a taboo in another because she's "too much like" a famous star who's "that way" with a great producer. Many other things happen to her as she digs and digs further into the inside of this amazing Hollywood system.



Frankly... *when napkins harden they hurt!*

HERE is the straightforward explanation of why some sanitary napkins chafe and rub: *They harden in use.*

When there is delay in changing them, their rough cut edges harden, and rub until every step is painful.

Years ago, when disposable napkins were first put on the market, this seemed a fault impossible to correct.

But today, there is a radically different type of napkin. One that is soft to begin with—and that stays soft! Its filler is fluffy. Super-absorbent.

Then around this fluffy filler is a downy-soft wrapper—as soft as the finest facial tissue. It rounds every edge. There's not one sharp edge to invite hardening.

Modess: That's the name of this different-

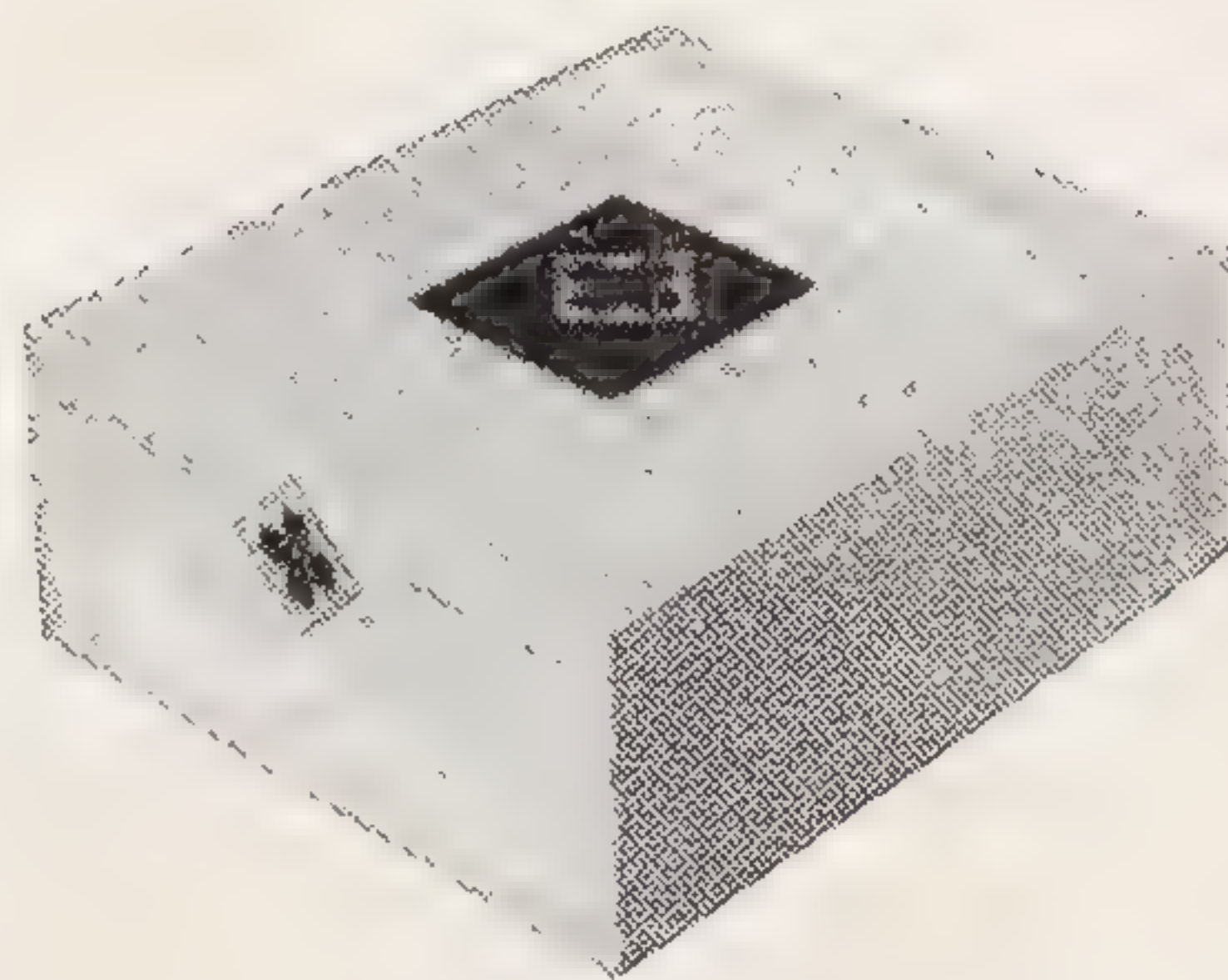
type napkin. And women who use it once, ask for it every time!

Modess is better—and costs little!

Finer materials put together in a better way make Modess softer and safer. Yet you'll find that Modess sells for an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. Press the pad between your palms and see how thistle-down-soft it is. Feel that downy layer just beneath the silky gauze. That's Zobec—exclusive with Modess—and further insurance against chafing. Look at the special protective backing and forget your old fear of "accidents."

Finally—wear Modess. You'll learn how delightfully true it is that . . . **MODESS STAYS SOFT in use!**



MODESS STAYS SOFT IN USE!

Try Modess Free. If you have never tried Modess, send your name and address to The Modess Corporation, Dept. 22, 500 Fifth

Avenue, New York, N. Y. An unmarked package will be sent you, containing a Modess Napkin, for you to try without charge.



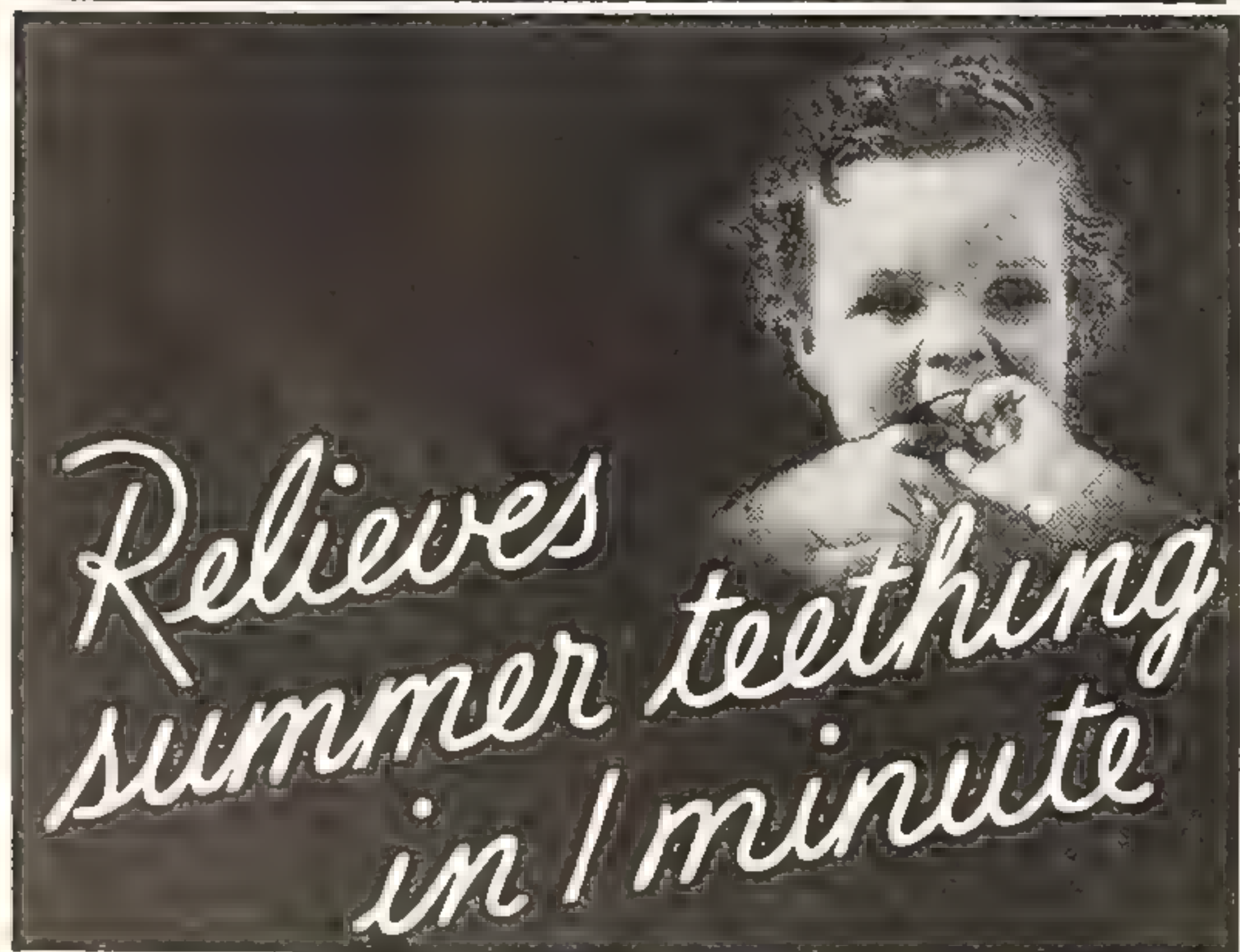
A COMPLETE WAVE FOR ONE CENT

NOW you can quickly and easily wave your hair at home for one cent or less! New improved Wildroot Wave Powder, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, makes full pint of professional wave set for 10 cents. You make your own wave set. Just mix powder with water. Dries quickly, leaves no white flakes. Keeps indefinitely. Simple directions in every package for finger waving or resetting your permanent. At all drug and five and ten cent stores.



**10c SIZE
MAKES 1 PINT**

New improved
**WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER**



*Relieves
summer teething
in 1 minute*

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 15)

because the saving in labor which one-plate meals represent makes them an even greater boon in preparing summer meals than in serving winter ones. Blue Plates are divided into compartments so that gravies or sauces can't mix with vegetables. But you don't have to have the divided plates in order to adopt the one-plate meal idea, for you can accomplish the same general effect by using your large dinner plates. However, I have noticed that the popularity of this type of service for summer meals has increased greatly since the advent of cool-looking glass plates divided into sections, and paper ones, too. Paper plates of course are ideal for your picnic style meal, giving an informal but festive air, especially if you get paper napkins in harmonizing colors. And they certainly save worry about wreckage, cut down dish-washing and simplify serving. You just arrange the main course of the meal on the Blue Plates in the kitchen, put the plates on a big tray and carry them to the spot where the meal is to be eaten. Next to the buffet type of service where everybody helps himself, this idea is certainly the simplest solution of the serving problem I have ever discovered.

One of the very nicest features of a home picnic is that everything that should be served cold can be thoroughly chilled and the one hot item can be really hot. Prepare the cold things well in advance. They can then be packed away in the refrigerator to attain the desired state of frigidity. This is a grand idea because it means that you will have no last-minute preparations, for even your hot dish or soup should come, ready prepared, from a can. Then, ten minutes in the kitchen before meal time will be about all it requires to have your one-plate meal ready to serve.

Since summer meal hours are apt to be uncertain, you will find this informal picnic style meal a genuine blessing because it is ready when, as, and if you want it. Should you take a longer trip in the car than you had planned, or stay longer at the beach, nothing will spoil and you can enjoy yourself without rushing, secure in the knowledge that everything will be ready in the twinkling of an eye when you do get home.

ANOTHER situation in which the one-plate meal is a big help is when there are members of the family who are apt to arrive with an indeterminate number of companions—all in a famished condition. A trip to the refrigerator and the supply cabinet, a little work with the can opener and the bottle opener, a portioning out of this and that onto a plate divided into sections, and presto a satisfying and attractively served meal is produced. It gets you a reputation for being magical.

There are some of these one-plate meals which I am particularly keen about. Because I also think they will go over big with your family and your friends and because I hope they will prove to be a source of inspiration to you, I am giving five of them here. You will notice if you study these menus that each one includes one substantial dish, a vegetable of some kind, a condiment and a bread, usually a hot biscuit or roll. Also, as on a regular picnic, no foods requiring the use of a knife should be included. Even cold meats, if cut into nice, thin slices can be broken with a fork. The cold dishes get their delicious flavor from combining rather than from any advance cooking and the hot dishes and soups

are ready to heat in a jiffy and serve as is. Here are the menus:

Fancy Filled Tomatoes
Deville Eggs Potato Chips
Buttered Finger Rolls Stuffed Olives

Mixed Vegetable Salad
Pork and Beans Dill Pickles
Corn Bread

Mystery Meat Salad
Hot Canned Asparagus on Toast
Currant Jelly Baking Powder Biscuits

Cold Sliced Meat Spaghetti
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
India Relish

Cream of Tomato Soup
Tuna and Vegetable Salad
Beets Marinated in French Dressing
Ripe Olives Cheese Biscuits

RECIPES for four of the salads in the above menus are included in this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder. These have been carefully tested and reduced to level measurements, which means perfect results for you the first time you try them. I'm sure you will often want to make the Fancy Filled Tomatoes, for instance, for not only are they elegant looking, but they have the added virtues of being filling and delicious. With the centers hollowed out and filled with kidney beans and whatnot, they are a sort of glorified tomato surprise.

Then there is the Mixed Vegetable Salad which is one of the few salads I have ever seen men really go mad about, doubtless because it includes a couple of items not usually found in vegetable salad and is so superbly seasoned that it appeals particularly to the masculine taste. Seasonings are all-important in a salad. So you should be sure always to have on hand such salad-making ingredients as oil, vinegar, mayonnaise, chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, onion and celery salt, and paprika. And because you want to have uniformly good results, be sure to purchase a reputable brand.

The Mystery Meat Salad tastes like Chicken Salad but is much less expensive. And the Tuna and Vegetable Salad is my idea of a perfect Sunday night salad the year around.

All these recipes you may have free by filling in the coupon below and mailing it to me.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for
August, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

serves to bolster the entire film to a higher rating. Pat Patterson and Charles Starrett carry the romance and Pat sings several songs. It's really all Mundin when you come right down to it, though. We wouldn't recommend this.

C: MERRY WIVES OF RENO
Warners

Not so merry, really! No matter how hard the excellent cast worked, they couldn't pull this one out of the "fair" class. True, there are some chuckles, but they can't compensate for the dullness that envelops the remainder of the film. It's a jumbled-up affair concerning three couples who get into the wrong apartments... with the wives eventually going to Reno. The husbands (and some more wrong apartments) follow. Margaret Lindsay performed to advantage but seemed a bit miscast. Donald Woods shows promise, but needs a much better vehicle. Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Ates all try hard, but the funniest of all is Hugh Herbert. Don't say you weren't warned.

C: THE KEY—Warners

Not so hot. The action is laid in Ireland during the Revolution and it's really too bad that the obvious plot was allowed to ruin the chances offered by a new background. Bill Powell plays a soldier-of-fortune who mixes war with women, always managing to receive a decoration in place of the firing squad by some clever scheme at the last moment. Edna Best doesn't have what it takes to create the illusion of an actual feud between William Powell and Colin Clive. Watch for Powell's swagger—you'll laugh as hard as the preview audience did no doubt.

You'll find short reviews on page 8

**Modern Screen's
Dramatic School**

(Continued from page 71)

MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School plan. Can see where it will be of vast benefit to those desiring to learn."

And this from Norman McCleod: "Your new department is indeed a novel venture. I will be interested in following the results of your idea. Sincere wishes for its complete success."

Robert Z. Leonard believes: "Your MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School idea could be built into something very valuable, I believe. May I congratulate you on it?"

SINCE I hate dogmatic lessons as much as you do, I'm going to give you only practical advice. Not advice from myself, but from the people who really know what they're talking about, from those who have put their theories into practice and have discovered that they work.

You'll find from month to month on these pages an accurate course in the art of make-up, from Hollywood's greatest experts. Everything you need to know about that subject.

These directors who already are so keen on the idea, as well as many other megaphone wielders, will tell you what acting really means and will give you practical advice about dramatic technique.

The best costume designers in Hollywood are going to speak to you—through these pages—about "dressing the part," and

**DO BRUNETTES LOOK
OLDER THAN BLONDES**



No!

**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES
USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

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One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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City..... State.....

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tell you how you can plan your own wardrobes—not only for actual dramatic performances, professional or amateur, but for private life as well.

Voice teachers will give you exercises on how to place and pitch your voice.

And the stars themselves will recount their own experiences in acting, telling you how to manage difficult scenes, how to overcome self-consciousness and stage fright.

Daily, hundreds of inexperienced girls and boys, men and women are turned away from the Hollywood casting offices. They are untrained, untried. That is why, if you sincerely want to become a screen actor or actress, you must have a knowledge of screen technique. You simply must *not* go to Hollywood without it.

MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School can teach you the rudiments of acting technique.

And now are you ready to start our dramatic course?

The first thing for you to do is to immediately analyze yourself carefully so that you can discover just how much good it will do you. So this month I want you to answer a set of thirty questions about yourself. They will reveal facts of your character and will show you what chances you have of dramatic success. These questions have been carefully compiled for me by ten of the best casting directors and actors' agents in Hollywood—people who know of what stuff theatrical talent is made. Sit right down now with your pencil. And answer these questions absolutely honestly.

If the answer is definitely "no," give yourself "0." If the answer is "moderately," give yourself a score of "5." If the answer is emphatically "yes," give yourself a score of "10." Score each question in this way and, above all, be honest.

HERE are the questions:

1. Do you unconsciously imitate the mannerisms and voice intonations of your friends?
2. Do you like to mimic people?
3. Do your friends tell you that you mimic people well?
4. Do people tell you their troubles?
5. Do you cry easily at the theatre, over a sad story or book?
6. Do the troubles of other people hurt you as much as your own troubles?
7. Is it easy for you to tell your troubles to your friends?
8. Do you confide in many people?
9. Would you stop whatever you were doing to help someone in distress?
10. Do you memorize easily?
11. Would you prefer a career to marriage?
12. Can you give a pretty accurate description of the last five people (present company excepted) you've seen?
13. Would you rather have fame than happiness?
14. Is there a vague unrest within you which seems to demand expression?
15. Do you have spells of extreme melancholy for no reason?
16. Are you sometimes ecstatically happy for no reason?
17. Would you rather have fame than money?
18. Are you interested in studying people?
19. Do you often wonder why people behave as they do?
20. Would you be so curious as to wonder about a man (or woman) sitting next to you on a street car that you would strike up a conversation to

find out what sort of person he (or she) is?

21. Do your friends consider you unconventional?

22. Will you go through any amount of trouble to get what you want?

23. Do people often say that you are "different" from the rest of your set?

24. Is it hard for you to keep definite beliefs about religion, morals, ethics?

25. Are you above the average in good looks?

26. Is it easy for you to speak in public?

27. Are you free from self-consciousness?

28. When you walk into a restaurant or before a group of people do you like to be looked at?

29. Are you a bit of a show-off?

30. Do you wear your clothes well?

NOW, when you have answered each of these questions absolutely honestly, scoring each question: a "0" for no, a "5" for moderately true and a "10" for definitely yes, add up the entire score. If your score falls somewhere between 300 and 250, then you possess to a remarkable degree the traits which characterize a born actor or actress. In this case, you must follow every word written in MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School and you must supplement this by taking every dramatic course you can. You should guard your health well, and if such is your earnest ambition, definitely prepare yourself for a dramatic career because you have the beginning of real dramatic talent. But you *must* prepare yourself. Don't be foolish enough (as so many are) to dream of Hollywood until you have had experience, because as I have said before, without experience no amount of talent will get you by. You should have actual experience on the stage to learn all the tricks of the trade.

If your score falls between 250 and 100, you may or may not become an actor or actress, but certainly you have dramatic ability. You can be a leader in amateur theatricals. You can derive much fun and satisfaction by following MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School each month, for you are above the average in theatrical talent. You should go out for school theatricals and should organize little acting groups among your friends. MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School will tell you how. You can have great fun acting and should not neglect this side of your education, for you will be amused and interested by all the things you are able to learn from these pages.

If your score falls below 100, then I'm afraid you should give up any secret yearnings for a theatrical career, either professional or amateur. I would nevertheless, advise you to read MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School each month, for in it you will find valuable tips upon how to acquire poise, to overcome self-consciousness, etc. But apply that only to your daily life. You would suffer too much if you attempted any form of theatrical work. Choose another life profession.

Naturally the closer your score approaches the highest score of these rough divisions, the more you can heighten what I have said. For instance, if you're *almost* in the first class a little work and study might put you there. And if you're *almost* in the second class, the same is true.

And now, prepare yourself for the most fun and help you've ever had. You will find both on these pages every month.

If you have personal questions you would like to ask in connection with this department, address MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

If I Should Love Again

(Continued from page 57)

And such being the case, I was very unattractive. When Billy and I were first married we went to the south of France. We were all playing. We were with Billy's friends. It was all casual, effortless, charming. Came the fall and it came to me, darkly, that my world was also a workshop and that the theatres were opening in New York and plays were being cast and I was not there. I dared not stay away. I dared not let my little name, just beginning to peep over the wall of anonymity, be forgotten. So what did I do? I began to regard, gloomily, the antics of Billy and the others. I began to say hollowly, "But I am an actress. I must go back. I must think about my work!"

"Billy and the others urged me to relax, to live. But I couldn't. And I was really very uncivil about it. The professional part of me and the feminine part were at each other's throats. You see? But now, today, I would not be like that. I wouldn't have to. I could be in love and married and go to the south of France and I could play, and if the season started and I felt like going back I would go, pleasantly.

BUT you do see what I mean? I can take my profession, now, in stride. It is like a flier who, when he first begins to fly, is strained and stressed. He must concentrate doggedly upon his ship and his manipulation of the ship. So, feminine-professional women must learn, figuratively speaking, to fly before they can liberate their social instincts and become adequate wives.

"There is another element to contend with in the beginning. It is the jealousy of the male. No man enjoys, and few men can endure, looking on while the woman he loves concentrates all of her thoughts and energies on something entirely apart from him.

"When Billy and I were first married, he never attended an opening night of mine. On every occasion he would be stricken down with a cold. I remember one night, having reserved seats for him and some friends, being called to the phone at the last moment to be told that Mr. Parker had fainted in the hotel lobby. He didn't want to be there, you see. He didn't know that he didn't. It was the normal and perfectly legitimate male instinct, working subconsciously.

"Today, if we were married, he would know how I react to openings, to censure or applause, to publicity. He would know whether the sight of my name in electric lights would make a different woman of me, or not. We are only afraid of the unknown. Once the elements are resolved, there is nothing left to fear.

"When I was reading for a new dramatic part in those beginning days, and being very upset or distraught if my lines were not good, Billy would say to me 'Why worry? What if they are poor? The show is a turkey, anyway.' Now, there are certain words that people in the theatre simply must not use to one another. The expression, 'it's a turkey,' is among them. It's an old Broadway cliché and means that the show is a shoe-string, won't last more than a couple of weeks or something of the sort.

"What I needed and wanted was someone to say, 'The lines may be insignificant and stupid, but it's the way you read them that matters.' I needed encouragement because I was beginning, you see.

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"And so I mean that only when a woman has got her feet firmly on the back of her profession can she give time, consideration to love and marriage. Such a woman, in such a position, relaxed and eased, can make the man feel what all men must feel in order to be happy—that he is the important one. Such a woman has absorbed her career into the texture of her life so that there is not a stronger pull on one part of the material than on another. It is only when the career has to matter so terribly that love is liable to disappear and marriage to be wrecked.

"Today, it would be something like this. If Billy and I were married now, or if I were in love again and married to someone else, a producer might call me on the phone and say, 'I have a play I think might interest you. May I drop by this afternoon?' And he would come and my husband would be there, too. We would have tea, the three of us, and discuss the play.

"And if my man were really important enough," Miriam leaned closer and her blue eyes were serious, "if I should meet a man important enough, I could give it all up for him, if he wanted me to.

"Now, I have my life arranged. The pattern is worked out. I have bought my house on Sutton Place. I shall live there six months of the year, doing a play if and when one presents itself. I shall spend three months of the summer in Hollywood and, when my Paramount contract is at an end, I'll hope to do the pictures I want to do. Into this life of mine now, love and marriage could share and share alike. I have seen my name in electric and whatever transmutation took place, it is done. In the meantime . . ."

Michael's jolly chuckle drifted down to us, Billy sauntered back, one or two other men came in . . . Miriam's houseguest joined us . . . Miriam's eyes met mine. . . "In the meantime—" she said.

Clara Speaks for Herself

(Continued from page 59)

the loving care of two people and that greatest healer of all—Time—have made this last year the one which she may recall, some day, as the most momentous in her life.

I suppose all of our lives progress according to cycles. We are up through certain years and down through others. And when we are at the end, we must look back and realize that each cycle was, after all, essential to the other.

Billy Bow, Clara's cousin, came out to see me the other day. We fell to discussing the cycles of her life. And Billy is the other person besides Rex whom Clara trusts, who had used his devotion to encourage her. "No one can understand this last year of her life unless he understands the truth of the years which preceded," he told me.

"The truth about her childhood has never been told. I was raised with Clara, lived in the same house with her at number 33 Prospect Place, Brooklyn. Her mother was never insane as has been printed. She had pernicious anemia and did not have the strength to handle the knife with which she was supposed to have tried to kill Clara. She would fall to the floor from exhaustion from the least effort. But her mind was absolutely clear. And I can prove that. That story was made up so Clara's early life would sound more dramatic for publicity purposes.

"No, as a child, Clara had hardships but she was just a natural kid. We used to save our pennies to see Wally Reid's pictures. We'd talk about our chances of getting into the movies. 'If you get there first, you send for me, Billy, and I'll do the same for you.' And she kept her word. She brought me to Hollywood and I lived in the same house again until I married two years ago.

CLARA always kept her word and the great thing about her, until four years ago, was that she believed others kept theirs. She had the greatest faith in human nature of any person I have ever known. Her faith in others simply flamed from her—

"That word *flame* is funny," I interrupted. "That's the first word I heard to describe her on the first day I met her."

I told him about it. She was descending the stairs behind the reception desk at the Paramount studios. My husband stopped me with a sharp grip of one hand, while

he pointed at her with another. When she had passed by, her laugh trilling through the halls with the inspiring gaiety of a robin greeting a spring morning, he said, "That is the only girl I ever saw who actually *flames*. Who is she?"

Billy Bow nodded. "And that was not just sex appeal or beauty. It was that great faith and trust and belief in the world and everybody in it. Did you know that the government had a special train to bring Clara Bow's fan mail into Hollywood at about that time?"

"And don't you see that Clara believed in the whole world that gave so much to her! Adored everyone in it! I should say the secret of Clara, until the Daisy Devoe affair, was flaming faith.

"And then she lost it!" He paused for several moments. "We weren't afraid for Clara's career during those years after this happened. We didn't care about that. We were afraid for Clara. When she lost her faith, her trust, her belief—everything went with it."

From a flame, Clara Bow turned to ashes. It seemed for three long years as though nothing could reawaken even ambition. After that trial, she was offered \$10,000 a day for personal appearances. The highest offer in history. A radio company urged ten thousand dollars for five moments of chatter, the microphone to be hung in her ranch house in Nevada. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proposed \$175,000 for "Red Headed Woman." She refused to even listen.

She had, at that time, \$500,000. "Call Her Savage" added \$150,000; "Hoopla" \$125,000. As she says in her letter, she could use more money. But money, without faith, had become unimportant.

"The first cycle was *faith*; the second absolute loss of it!" Billy decided. "We had tried to warn her. She wouldn't believe one word against Daisy. Wouldn't let us bring proof. And then, one day in New York, she accidentally saw a letter showing that Daisy had sent \$500 to her father in a prison. Where had Daisy, on a \$75 weekly salary, gotten that \$500?"

SHE investigated. But even when she had the proof, it wasn't *she* who went to the district attorney. Someone felt it was a duty.

"Rex Bell, just a friend, took the matter to the authorities. And when that trial was actually started, she refused to let

any of the rest of us testify. Rex or myself. 'This is between Daisy and me. There is absolutely no reason why your names should be messed in it.'

"And when the trial was over and the Clara we knew had disappeared, she went to the judge and begged him not to make the sentence hard on Daisy. And it was Clara who tried to get her paroled, but was unsuccessful."

Two cycles. And it looked as though the last one was going to last forever. The first—a child who loved life and life loved her in return. The second—a woman who found a world fickle and lost all desire to live in it.

At twenty-six, she said it was over. At twenty-seven—

In that one year, Clara Bow has seen the glimmering of a very old truth, which no experience in either previous cycle could teach her. That family and one or two loyal friends are worth more than the devotion of a nation. And during the past year she has turned to her family. She is gradually bringing all of her relatives to California and retiring them. "Uncle Don" and "Uncle Harry" and Billy Bow's little brother, Clara's cousin, are already here. At first, Uncle Don refused to come. Three times, she bought him a ticket; three times, he slipped away from the train to return to Brooklyn, penniless. Finally, Clara had relatives kidnap him and start him on a bus, in charge of officials. She met him—and immediately took him to a tailor—one of the most expensive—and had three suits fitted. Then she escorted Uncle Don to a dentist where she ordered the most elegant set of teeth. He doesn't like to wear them and Clara watches him, like a mother hovering over a wayward child, to see he doesn't forget. Each uncle and each other relative is in a separate apartment.

"The Bow clan," she calls them. And this last Christmas, she had them all together. And they called her Queen and she named each one with some royalty title. And when she dies, her will reads, that no one can ever inherit permanently the money, unless their name be Bow. They must have the name of the clan which she is now collecting around her.

She has turned to her own. And in doing this, she has found herself beginning, gradually, without conscious realization, a new cycle. She does not *expect* from life now, and she gives only to her own rather than to those who chance to have faith in her. Even Rex Bell is not all her own. She loves him as the one outsider whom she can trust. And she loves him because she can trust him.

And she has just announced the greatest proof of that love and trust. Clara Bow is to become a mother! Her wire confirming this report says that this great, new adventure does not change one line of her letter. She will not make a picture, of course, until the baby is born but she still means each word she wrote me. Perhaps motherhood may change her will. Or will she have the little "fellow" named Bow instead of Bell? Will she make her child a legal member of the beloved Bow clan?

And now, I think you can understand her letter, the first she has written for four years.

And all she asks from the world that created those first two cycles is one great story, a chance for an outlet for the first glimmerings of a completely new ambition. And I cannot but wonder if the Hollywood producers are really going to let the one who made them more money than any other single person—ever feel again that her life is over at an age when the rest of our lives are just beginning, when they can so easily make it worth living?

WINNIE'S WORRY

—by Gil



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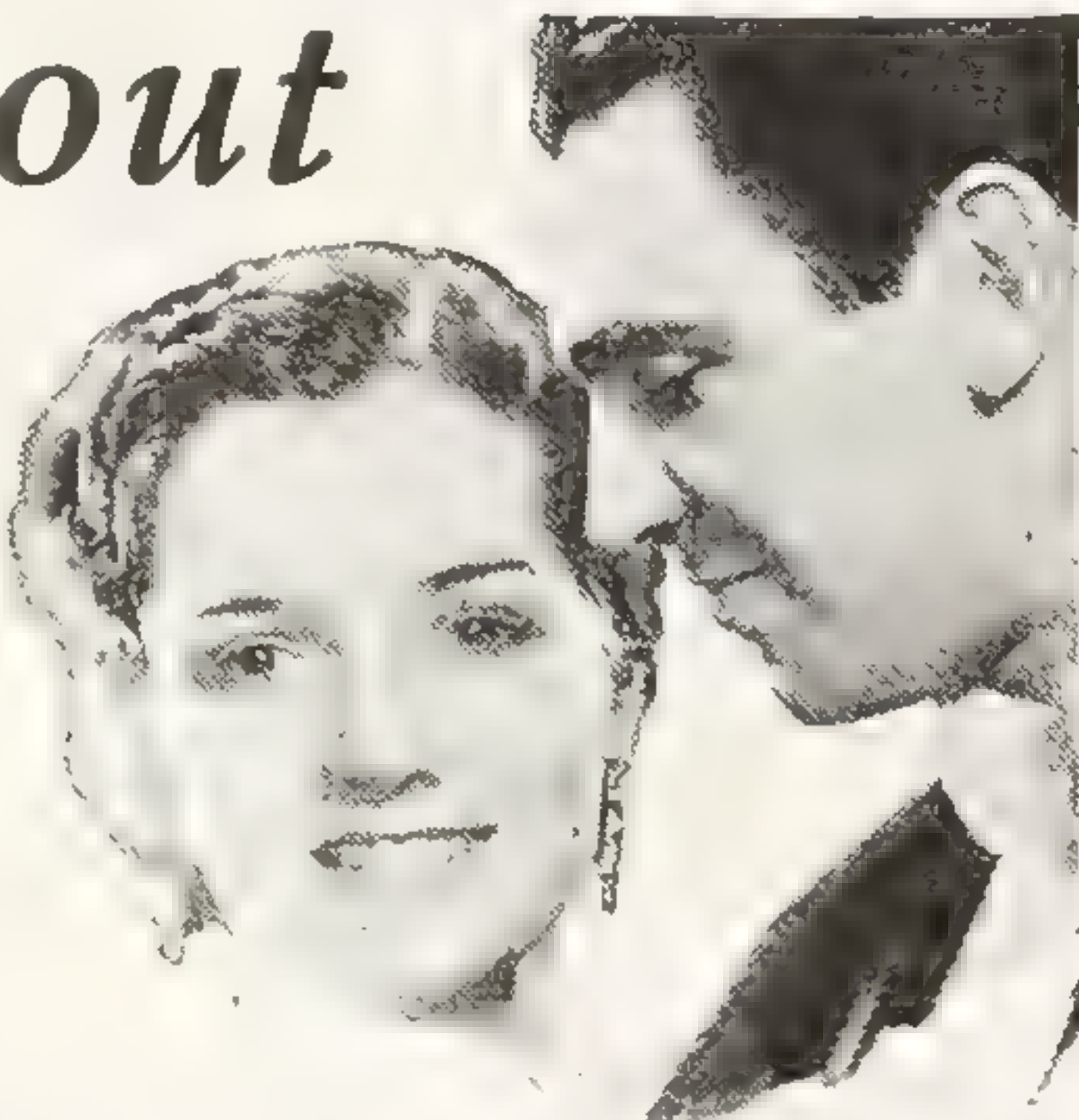
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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Favorite of Statesmen

(Continued from page 13)

The Colonel and Mr. Arliss are firm friends, have been since the days of the World War. A photograph of Mr. Arliss, inscribed, "To my friend, Colonel E. M. House, with affectionate regards, George Arliss," has an honored place in the Colonel's study. It is beside the pictures of President Wilson, President Roosevelt and Paderewski. And when Mr. Arliss came through New York recently on his way home to England, Colonel House was one of the few friends he visited.

Taking Colonel House for a model, you might say that George Arliss would have made the perfect statesman. He has the same type of mind as his distinguished friend, keen, penetrating, never missing the slightest detail. He has the same sly humor, the same soft-spoken, imperturbable manner, the same inscrutable "poker" face that is so essential to the diplomat. It has even been said that their features are a great deal alike.

Another famous movie fan who admires Mr. Arliss is President Roosevelt. Remember the days when you sort of apologized for liking the movies? Well, times have changed when even the President of the United States is an ardent fan.

Here's what happens when the President orders a movie to be shown at the White House.

Stephen Early, one of the presidential secretaries and formerly associated with the Paramount-Publix Corporation, telephones "Joe" Johnson of the Navy Department. Joe looks over the preview production reports from the motion picture exchanges of Washington and selects a picture which he thinks will please the President, or, perhaps some member of the White House family has requested a particular movie. Sometimes Joe has only an hour's notice, but he always delivers.

PLEASING "F. D." is not such a difficult task, it seems, for he is such a human person that he can find pleasure in seeing almost any good picture. But, his preference runs to stories with absorbing plots, of the sort that Mr. Arliss appears in, so that his attention will be held to the end and he can forget the cares of his office. Of course, he is very fond of the news reels and he likes musicals fairly well.

Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphony characters, the Three Little Pigs, are as popular with him as with "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, Mr. Early said.

Dinner is served at seven-thirty at the White House and, at eight-thirty, if there is no pressing matter at hand, the President is ready for his evening movie. It is shown in the long hall directly outside his room. Usually there are guests to enjoy the hour of relaxation with him, and they see the President in his most charming and informal moments. But, after that hour of the movies, he is ready again for affairs of state. Many evenings at 9:30, after seeing a movie, the President holds conferences until a late hour.

"I believe it is true that he sees more films than any President ever has, and is more genuinely fond of them," Mr. Early stated. "They seem to refresh him more than any other diversion."

Mr. Hoover, it is said, could not sit through a feature picture. He would always walk out after the news reel.

I broached the subject of censorship of the movies to Mr. Early. Certainly the President could find nothing in Mr. Arliss' films to be censored, but, well—some of the

others! What did the President think about them?

"Just between you and me," the secretary said, "he enjoys them all. He's very charitable in his attitude. He does think, however, that the motion picture producer has a definite responsibility to his public, that he ought to give the audience something definitely constructive to carry away, after seeing a picture—enlightened spirits or something deep to think about."

BUT, if the President will not have his views on censorship definitely known, Mrs. Roosevelt has gone on record as being emphatically opposed to censorship "in any form or fashion." The President's wife believes that, if left to itself, the public will eventually reject what is worst in any entertainment field and select only the best. No doubt, the President is influenced to some extent by the First Lady's attitude in the matter.

At a certain neighborhood movie house in Washington, many afternoons or evenings, if you looked closely you would be sure to discover a cherubic, white-haired man, with a flowing tie, sitting alone in a corner, absorbed in the picture—or peacefully asleep. That would be Mr. Rainey, Speaker of the House.

One busy day at the Capitol, I waited outside the Speaker's office to ask him what he thought of the movies. Congressmen and other harassed-looking persons waited, too, for the few moments when Mr. Rainey should leave the House floor. I began to give up the idea of an interview, but, when my time came, the genial Speaker talked with seeming real enjoyment of his favorite recreation.

"I like to go to the movies," he said. "I'm always tired when I go in. The room is dark, and I can relax—and go to sleep, if I want to. Or, if I don't like the picture, I can leave when I please, without fear of offending anyone—something you can't do when seeing a stage play. I'm very fond of the stage, but the movies are more convenient for me."

There's one type of movie that Mr. Rainey always stays awake to see—that's the mystery thriller.

"What are those Chinese mysteries—Fu —"

"Fu Manchu."

"Oh, yes," and his face brightened. "I never miss one of them."

George Arliss is his favorite star. Every Arliss picture is a masterpiece, he thinks.

"It couldn't be otherwise, with Mr. Arliss in it," he said. "It's especially interesting to me to watch the fine working of Mr. Arliss' mind as shown in his flawless acting. He has the subtle mind of a diplomat."

WHEN statesmen see Mr. Arliss' performances, they see themselves as they hope their public sees them, Mr. Rainey said.

Eddie Cantor's pictures are always ace-high with the Speaker, too.

"I saw 'Roman Scandals,'" he said, "and thought it was a wonderful production. I didn't go to sleep in that one. Do you remember the dance in the bathroom scene? That was very beautiful."

"Mr. Rainey, do you believe in censorship of the movies?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," he replied. "I have never seen anything immoral in the movies. It's all in the interpretation of the individual."

It was about seven o'clock in the eve-

ning when I was finally able to have a word with another of Washington's well-known movie fans. That was Jesse Jones, chairman of the government's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Jones is one of the busiest and most important men in Washington.

"I haven't been to a movie for a month," Mr. Jones told me, regretfully. "In Houston, I used to go three times a week because there were three movie theatres and I could see a different picture every time.

"Now, I haven't a minute for recreation. 'The Life of Henry the Eighth' was at my neighborhood movie last week, but I didn't get to see it."

"Who is your favorite star?"

"George Arliss," was the prompt answer. "There's one movie I'm going to see if I have to take a holiday to do it, and that's 'The House of Rothschild'!"

He wanted to see Mr. Arliss play the part of a man who settled national financial crises.

"So that you can imagine yourself in the role, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I might take a tip from him," he laughed. Arliss, he said, would have been wonderful in any governmental role in real life.

"How do you like Mae West?" I asked. "Never heard of her," Mr. Jones replied.

"What, you didn't see 'She Done Him Wrong'?"

"What was the name of that last one she was in—something about an angel? Oh, yes—'I'm No Angel.' I saw both of them," he said, with a sudden twinkle of the eye.

Which gave me the thought that between George Arliss and Mae West, there should be inspiration enough to run any country.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 14)

to be her favorite. Many of the stars prefer more exotic effects for evening wear. Myrna Loy, for instance, has adopted the new "cellophane fingernails." The effect is obtained by giving the nails two coats of a dark polish and finishing them off with a single coat of platinum. Very striking, and suitable to Myrna's personality.

Frances Drake has also introduced a new fad in fingernails. The other evening I spotted her in one of the popular late spots in Hollywood all decked out in a black formal gown and sporting "mirror" fingernails. These tiny mirrors come in various shapes to fit every nail and are fastened on with an adhesive mixture. Made a most glittering effect, but perhaps a bit too glittery for a bridge table!

To acquire a becoming coiffeur, it is necessary to spend a little time studying yourself before your mirror. A correct hairdress can do wonders to enhance your beauty. If your face is long and narrow, arrange your hair in soft waves brought forward on the cheeks. Do not slick the hair down, but let it fluff softly about your face. The round face requires a higher but not necessarily severe coiffeur. To slick the hair back from a full face only accentuates its fullness. And do not expose your ears unless they are worth exposing. Small, shell-like ears are a pleasure to behold—but ears can be large and ugly looking. In that case, cover them.

As for make-up, it might be well to remember that it isn't *what* you use so much as *the way* you use it. Don't misunderstand me—of course it is important that



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you use the correct shade of powder and rouge, but even more important is the way you apply it. No man will object to a woman using make-up. He only objects when the woman *looks* made up.

NO doubt, the most misused article of make-up is rouge. Keep in mind, when you are applying your rouge, that it should never be definite (the "ball of flame" is absolutely *out*) but should be only a faint flush of color. And it must never end perceptibly. All the edges must be smoothed to blend into the skin.

The placement of the cheek rouge depends a great deal upon the shape of your face. For instance, if you wish your face to appear less round, start the rouge under the center of each eye, work it back high on the temples to the hairline and bring it down well below the ears, always being careful to keep it away from the entire center of the face. This gives a slender "ethereal" contour to a full face. For a slender face, start the rouge fairly close to the nose, work it out high across the temples and make almost a triangle, with the point at the center of the cheek.

We all know, of course, that "cupid's bow" lips are no longer in vogue. They went out with yesterday's short skirts. Today one's lips should be made up to accent their natural contours. Apply your lipstick to the center of both upper and lower lips. Then with your finger tip, carefully follow the natural line of your lips, being careful not to rouge the lips entirely to the corners, as this gives an artificial look. Then, as a last touch, add another "dot" of rouge to the center of the upper lip—thus giving an accent line.

Joan Blondell has a clever way of adding eye shadow that I'm going to let you in on. She starts it at the center of the eyelid, working it out to the outer edge of the lid. The secret of this is that it gives the eyes the illusion of being far apart. Joan personally prefers a shade the exact color of her eyelids for daytime wear. This does

not give the made-up look that a blue or brown shade would.

Now, I am going to go into something that is just as important, if not MORE important, than make-up or coiffeurs or manicures. It is important not only at the bridge table—but in everyday life as well. That is body fragrance. So often we have seen a woman immaculately groomed but guilty of body odor. Daily baths are necessary and sufficient in some cases, but for a woman gadding about all day they do not suffice. Here I advocate the powder sachet idea. After your morning bath, perfume your body with a fine powdered sachet. You may not be conscious of the fragrance at first, but during the day the heat of the body will bring out the perfume and you will carry a delicate fragrance about you that will be a joy to everyone you meet. These sachet powders come in various scents and can be purchased very reasonably.

Adrienne Ames is a great lover of perfumes from natural flowers. Heavy perfumes annoy her. Instead, before going out, she tucks a gardenia or even leaves of lemon geranium inside the bodice of her dress. Thus there is always a delicate fragrance about her that is dainty enough to be in good taste.

So—next time you are invited to a bridge party—or any kind of party—give yourself a "once over" before you attend. Notice particularly your hands. Are they clean and well groomed? Is your hair becomingly arranged? And is your make-up correct? And if you have no sachet, do as Adrienne Ames does. Tuck a flower in your bodice. Then, if your mirror reflects approval—go to your party and see if you don't play a better game of bridge!

Would you like Mary Biddle to send you a personal letter about your own most pressing beauty problem? She will be glad to do so. Drop her a note, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The Report Card

(Continued from page 8)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Dixie Lee turns in a fine performance.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
Clark Gable and William Powell in love with the same gal, Myrna Loy.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
Francis Lederer.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
A Burns and Allen laugh-riot.

MELCODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Lanny Ross and Ann Sothorn.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
About the medical profession. With Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
These three, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins, couldn't be funnier. See it.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess as a gangster. With Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen together again.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy as the gambler, Arnold Rothstein. With Alice Faye and Helen Twelvetrees in the cast.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
Hospital drama. Ralph Bellamy and Walter Connolly.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont-British).
Poking fun at Hollywood. With Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton make a fine comedy team.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts in a comedy-murder mystery.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding as a woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Larry "Buster" Crabbe and the Paramount beauty contest winners.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
With the inimitable Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
The story of a woman in her thirties, starring Aline MacMahon. Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak are featured.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton and Pert Kelton will amuse you.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan make this drama interesting.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Those four funsters Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns and Allen are nuttier than ever.

SMARTY (Warners).
If you want to laugh, see Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton in this.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
Talkie version of Warwick Deeping's famous novel. With H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Hepburn gives a convincing performance. Sara Haden's work is worthy of praise, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
About a novelist (Warner Baxter) and a poetess (Rochelle Hudson). Nicely done.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Drawing-room drama. With Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
About the trials and tribulations of a family. With Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clark and Tom Brown.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Not up to the usual high standard of a Joe E. Brown picture.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
The Crosby fans won't want to miss this.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Slow-moving, but an excellent cast will keep you interested. Diana Wynward, Clive Brook and Billie Burke.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
If you're a Jack Holt fan, don't miss it. And it's

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● Try it! It tastes just like the "boiled dressing" that Mother used to make! Yet it's made without cooking—just stirred together! Delicious for cole slaw and other green salads, also tomato salad.
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Remember the name Eagle Brand.

Jean Arthur's first picture in years.
WILD CARGO (RKO).
Another Frank Buck animal film. Good of its kind.
THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
Concerning the powers of hypnotism. With John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing and Tom Brown.
WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Hollywood locale. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
Fair comedy. With Wynne Gibson, Charlie Farrell and ZaSu Pitts.
ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees in the picture of Ernest Hemingway's novel. Rather disappointing.
THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi are in it and it's very, very gruesome.
BLUE STEEL (Monogram).
A John Wayne Western.
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Continuing the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland.
COME ON MARINES (Paramount).
Rowdy. With Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.
COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Fay Wray and Paul Lukas do their best with a mediocre story.
THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a gambler again.
DAVID HARUM (Fox).
The Will Rogers fans will like this.
EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Light comedy. With Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Good performances by Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson.
FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke.
FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
Different from the usual run of pictures. With Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland and Herbert Marshall.
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.
GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck in the title role.
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.
HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
Hal LeRoy as Harold Teen and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums of the famous comic strip.
HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lilian Bond.
HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to par. Cagney and Blondell.
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Another Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. Okay if you like this pair.
I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
A very weak yarn about Greenwich Village. John Boles and Rosemary Ames are in it.
I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Newspaperman Wallace Ford plays his role nicely.
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Claude Rains.
JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest.
LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez can't overcome a weak story.
LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.
THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
Boris Karloff, Vic McLaglan and Reginald Denny head an all-male cast.
MASSACRE (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.
MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Not very funny, in spite of the presence of Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert.
A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Rambeau can't make a go of this.
MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram).
John Darrow and Mary Brian.
MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce in a murder mystery.
MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Dull mystery with Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn.
NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders or rival gangs.
OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox).
El Brendel.
ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
A mystery with Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.
THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothorn and Arline Judge have a poor story to deal with.
REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
A hospital yarn. With Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.
RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
Very spooky murder mystery. With Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and John Halliday.
THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
The latest Dietrich opus is a disappointment.
SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
An unsympathetic role for Bob Armstrong. Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen here, too.
SOCIAL REGISTER (Columbia).
Colleen Moore in another picture that doesn't click.
STINGAREE (RKO).
Disappointing yarn. Irene Dunne and Richard Dix are good. Dunne has a chance to sing.
STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez can't make a go of this one.



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THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
Claudette Colbert as a night club singer.
THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
Another weak yarn for Raft.
UNKNOWN BLONDE (Majestic).
An insight into the divorce racket. With Helen Jerome Eddy as co-respondent.
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
A fine cast saves it. Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson.
YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
Starring W. C. Fields.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National).
Bette Davis and Ricardo Cortez, exposing the cut-rate drug racket. Boring.
BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
Dull mystery.
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
Weak story, featuring Charles Farrell and Charlie Ruggles.
I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden do their best with this weak opus.
KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).

Walter Huston is wasted here.
LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis can't save this picture.
MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.
NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in a yarn that's just too incredible.
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
All about a couple of song writers. Very dull.
SMOKING GUNS (Universal).
A Ken Maynard Western that's not up to par.
SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
TWO ALONE (RKO).
Jean Parker and Tom Brown.
UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Poorly directed. With Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.
UPPERWORLD (Warners).
The story is unconvincing. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).
Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard in the trenches.
WILD GOLD (Fox).
Boring yarn with John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 11)

something delightfully new, different and novel. Keep your public on tip-toes and you'll keep your public. (You forgot to mention "Catherine the Great," another English picture that wowed them over here. If England keeps up the standard set by those pictures, Hollywood will have to sit up and take notice.)

A Bit Wordy, or Something

H. D., of Yonkers, N. Y., gives us something to think about:

In Lynde Denig's article, "When Is A Woman Most Alluring?" in the May issue, he describes Marlene Dietrich as, "An exotic product of a fortunate combination of beauty and brains, lighted by the torch of sex."

I think that the last phrase about sex is totally inaccurate. It is only in the minds of such perverted persons as voyagers and Yahoos that that element enters into consideration.

I should like you to read a certain little known description of Marlene Dietrich: "She is the prodigiously exquisite criterion of the apogee of secular human pulchritude, the eonian incunabula of enchanting quintessential beauty from which sacrosanct presence even the most confirmed misogynist goes forth as an enraptured proselyte of philogyny."

That description may appear a bit like a dithyramb, rather prolix or verbose, but as an epexegetis, let me add, there is an old Roman proverb, namely, "Veritatis simplex oratio non est," which, translated, means, "The language of truth is not simple."

Personally, I think that a better description than yours could have been found for the reigning beauty of the screen. (Puh-lease, H. D., pity the poor reader—not to mention the editor.)

Lederer Is Acclaimed

SALLY KAY, of New York, N. Y., has fallen victim to his charms:

Hail the new screen idol! I've just seen Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds," and I've completely lost my heart to him. Isn't he perfect? I don't know when I've enjoyed a performance so much. What charm! What a colorful personality! What marvelous acting ability! Eskimo or no Eskimo—he fascinated me thoroughly. He might so easily have overacted his part. But he made it the most charming, the most delightful, the most appealing bit of acting I've ever watched.

Welcome, Francis! You rank with Colman in looks, with Chevalier in personality and with Barrymore in ability. Hail the rising Lederer star! (We'll say he's grand. And we can't wait till we see him in "The Other Passport," his next picture.)

Is LaRue Jinxed?

JENNY MARTIN, a Manhattanite, wants to know what's wrong:

If I met Jack LaRue, I would ask him why: he does not flatly refuse to play gangster roles when he can play "good" roles just as well; he consented to play that bit role in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" when any inexperienced extra could have done it; he does not use those gloriously passionate eyes of his to charm women on the screen, instead of to menace them. (Yes, Jenny, friend LaRue seems to be slipping. A year ago he was near the top and now . . . Well, let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that he will soon get the break he deserves. We don't think the two pictures he made for Liberty recently, namely, "No Ransom" and "Take the Stand," will help him much.)

TUNE IN ON "HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS"

Hear MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood reporter, Sam Taylor, every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 p.m., over WMCA, New York City.

Where Do Pictures Go When They Die?

(Continued from page 45)

relies so much on dialogue to carry the plot. There isn't enough action for people who can't follow the lines.

Suddenly the room went dark and a beam of light from the projector struck the screen. Gradually the kids quieted down and sat rigid and enthralled, gazing at a film which at first seemed like a burlesque of a motion picture, with its accentuated action and highly dramatic subtitles.

A WAGON train wound slowly across the American desert. Men, walking beside horses or oxen, staggered and fell. A woman picked up a canteen, shook it, then uncorked it and held it upside down to show that it was empty. A subtitle clinched the idea that thirst was beginning to take its toll of the pioneers.

In the audience, faces reflected a deep concern. This was something they could understand. They could *see* what suffering the pioneers were undergoing.

Then the scene shifted. Off in the distance you saw a pool, with a few straggling trees growing around it. One of the pictured pioneers saw it, too. He ran forward a few halting steps, then fell to his knees, raising his arms and eyes to heaven. You didn't need the subtitle to tell you he was thanking his Maker for deliverance—that he felt much as Moses must have felt when the stream gushed from the rock.

And the kids? They didn't have to wait for the subtitle either. You knew they got it; for it was then that they made the first sound which came from them all evening. A great sigh, like a rush of wind through the tree-tops, went up when they realized that the caravan was saved.

Not only are dramatic pictures favorites with the deaf children, but Westerns, too. Charlie Chaplin continues high in popularity.

Occasionally, during an exciting moment, one or two of the children become vocal for a moment, giving a little, formless, strangled cry, more pathetic even than the silence because of its very incoherence.

They're not as interested in stars as in plot. They'd rather see a film with a lot of action than almost anything else. Some of the pictures they saw and which you may recall are "David Copperfield," "Old Ironsides," "Nanook of the North," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Swim, Girl, Swim," "Molly Make-Believe" and "Casey at the Bat." A Bill Hart picture is always welcome, by the way, for he gave his fans action a-plenty.

BUT we must be moving on. There are too many odder places for us to linger here.

Suppose we make a long jump, say, to the Ghetto in New York's lower east side, just a few blocks from the Bowery. There's a large building on the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson Street—the Educational Alliance, where boys and girls and their parents come in quest of knowledge—foreigners who want to learn to become good Americans.

The building is a social center, with Mothers' Clubs, Fathers' Clubs, gymnasiums and an assembly room equipped with a stage and real theatre seats. Every night the assembly hall is used as a movie theatre, housing the strangest audience that I have ever seen.

Tonight the feature picture is "The Greatest Race," produced in 1925, and a photographic record of Captain Ronald

don't
be an
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"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. "Airedales" have ruined many a movie closeup—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN to remove hair. X-Bazin (cream or powder) is essential for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

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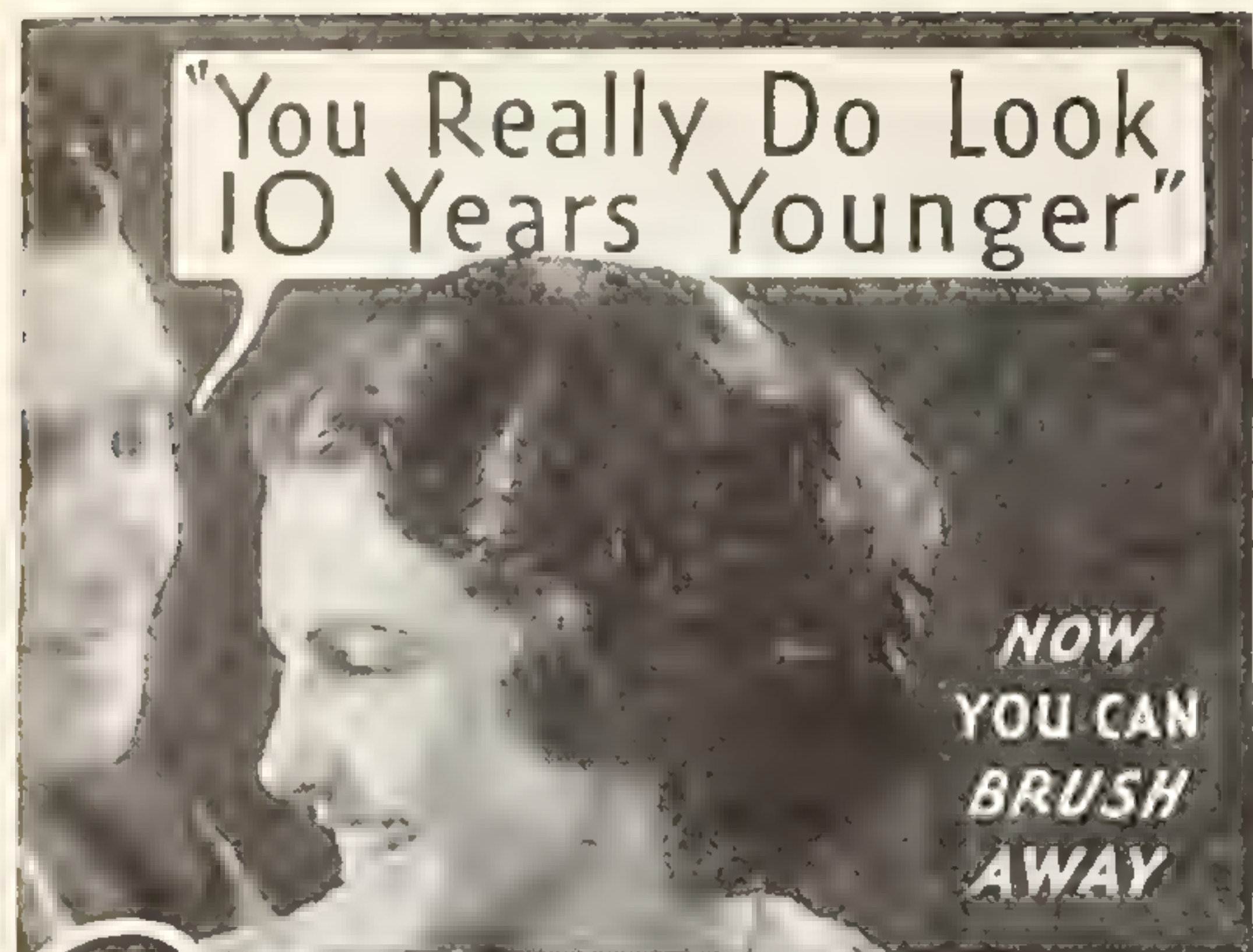
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Amundsen's trip to the North Pole. The admission charge is a nickel, if you have it. If you haven't, you can come in anyway. The nickels pay for the night's rental of the film which amounts to about two dollars.

The audience begins to get there about seven, though the show doesn't start until eight. They sit and talk, and it's pretty deafening. All that is spoken is Yiddish and a few phrases of Russian or Polish, with an occasional burst of Ukrainian. It's hard to believe that you're in America, for the people who come here are the real immigrants.

Isidore Miller gets up on the platform and there is an immediate outburst of violent "shush-ing."

THE old picture flickers into life. Miller speaks. He tells the crowd what the title says about the gallant Norwegian, and then mentions Peary. America always gets its full share of the credit here, for our immigrants have already begun to feel a pride in their new home. You can see the bent shoulders straighten whenever America is mentioned.

They like serious problem pictures. Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," was one they enjoyed. But, even better than the standard pictures, they like films dealing with Jewish life, or containing Jewish characters.

With that feeling, it was rather a surprise to know that they had liked Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel." I asked one of the ushers to explain this, for I thought that Hitlerism would have set them against all German stars. "Why shouldn't they like her?" he said. "To them she's just another actress. They don't stop to think whether she's German or not."

Harry Houdini's old picture, "Haldane of the Secret Service," got a rousing welcome after Mr. Miller had explained that the great magician was "one of our boys," and another old film, "Just a Mother," touched a high spot for the year.

They understand simple tales of family life, but pent-house parties are alien, dealing with locales which they will never see and types of people they will never meet. Life in America to them is not a round of parties—it's a serious struggle to keep food in their children's stomachs, clothes on their backs and a roof over their heads.

AND now for some comic relief. Let's go to Harlem, where the carefree high-yallers and chocolate browns put on their finery and step out to the Renaissance, premier theatre for the colored, on a Saturday night. The feature is Rudolph Valentino, the greatest lover of the screen, in "Blood and Sand." In the supporting cast are two other old favorites, Nita Naldi and Lila Lee, who enact the roles of his temptress and his wife, respectively.

A little colored girl eating an ice cream cone sold me a ticket for twenty cents. A colored usher led me to a seat. Negroes of all sorts surrounded me. Giggling girls, a white-haired couple, a truck driver, wearing a sweater, and a brown Beau Brummel with padded shoulders, carefully balancing a pearl-gray derby on his knee, sat near me. The theatre showed a true cross section of Negro life.

A talkie cartoon of Popeye was on when I arrived. The picture was "I Eats My Spinach," and the climax came when Popeye, floored by a bull, quickly crammed a handful of the horrendous vegetable into his mouth and knocked the beast into a string of sausages. "Mm-mm," said Sam, sitting behind me, "see whut spinnidge does fo' you!"

"Yeah," drawled his companion, "but is it wuth it?"

Then the feature came on. It was old

and scratched in spots. You could tell that it had been frequently broken and patched, because there were parts missing which caused various scenes to end suddenly. But it was still a good picture. You didn't miss the voices of the cast, for Spanish phonograph records supplied an acceptable musical background.

This particular audience and theatre were much like any other, save for one or two things. For example, all during the showing men selling pop and peanuts wandered up and down the aisles, crying their wares. Also, a half-dozen pickaninnies got into a squabble over some entry blanks in a contest the theatre was running.

During intermission, the manager of the theatre made a contest announcement. After getting the audience's attention, he said, "You can win a cash prize by guessing nearest the number of people who attend this theatre in a year. We have 850 seats, and four shows a day, 365 days in the year. Now keep that in mind when you're writing your answers. I don't know what you people are thinking about, because one old woman wrote 'Three bundles' and a man wrote 'A lot of kids and six dogs.' I don't understand it."

SAM and Will, the two fellows behind me, had a grand time. When Valentino was playing around with Dona Sol (Naldi) a subtitle said, "The last place to hear of a man's amours is his home," and Sam remarked, "Oh-oh! Does I hope he's right!" Sam, apparently, was something of a sheik.

The vamp, though, is definitely outmoded as far as Harlem is concerned. A shot of Miss Naldi reclining on a couch and smoking cigarettes in a long holder while an Indian slave strummed a mandolin brought chuckles; Rudy's arm around herself when she unrapped resulted in hearty guffaws, and when she bit his hand and he threw her to the ground, where she lay panting with passion, Sam remarked, "Uh-uh. Dat man don't cooperate a-tall!"

A bit of superstition cropped up at the end, when Valentino was gored by a bull in the arena, and died. "See," said Sam, "it's bad luck to play dead. They he is, daid on de screen, an a little while later he's daid in his coffin."

Another Valentino favorite was "The Sheik," with Agnes Ayres.

Now, before we go to the mad house—yes, literally to the insane asylum, for a look at another picture audience, let's consider a few more places where the old films survive.

Home movies are one. If you have a projector, costing anywhere from \$4 to \$400, many of the better known features are yours to command, and can be rented for a few dollars a night. One film rental library lists William S. Hart in "The Grim Gunman," Rudolph Valentino in "The Wonderful Chair," Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in "Try and Get It," Hoot Gibson in "Home Run Swat."

Another lists Harry Carey and Kathleen Collins in "Border Patrol," Alan Hale and Renee Adoree in "The Spieler," and Robert Armstrong and Carole Lombard in "Big News."

AND these are only two out of nearly a dozen companies specializing in prints of by-gone features, reissued in smaller size for home use.

Down in Georgia particularly, and throughout the South, little cross-road stores push back the cracker barrels of a Saturday night, put some planks across some boxes and convert the store into a Palace of the Cinema.

The charge is ten cents a head—no children or colored folk admitted, much like the days of which Mark Twain once wrote. The negroes and kids are allowed to stand

outside the doors and windows, craning their necks to catch what they can of the films.

The outlands, oddly enough, seem to go for the more sophisticated subjects; that is, within reason. A woman who sins is interesting only if she pays the penalty, and the storekeeper hears some unpleasant remarks if she doesn't suffer.

They like their sophistication to have a strain of tender young love running through it, so they can feel that "These rich people are human, like we are."

Throughout Europe there are similar showings. I cannot speak for the whole continent, for the only theatres I visited were in the little towns outside of Paris. There the ancient American films were no novelty. They were an accepted fact, looked upon as being as much a part of life as our talkies are to us. Raymond Griffith, Harold Lloyd and, of course, Charlie Chaplin were the favorites. The theatres didn't even have to put their last names on the signs. A big banner bearing only the magic word "Charlot" was always enough to pack a theatre.

THE audiences at these theatres were of the peasant, artisan class.

You pay your few francs at the window where the proprietor's wife or daughter presides. The theatre owner himself takes your ticket at the door. One of his sons is an usher, the other runs the projection machine (and, if the film breaks, as it often does, shouts for Papah to come and help,) and other assorted relatives act as ushers.

The theatre is so small it doesn't really need ushers, but in France the usher *must* be tipped, and it would break a true theatre owner's heart to have a sou or so get out of the family. The music is played by another daughter, who pounds out "Hearts and Flowers" on the piano, just as the girls used to do in small American theatres, before the pictures learned to speak for themselves.

Even more informal are the showings in Puerto Rico and South America. In both these places the theatres are barns. This, of course, does not apply to the larger cities, many of which have some really fine modern theatres, but to the backwoods districts.

To these cinemas come the few Europeans and Americans whose business compels them to be there, and hordes of natives. The natives take the pictures so seriously that they even try to take part in the screen performance, shouting advice to the hero and abuse at the villain.

Now, back to America. By the way, did you know that a number of colleges and universities are in the moving picture business? Well, they are! In Iowa, Texas and California leading institutions of learning make a little extra income by buying films and renting them out to rural exhibitors. Most of the pictures in which they deal are educational—but the old silent features are found here, too. They are largely shown in the cross-road stores previously described.

I told you, at the beginning of this article, that silent films were still shown in mad houses. I intended to describe such a showing to you. But I've changed my mind.

HORROR pictures are seldom popular, for they are sometimes so gruesome that they give us a feeling of mental nausea. A visit to an insane asylum is like that. You wake up at night in a cold sweat afterwards. You're filled with horror and pity for the unfortunates who must end their days there, alive only in body, mentally dead and in hell.

I will tell you this. The Brooklyn State Hospital for mental diseases formerly showed its patients old pictures twice a month. Since then these showings have been discontinued. The accommodations for the audience, it was explained to me, were inadequate, resulting in too much disorder. The hospital on Ward's Island recently installed sound equipment, and shows the most modern talkies it can secure.

The patients at an asylum in remote Long Island are shown old silent films every other week and enjoy them very much. They recently witnessed "His Foreign Wife" and "Aisles of Glory." At a similar institution in New Jersey the feature was a Western—"Saddle Mates."

For the most part, the patients are orderly as the pictures are shown. But, occasionally, the excitement proves too much. One of the guards told me that a certain patient used to suffer from the delusion of being Douglas Fairbanks for several days after each performance, and would attempt to leap onto his shoulders from high places. Another became deeply sad, for she believed that she was Theda Bara, and that there was a conspiracy to keep her from resuming her rightful place in Hollywood.

Fortunately there were few who were affected adversely by the pictures. The majority were more cheerful and more lucid after this brief contact with the world again. The one aim of the doctors at the asylums is to improve their patients, and the showings would be discontinued were they not beneficial.

Discontinued—as they are being discontinued everywhere else, for gradually the old pictures are dying. Eighteen months ago, thirty-two theatres in New York were showing them regularly. Today, none are. In my pursuit of their last strongholds, I have made dozens of visits and hundreds of phone calls to theatres, producers, societies, homes, distributors, motion picture boards of trade, exporters and the like.

A YEAR ago I knew a burlesque house in Harlem that always showed an old silent Western or similar thriller during a long intermission—and more people walked out during the dances than did while the picture was on.

A year ago I visited a dingy little theatre in the Bowery, where I saw battered bums, spending the dimes they needed for coffee and a bed, giving their last cent for just one more glimpse of glamor. That theatre is boarded up today.

A year ago there were many agents busy booking silent films. Today I called up one who had been the acknowledged leader in the field. "The telephone," said the operator, "has been discontinued for some time."

Yes, the old silent pictures live on. But, like the buffalo which once swarmed over our plains, they are rapidly becoming extinct.

As the prints now in existence become more and more torn and scratched, they will be discarded. New prints will not be made, for there isn't enough money in silent pictures to make it a profitable enterprise. A few of the older negatives will be saved, so that scenes from them can be flashed upon the screen as a curiosity. But most of them will go to the reducing plant, where they will be junked, and the silver from the emulsions on them reclaimed.

Silent pictures—the basis upon which a great industry and a great nation's entertainment tastes have been built—will have gone from the world forever.

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Are You Sick of Hollywood Divorces?

(Continued from page 17)

cancelled plans for starring Miss Swanson in "Three Weeks."

From Gloria's representative in New York, and from the Goldwyn offices in Hollywood, came several polite explanations just why Gloria would not appear in "Barbary Coast" after she had practically been signed for it.

Conflicting dates on her personal appearance tour already contracted for, were one of the explanations. A complete rewriting of the woman's rôle "unsuitable to Miss Swanson's type" was another. But Hollywood insiders, suddenly wise to the new dangers of divorce, wondered if the real reason was not to be found in divorce papers filed by Gloria against Michael Farmer?

When Hollywood producers began to frown on Hollywood divorces, it could be caused by only one thing—the knowledge that the American public was no longer patiently excusing Hollywood's wrecked marriages as intriguing eccentricities in their movie favorites. The finger of the producer is constantly on the pulse of the great god, Box Office, and as red and black figures were checked and re-checked and weighed against each other, as "personal appearance tours" were followed with minute scrutiny to sense the enthusiasm of the audiences, the answer became more and more apparent. A decided reaction had set in against Hollywood's too-many divorces.

A well-known press agent in Hollywood told me that this new feeling of disapproval toward Hollywood's popular pastime was first evidenced in the disillusion and disappointment that followed the Pickford-Fairbanks separation. Previous to that, the disruption of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister and the Joan Crawford-Doug, Jr., "love unions" had been another great weakening influence, not to forget the dissolving of lesser idylls, Carole Lombard and William Powell, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe Dix, Spencer and Louise Tracy, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver Menjou, Gloria Stuart and Blair Newell, and many others. But Mary and Doug were the straw that broke the patient public's back in regard to broken movie marriages.

THE men in authority at the studios were quick to sense this. The stars, themselves, have not been so keen in sensing the situation, and have blundered on, heedlessly. There is the case of the first rank star of last year who was advised by her producers to take no definite steps about her wavering marriage at this time. Her new pictures had not been too successful and those who had her interests at heart did not believe her career should be burdened with a divorce. She did not take their advice. Her contract was not renewed.

The M-G-M studio was greatly upset when a woman columnist broadcast the news over a national hook-up that she had "heard" rumors of trouble between Clark and Rita Gable while Clark was on his personal appearance tour. The next day she announced in her column she was glad there had been no truth in the rumors. I daresay she was not nearly as glad as were Clark's producers that their biggest male box-office attraction and his charming wife were merely laughing at the reports

and insisting they were happier than ever before.

The studio publicity department did not announce the news of the separation and contemplated divorce of their box-office baby, Jean Harlow. Without consulting anyone, Jean, herself, sprang this "surprise."

"We quarrelled and separated this morning," said Jean. It is too early as this is written to know what definite effect the wreck of her third matrimonial attempt will have on her future career.

Though it is not generally known, Alice Faye's contract did not go into effect until after the clouds of the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb divorce storm had more or less blown over. Alice was already in production on a "one picture" agreement with Fox in "Scandals" when Fay Webb's suit, naming her as one of several "Jane Does" in Rudy's life, broke on the front page. For several weeks the career gamblers of Hollywood would not have risked a slim dime on Alice's chances. But as Rudy returned charge for charge against his wife, as the heat of the battle between them resulted in Vallee's hasty, almost run-away from California and process servers, Alice's part in this merry matrimonial chase became less and less a news angle. By the time the picture was completed she was almost a forgotten factor in the case, and there is little doubt but that this fortunate "break" in her favor was responsible for he contract which fell her way and which had been so seriously jeopardized by the Vallee divorce action.

JOHAN GILBERT'S broken marriage with Virginia Bruce Gilbert could not have come at a worse psychological moment—for Jack. Whether or not it can be held wholly responsible for the failure of Gilbert's "comeback" chance with Garbo in "Queen Christina" is a moot question. But it was an important one, of several contributing factors.

Everyone was predicting great things for Jack when Greta insisted that her former co-star be reinstated as her leading man. A great deal of public enthusiasm was built up for yesterday's Great Lover, who, it was stated, was the victim of a quarrel with powerful producers. Every sob sister in the Hollywood hills made out a case for Gilbert's plucky fight against odds, his keen happiness in his married life, his brand new daughter and the prospects for his future.

The "private life" Jack Gilbert was used as a powerful wedge for the hoped-for new career of the "public life" Jack Gilbert, and there is strong indication that when his fourth marriage collapsed a great deal of public plugging for Gilbert collapsed with it. Jack, of course, is once more at war with his producers and blames them for his troubles.

"M-G-M will not give me work, or release me from my contract," he recently advertised in a local trade journal. But the movie-wise will call your attention to the fact that the men who make movies are fundamentally business men, not feudists, and that if the "demand" for Jack Gilbert's appearance in future productions had been sufficiently strong, no personal grudge would have stood in the way of a new starring contract.

So Hollywood asks: Did the public lose interest in Gilbert's comeback fight when

his wife admitted she was "forced" to leave him, soon after he had been signed for the Garbo film?

Already letters are appearing in "the fans to editors" departments of various publications expressing disapproval of what is called the "ungallant" separation of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. The news that Ruth "sadly" announced the news in New York, and that Brent "cheerfully" confirmed it in Hollywood has not met with the approval of many who have not hesitated to express themselves. They may have agreed with the many stories that claimed George's marriage to Ruth Chatterton may have hindered his career, but they do not approve of the "cheerful" publicity that has followed Mr. Brent since the separation. This particular reaction is just another proof of the new dangers in Hollywood taking her divorces a bit too lightly.

Everything points to the fact that the public has grown weary of sympathy-inspired enthusiasm in the cause of movie stars who disillusion them by proving too soon that such sympathy was wasted.

Perhaps that is the reason why Katharine Hepburn and Ronald Colman (recently divorced, and expected-to-be-divorced-within-the-year, respectively) will suffer less from the results of their marital rifts than any of the other recently estranged stars. Katharine's marriage to Ludlow Smith was almost a myth to the public. She even refused to admit it for several months when she first came to Hollywood. In spite of distant legal ties, Ronald Colman has lived a complete "bachelor's existence" ever since his career began in Hollywood. No public confidence was betrayed, or trust violated, in the fade-out of these two marriages, which is indeed fortunate for Katharine and Ronnie in view of the new real dangers of Hollywood divorce.

They Visit N. Y.

(Continued from page 35)

Hollywood's most popular gal, "for a ride!"

No sooner did she check in at the Warwick, than the offers began. Personal appearance, vaudeville and musical comedy. Mary immediately went into a dilemma. What to do? What to do? And so, she decided first to take a flyer into vaudeville with three dancing partners—all very personable young men.

The boys were slated to play in Boston, so Miss Brian went up with them. She appeared on the stage one night unannounced and, for the first few minutes, unrecognized. That's one way of trying out in a new field. We told Mary that it was a crime to sneak up on an unsuspecting public that-a-way, but the girl evidently is without a conscience, for she didn't even blush.

It looks as if she'll accept the musical comedy, too; that is, if she doesn't have to stay with it too long. There are, it seems, some things in the proffered contract that needs must be ironed out. Mary should make a real hit in the production, for she's been taking dancing lessons these many years and has never before had an opportunity to show this particular talent.

And so, it looks as if we'll have the Brian in our town for some months to come. We hope so.

* * *

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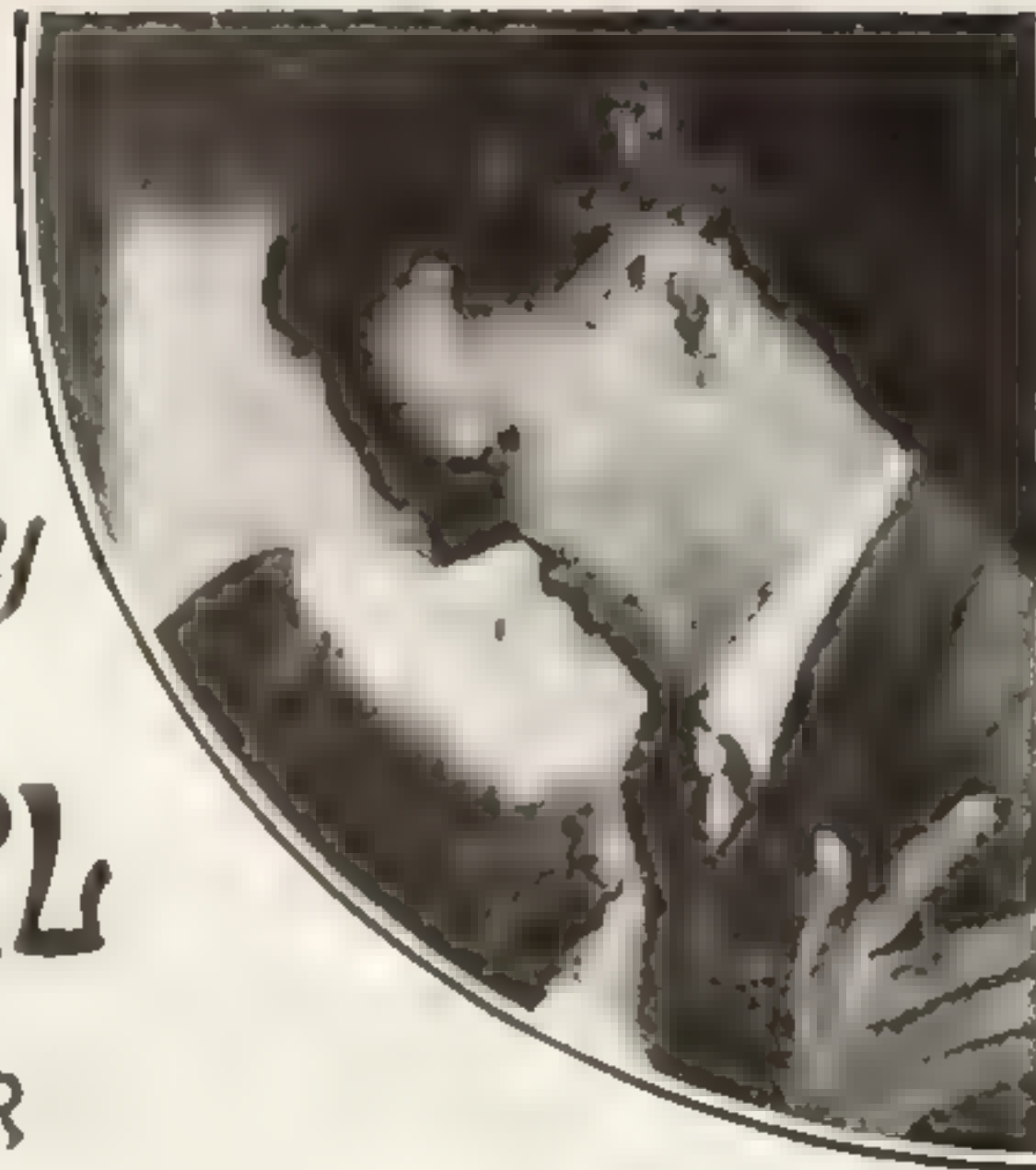
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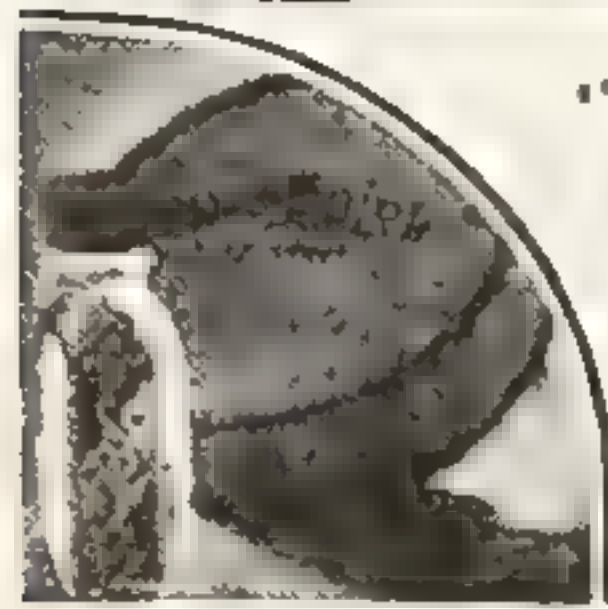
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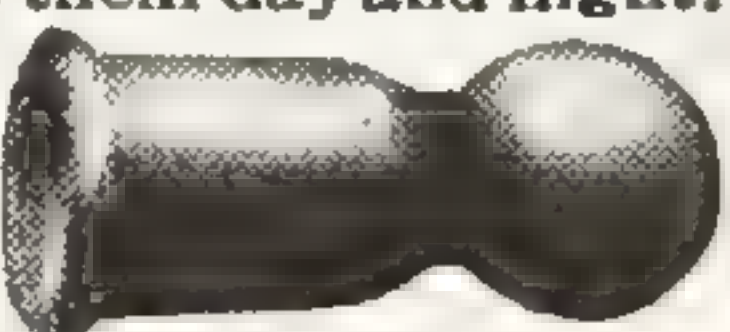
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Gene Markey, were here going places and seeing things, just before their departure for a European vacation. These are a pair of love birds who never seem to get enough of each other's company and, though they've been married for ages, would rather be out alone together than in the gayest party you could name.

Joan, in person, looks like a child—rather a petulant one, to be sure, but then she can afford to be. When the Markeys return from abroad, they will away to Hollywood, for the Bennett, who is freelancing, has several swell picture offers from which to choose. She gave such a finished performance as Amy in "Little Women," that she can now practically write her own ticket. Which she does!

* * *

THE Laughtons breezed in all the way from Merrie England. Charles wasn't here to accept the Academy Award trophy, remember? So he was all anticipation. He won it on his performance in "Henry VIII." And, if you recall, his wife didn't do such a bad job in that picture either. She played Ann of Cleves with puh-lenty of humor and histrionic ability.

And so, the Laughtons are in New York en route to the camera coast. Charles will be seen in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and both of them will appear with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."

* * *

Harlem turned out recently to greet Stepin Fetchit, sepia comedian. It seems that Stepin, all dressed up like sumpin' you dream about, planed in from Philadelphia to play a benefit. He wired his attorneys in New York to be at the airport to meet him, for he was in a "legal difficulty." The poor men went post haste to Newark and when their client landed, rushed to him in what they fondly thought was defense. But—it seems that someone had taken

the cullud gentleman's seat in the plane and wouldn't give it up, so Mr. Fetchit wanted to have his lawyers there, just to prove that he was Stepin, or entitled to a chair or—well, suppose we forget it.

* * *

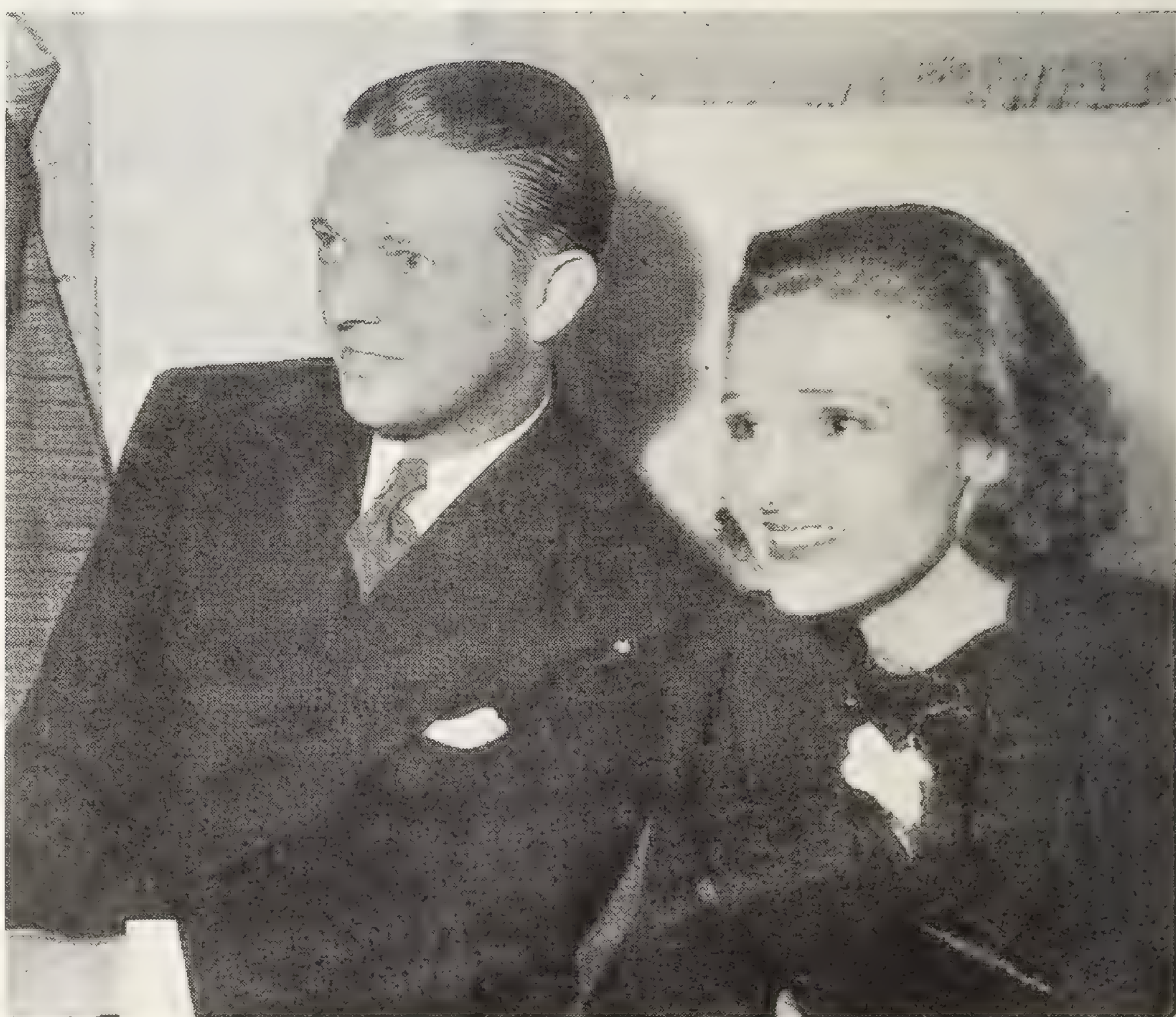
LUPE VELEZ has been east making personal appearances and smashing box office records. Loew's Metropolitan was the scene of perhaps her greatest triumph. Audiences stampeded and whistled and generally carried on high.

On one particular afternoon, the cash customers were treated to a little extra gaiety. Johnny Weissmuller appeared impromptu. This came in the nature of a surprise, because the public had been led to believe, via the press, that all was over between Lupe and Johnny.

The lowdown on the yarn, according to the Velez, is like-a this. When she flew from Washington, Johnny was playing in a golf tournament—and winning. So, she urged him to stay on and join her in Hollywood a week later. On arriving at Penn Station, the newspaper scribes attributed her appearance alone to a marital break and nothing she could say could dissuade 'em. You know a reporter on the scent of what he thinks is a story!

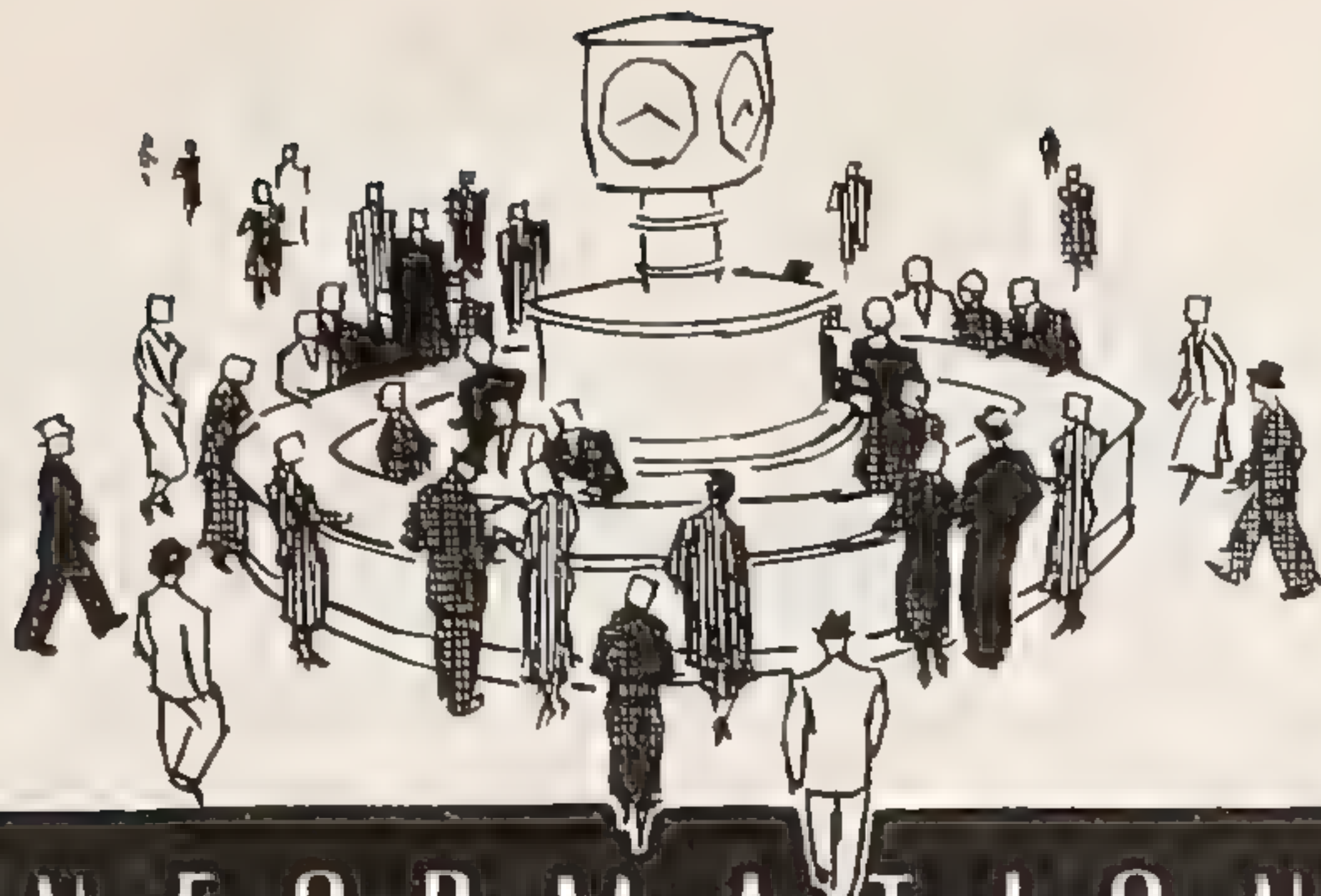
Meanwhile, Johnny had flown to Cleveland where he ran into Jimmy Dunn. When Jimmy asked what caused the bust-up, young Weissmuller hadn't even seen the papers. And so it was Dunn's duty to enlighten him. Johnny was so upset, he flew back to New York, which cost him his plane fare and two weeks' salary at the studio. That's love, boys and girls!

Lupe reassured her hubby and all was well. But, Lupe is getting fed up on all this marriage bust-up stuff. She feels that she is being persecuted and it's making her pretty sore. And rightly so. She has reached the point where she doesn't even want to see her name in print, and when an actress says that, it's news!



Scott

Happy newlyweds! Al Hall, the director, and Lola Lane, of the movies, who was Lew Ayres' ex-wife, ran off and got married. This was no surprise for they'd been going 'round together for months 'n' months.



THE INFORMATION DESK

LYNN EDWARDS, Wheeling, W. Va.; **MARGARET RYNKIEWICZ**, Pringle, Pa.—Richard Cromwell's studio address is: Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Again, I repeat, no home addresses can be given in this column.

MISS R. RICHKIND, Cleveland, Ohio—Lila Lee is not dead. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were in "Sadie McKee," and it's unlikely that this will be the last picture they'll be in together. Miss Crawford's next will be "Sacred and Profane Love" with Clark Gable, and Mr. Tone will be in "100 Per Cent Pure," with Jean Harlow.

GEORGE JUSTO, New York City—Franchot Tone is under contract to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. You may be able to get a photograph of him if you write him there. Good luck!

BERNICE BAWMAN, Montpelier, Ind.—Dear me, no! Miss Crawford did her own dancing in "Dancing Lady" and made a very neat job of it, at that.

G. L., Chester, Pa.—Irene Dunne is about thirty, and Josephine Dunn is not her daughter. Garbo's next picture will be "The Painted Veil" with Herbert Marshall.

MILDRED KINGSLEY, Woodhaven, N. Y.—John Bole's "American Symphony" was never actually heard in "Beloved." However, he did sing the following songs: "Beloved," "Forget" and "In the Gloaming," all of which may be obtained at music stores.

WALTER RICE, New Market, Va.—Henri Garat is back in France. His plans are not known.

R. C. ESTES, Glasser, N. J.—"As the Earth Turns" and "Merry Wives of Reno" were both released by Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

E. F. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mae West is approximately 34, but she prefers to be very mysterious about it all. George Arliss was born April 10, 1868. You figure it out! A free lance player is one who is not under a term contract to any particular studio, and may make pictures for any studio which happens to desire his services.

CHARLOTTE BRINSTEIN, New Brunswick, N. J.—Margaret Sullivan is not married at present. She was divorced from Henry Fonda.

MARGARET DARLEY, Lynchburg, Va.—Ray Wise did not wear a wig in his part as Mala in "Eskimo." He is not going to be in any more pictures that I know of, and at present it is reported that he is in business in Hollywood.

ELLEN D. ENGLEHARDT, Rochester, N. Y.—Jack Haley was the lad who handled the part of Pete Pendleton so nicely in "Sitting Pretty."

E. H., Cleveland, Ohio—Sally Eilers was born December 11, 1908 in New York City. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has blonde hair and brown eyes. She married Hoot Gibson in 1930, and is now married to Harry Joe Brown. She likes to play tennis, ride horseback, cook and sew. Her hobbies are modern literature, horses and dogs.

BERT DETWILER, Jeannette, Pa.—Lilian Harvey's next picture will be "Serenade" with Lynn Starling. Sorry, but no home addresses can be given in this column.

BROWN EYES, New York City—Alas, yes. George Raft is married, though separated from his wife. His interests at the moment are all centered on Virginia Pine, whom you can see in "Dames." In "Bolero," the dance team of Dario and Diane doubled for Mr. Raft and Miss Lombard in some of the sequences.

JANEY McBRIDE, San Francisco, Calif.—Fred Astaire is in his thirties, somewhere around the fifth one. Dolores Del Rio has not done a great deal of dancing in films. In fact, the first film in which she danced was "Bird of Paradise" which was released in 1932.

M. V.—Ann Harding's address is RKO-Radio Pictures, 730 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. By the time you read this, you probably will have seen "The Life of Vergie Winters," but Miss Harding's next after that will be "The Fountain."

GLORIA, San Francisco, Calif.—RKO is the lucky studio which has Fred Astaire under contract, and his next picture for it will be "The Gay Divorcee" with Ginger Rogers. Yes, he really plays the accordion and what's more his wife, Mrs. Phyllis Potter, puts up with it. No. Gene Raymond hasn't a cast in his eye. Aren't you glad?

JEAN BRANDEL, Berkeley, Calif.—Gene Raymond was not in "What Price Inno-

cence?" with Jean Parker. You can write to Jean at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

ESTHER JASON, Centerville, Calif.—Here are the heights you asked for: Joan Crawford, 5 feet 4 inches; Pert Kelton, 5 feet 6 inches; Tom Brown, 5 feet 9 inches; Lanny Ross, 6 feet, and Jean Parker, 5 feet 3 inches.

MARGARET EVA, East Orange, N. J.—Clark Gable is 33, and Claudette Colbert will be 29 her next birthday (September 13.)

NANCY DUFFY, New Rochelle, N. Y.; **ESTHER**, Norwood, Mass.; **MURIEL BOSWORTH**, Berkeley, Calif.—It's a pleasure to tell you about Fredric March. He was born August 31, 1898 in Racine, Wis. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 170 pounds. His eyes are brown and so is his hair. We will all have the pleasure of seeing him next in "The Affairs of Cellini" with Constance Bennett (which ought to be a honey of a picture) and after that with Anna Sten in "Resurrection," which also bodes well.

FLO ASKEW, King's Park, L. I., N. Y.—Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair (natural) and green eyes. And though she's no Clementine (you know the song!) she does wear a size 6½ shoe. So what?

DOROTHY GERARD, Albany, N. Y.—Donald Dillaway has played in so many pictures since 1930, when he made "Min and Bill," that I really don't have room to write them all out for you. He has been in 25, to be exact, and his next will be "The Circus Clown" with Joe E. Brown and Patricia Ellis. He was not born in Ohio, but in good old New York, March 17, 1905. He is under contract to Warners-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

DOROTHY REDSIDE, Detroit, Mich.—Yes, Ricardo Cortez was very much in "The House on 56th Street." He played the part of the gambler.

FLORENCE CAREY, San Francisco, Calif.—You don't want much, Florence! In "Spitfire," Martha Sleeper played the part of Eleanor Stafford, Sarah Haden that of Etta Dawson (neat work, too—look for her again in "The Life of Vergie Winters") and Louis Mason that of Bill Grayson. The main cast of players in "Death Takes a Holiday" is as follows: Prince Sirki, Fredric March; Grazia, Evelyn Venable; Duke Lambert, Sir Guy Standing; Alda, Katherine Alexander; Rhoda, Gail Patrick; Stephanie, Helen Westley; Princess Maria, Kathleen Howard; Corrado, Kent Taylor; Baron Cesarea, Henry Travers; Eric, G. P. Huntley, Jr.

BETTY BOWER, East Orange, N. J.—"Under Eighteen" was adapted from "Sky Life" by Charles Kenyon and Maude Fulton. "Beauty and the Boss" was taken from "Church Mouse." The complete cast of the first-mentioned is as follows: Marian Marsh, Regis Toomey, Warren William, Anita Page, Emma Dunn, Joyce Compton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Norman Foster, Dorothy Appleby and Claire Dodd.

SARI O. KOKOSKA, Stamford, Conn.—Robert Young is married to a non-professional, and his next picture is "She Was a Lady" with Helen Twelvetrees, and after that "Whom the Gods Destroy" with Walter Connolly and Doris Kenyon. The black cat you saw in "Spitfire" was really a stand-in for the original Esmeralda, who, having played in a few scenes, ungratefully threw away a life of luxury and stardom to return to her alley haunts, never to be seen again. Esmeralda II was recruited from among the feline extras after production had been delayed a whole day at a cost of \$5000.00. Neither of the Esmeraldas belonged to Miss Hepburn. Nils Asther was born January 17, 1901, and he is of Swedish descent. His last picture was "The Love Captive," and his next, "Hollywood Party."

FLORENCE MANUELL, Platteville, Wis.—Nils Asther played the part of Fay Wray's husband in "Madame Spy." Bob Steele is not only still in the movies, but he is making "The Mystery Squadron" for Monogram. Break for you!

D. P. BRADY, Newark, N. J.—Alexander Kirkland was born in Mexico City, September 15. He was educated at the Taft School in Waterbury, Conn., and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He has blue eyes and blonde hair, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. You can reach him at Fox, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

V. HORVE, St. John, N. B., Canada—In 1932 Kay Johnson played in "American Madness" and "Thirteen Women." She was in "This Man Is Mine."



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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANDERSON, JUDITH: 20th Century.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Fox.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
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ATWILL, LIONEL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
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BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
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BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
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BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
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CARMINATI, TULLIO: 20th Century.
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CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Warner Bros.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Paramount.

CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CODY, LEW: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century.
COLUMBO, RUSS: Universal.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOK, JOE: Fox.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
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CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
DAVIES, MARION: M-G-M.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DELL, DOROTHY: Paramount.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: RKO-Radio.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRESSLER, MARIE: M-G-M.
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DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
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FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
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FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
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GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GARAT, HENRI: Fox.
CARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: RKO-Radio.
GAYNOR, JANET: Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: RKO-Radio.
GILBERT, JOHN: M-G-M.
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Modern Screen

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GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Fox.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Paramount.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Paramount.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warners.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Fox.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HYAMS, LEILA: Universal.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: M-G-M.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warners.
JOLSON, AL.: Warners.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JORDAN, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORDAN, MIRIAM: Fox.
JORY, VICTOR: Fox.
JUDGE, ARLINE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEELER, RUBY: Warners.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warners.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: Universal.
KRUGER, OTTO: M-G-M.
LALLY, HOWARD: Fox.
LANDI, ELISSA: Columbia.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
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LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
LUND, LUCILLE: Universal.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
JACK, HELEN: Paramount.
MacMAHON, ALINE: Warners.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MARSH, JOAN: Paramount.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Paramount.
MAYNARD, KEN: Universal.
McCOY, TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warners.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warners.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.

MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warners.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PATERSON, PAT: Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PINE, VIRGINIA: Warners.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
POWELL, DICK: Warners.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warners.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SERGAVA, KATHRYN: Warners.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warners.
STEN, ANNA: Sam Goldwyn Prod.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warners.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warners.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warners.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warners.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warners.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VLASEK, JUNE: Fox.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warners.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WING, PAT: Warners.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warners.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Paramount.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.

GUESS WHO?

1. Eddie Cantor
2. Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford
3. Jean Harlow
4. Isabel Jewell
5. Herbert Marshall and Mary Brian
6. Ralph Bellamy



This
Summer

and
Next Winter

A 22-Acre Playground IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

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AMBASSADOR

Dancing nightly at the world famous
COCOANUT GROVE

Managed by BEN L. FRANK with the cooperation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees



Scott

Recognize her? Why, it's Shearer, of course—in a lovely summer costume.

Good News

(Continued from page 41)

And besides, it was feared that it would lead to all sorts of faked kidnapping stories by silly mothers who would do anything to get their darlings an opportunity in Hollywood.

DOUG'S ROMANCE OFF?

NEWEST word from London is that the expected and rumored marriage between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertie Lawrence will not come off . . . as advertised. It is said Miss Lawrence is a little bit peeved by press kidding about the difference in their ages and, besides, there is a very wealthy nobleman paying homage at her court. Said nobleman is very much in young Doug's hair, according to those English gossips who appear to be almost as good as Walter Winchell.

The best news Hollywood has had in a long time is word from Santa Barbara that Marie Dressler is really on the road to recovery this time and that she will soon be able to return to Hollywood and start her long delayed new picture.

IT'S a good thing some people are still getting married in Hollywood because where would the divorces of the next couple of years come from?

But that's hardly a nice way to herald the news of the recent wedding of adorable, little Elizabeth Young (remember her in Garbo's "Queen Christina"?) and Joseph Mankiewicz, M-G-M scenario writer. Elizabeth is one of the sweetest and most popular girls in Hollywood and Joe rates pretty high in the popularity contests himself. So everyone is wishing them plenty of good luck. Yes, Miss Young will continue her work in the movies.

Seclusion may be in line for Garbo, who insists on living in houses hidden by shrubbery. But Bette Davis has had her fill of Garbo's former residence on San Vicente Boulevard.

Reason? Well, burglars broke in and

took every dress Bette owned. So she is returning to the well-lighted byways for her next home.

BILL'S REWARD

IT'S almost a cinch that when a free lance actor makes two knockout pictures in a row for a certain studio, that actor will wake up to find himself on a handsome long term contract.

William Powell was so exceptionally good in "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man" for M-G-M that he has been rewarded for ringing the bell twice in succession by a contract that will do a lot toward staving off Bill's great fear of "poverty."

Sue Carol is publicity shy. She wants to dodge it because columnists are always rumoring "romances" for her. And does this upset Ken Murray, who is away on a personal appearance tour?

Everyone expects that Sue and Ken will be married as soon as her divorce from Nick Stuart goes through. So, imagine Ken's feelings to read, "Sue Carol was out stepping last night with So-and-so. It looks like a romance!"

Every time this happens it means that Sue has to talk on the long distance telephone for about an hour, trying to get it all straightened out with her favorite Irishman.

GRACIE ALLEN and George Burns are thinking seriously of buying a home in Hollywood, adopting a baby and settling down to the good old family life in Hollywood.

The idea of adopting a baby is not a new one with Gracie and George. Until a couple of months ago they just hadn't found the right one. But if you can believe all you hear, the radio and screen comics have at last found a child who has gone right to their hearts and it's just a matter of time until Gracie and George are mamma and papa.

Wonder if Adolphe Menjou was joking when he came out in print and nominated Sam Hardy as the worst dressed man in Hollywood?

Anyway, we hear Mr. Hardy didn't think the joke was so funny. And if it wasn't a joke, what was it?

THE announcer over the radio from the Kentucky Derby said that Clark Gable had made an \$18,000 bet on Riskulus, a horse that was "scratched" just before the race, meaning that Clark lost his bet, anyway!

They say no one was more surprised to hear this news than Mr. Gable, himself!

Don't hold your breath until Katharine Hepburn marries her manager, Leland Hayward.

Of course, it's impossible to predict just what a Hollywood actress will do, but Katie says she isn't planning to marry Mr. Hayward and RKO is convinced that she won't, at least for another year.

TRAVIS BANTON, famed designer of Paramount stars' clothes, says nothing irritates him so much as to hear a woman say, "I can't wear pink . . . or purple . . . or green . . ." or any other shade she may think unbecoming.

"Every woman can wear every color," insists Banton. "All that is necessary is to find the right tone of that color for her particular type."

Why don't you try some "right tone" of a wrong color this summer, girls? You might be surprised!

There are some good ballroom dancers floating about Hollywood, and we don't mean professionals. Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Dick Powell and Mary Brian, and Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo are among them. But guess who Hollywood considers the most "complicated" steppers? None other than Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 12)

wouldn't be treated so. But they can summon to their aid a certain virtue called courage. Courage, which they have let become feeble from disuse (along with the virtue called common sense) but which is there for all of us to use if we'll only make the effort.

You know yourself, without being told, whether your love is slavish or whether it is a free and beautiful thing. If there is nothing there except a physical dizziness at the thought or approach of the other person; if there is nothing in common; if life is just one continual quarrel, ending in humiliating pleas for forgiveness on one side and indifference on the other; if the one always accepts and the other always gives—then, if you have one small spark of self-respect soul, get out of it while you can.

People struggle against this sort of love. Oh, yes. I've seen girls playing at such a struggle. Staying away from the telephone for three days—and calling him up on the fourth. Refusing one date—and accepting the second (if he asks for the second). Neglecting their work. Making

fools of themselves. Crying half the night. Reading into his most casual utterances the most significant meaning.

I SOLEMNLY believe that ninety per cent of the love problems in this world are caused by people kidding themselves. You young girls—you believe what you want to believe. You young men—you do it, too, but (I'll give you credit) you don't make that mistake so often as the women do. Because of that old, trite truth (I'm sure you've heard it) that women are apt to sink themselves deeply into a love affair, to the exclusion of all else, while a man will usually have the common ordinary gumption to keep a few other interests at hand to fall back on. Well—that isn't what I started to say. What I'm driving at is this: a young person may know perfectly well that the other party isn't interested, is taking love for granted, is cheating or lying. He may know that the adored one isn't worthy. But he will believe what he wishes were true.

Young people listen to Hope telling them of vague, delightful possibilities instead of

heeding Reason which says quite plainly, "This whole affair is impossible. Break it off like a brave human being."

It takes a great deal of courage to listen to what Reason has to say. It takes a lot of courage to keep away from the telephone—not for three days—but for good. It takes a lot of courage to be sweetly impersonal and casual when the other party chooses to telephone you. To say, "I'm busy." And stick to it.

Go away somewhere by yourself and face the thing honestly. Go out with other people. Keep busy. Work is a very helpful drug to kill the pain of a slavish love. Refuse to let your mind wander off into a foolish, false daydream, only to wake up to the miserable fact that he—or she—doesn't care, isn't worthy.

It is hard to go into details about a problem of this sort in an article like this. I would be very glad to help you with any emotion problem. Write to me if you would like to talk over some emotional difficulty that is worrying you. I shall be very happy to help you all I can—and your letter will, of course, be treated confidentially.

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...in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage...in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades...Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

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at the more exclusive toilet goods counters



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